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LEAVES FROM THE RECORDS

OF

"ST. HUBERT'S CLUB;

OR,

60457

REMINISCENCES

a C.

OF

SPORTING EXPEDITIONS IN MANY LANDS.

BY

GEORGE E. BULGER, F.L.S.
CAPTAIN 10TH REGIMENT.

RX C8

"When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The mem'ry of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew."

MOORE.

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TO

WALTER SHANLEY, ESQUIRE,

OF THORNDALE, CANADA WEST,

I INSCRIBE THIS BOOK

AS A

SMALL TRIBUTE OF FRIENDSHIP AND ESTEEM.

G. E. BULGER.

PREFACE.

THE majority of the papers from which the following pages have been compiled, were originally collected for my own amusement, and, subsequently, some of them appeared in the columns of the "North Lincoln Sphinx," a periodical printed for private circulation amongst the officers and men of the Second Battalion, Tenth Regiment. Circumstances have since then led to these papers being offered to the public in the present form, and I can only hope that they may prove acceptable.

A few of the chapters record the results of personal experience; the remainder are descriptive of incidents in the sporting career of friends and acquaintances, the main facts of which are I believe quite accurate, and the details in most instances strictly unembellished.

G. E. B.

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CHAPTER I.

THE CAMP ON FIRE ISLAND.

"I dreamt not then that, ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,
Or calm behold them in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed;
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide,
Through massy woods, 'mid islets flowering fair,
And blooming glades, where the first sinful pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banished from the garden of their God.
Oh, Lady! these are miracles, which man,
Cag'd in the bounds of Europe's pigmy span,
Can scarcely dream of,—which his eye must see
To know how wonderful this world can be!"

MOORE—*Letters to Lady Charlotte Rawdon.*

It was on a lovely October evening, not many years ago, that I was one of a joyous party encamped on Fire Island, amidst the bright waters of the river Saint Lawrence, in North America. We were bound for the western prairies, in search of the wild sport which those extensive solitudes furnish so abundantly to all who have opportunity to explore their mysteries. It is true that we were nearly a month behind the proper time; but several causes had combined to delay our departure, not the least of which

was the strong desire that possessed us all to see the Lake of the Thousand Islands in that most gorgeous season when the decaying forest-foliage shrouds itself in splendid colours, and dies, like the dolphin, in the pride and glory of its beauty.[1]

[1] Many eloquent writers have recorded the astonishing magnificence of the American Forest when the autumn frosts have painted it with marvellous colours; but none have surpassed the following glowing account from the brilliant pen of the *Times'* Special Correspondent:—

"The late, and always continuous, rains had hastened the advance of autumn. Already the evenings were very chill, and a light frost rested on the ground at night, leaving a trace in glowing colours on the forests, which deepened day by day. The full rich green of Canadian woodland was altering hourly, the maple had donned its brightest scarlet, and the swamp ash seemed wreathed with gold. Every leaf and shrub was changing, a mass of the richest colours spread out on all the hills, and the trees seemed to revel in glorious tints before the tremendous frost of the Canadian winter hid them in ice and snow for a long six months. What in England is called autumn is in Canada called the 'fall,' and the terms are characteristic. There is no 'fall' in England, only a long decay of summer, when the sun shines with a cold sickly gleam, and the withered leaves, all brown and shrivelled, rustle down day by day, as the winter winds rise. It is, in fact, rather a period of the year which we call autumn, because it is only not winter by courtesy, when the nights are long, damp, and foggy, the mornings crisp with a misty frost, and the sun only comes at long intervals to apologise for the general absence of daylight. In North America there is nothing of all this. The summer there never tries to struggle through long wintry days, perishing leaf by leaf. Like the black swan, that is said only to sing before it dies, the woods and fields are most glorious when most near decay, and ripen into such masses of scarlet and gold, such pinks and soft rich browns, streaked here and there, amid the deep green lofty pines, that the forests become pictures of unutterable beauty, and you feel as you gaze upon the scene that Providence has in its goodness, and as if in

Fire Island had been selected as the rendezvous for our party, because the tedious canal-navigation of the Saint Lawrence ended a few miles below, and most of us preferred the rapid pace of the mail-steamers to the snail-like progress of the little

compensation, made the gradual approach of a tremendous winter more lovely than even the most glowing spring. For two or three short weeks the woods and mountains remain thus in piles of gorgeous colour, like sunset clouds. During this, the 'Indian summer' as it is called, the air is mild, calm, and still, with a solemnity of quiet as if nature knew the impending change, and the very woods listen in every leaf for the coming of their great foe. At last it comes, in one keen, angry night of freezing cold, stopping great rivers and fierce rapids as though it struck them dead, and covering the hills and valleys with that ghastly shroud of snow under which all North America lies torpid for half the year. Then comes 'the fall.' In four-and-twenty hours after, the leaves of thousands of miles of forest are on the ground in patches of reds and yellows, which the snow makes haste to cover in massive drifts, as if it rejoiced in its long-disputed victory, and tyrannised over the woods it had at last subdued." —WOOD'S *The Prince of Wales in Canada.*

Mr. Gosse says, "In examining the details of this mass of glowing colour, I have found that by far the greatest proportion is produced by the sugar-maple, and other species of the same genus. The leaves of these display all shades of red, from deepest crimson to bright orange, which, generally occurring in large masses, not in individual detached leaves, prevents anything tawdry or little in the effect; on the contrary, when the full beams of the sun shine on them, the warm and glowing colours possess a great deal of grandeur. The poplar leaves often assume a crimson hue; the elm, a bright and golden yellow; birch and beech, a pale, sober, yellow-ochre; ash and basswood, different shades of brown; the tamarack, a buff-yellow. The beech, the ash, and the tamarack do not, in general, bear much part in this glittering pageant; the ash is mostly leafless at the time, and the glory has passed away before the other two have scarcely begun to fade. Indeed, the glossy green of the beech is perhaps more effective than if it

"tug," which towed our yacht through the chain of canals that stretches between Montreal and Prescott.[1]

The season and climate were so wonderfully charming, although the nights were almost cold, that we, by common consent, eschewed an indoor

partook of the general change; and even the gloomy blackness of the resinous trees, by relieving and throwing forward the gayer tints, is not without effect."—GOSSE'S *Romance of Natural History.*

[1] These canals are unavoidable, as no vessel can go *up* the rapids; though, notwithstanding the assertion contained in the following note,—which is the best I can find upon the subject,—large steamers daily "run" the whole series during their downward trips:—

"The statements laid before Parliament thus enumerate and describe the five rapids of the Saint Lawrence, which are impassable by steam, and occur between Montreal and Kingston, a distance, by the St. Lawrence river, of 171 miles, and by the Rideau Canal of 267 miles. The rapids vary in rapidity, intricacy, depth and width of channel, and in extent, from half a mile to nine miles. The Cedar Rapid, twenty-four miles from Lachine, is nine miles long, very intricate, running from nine to twelve miles an hour, and in some places only from nine to ten feet water in the channel. The Coteau du Lac Rapid, six miles above the former, is two miles long, equally intricate in channel, and in some places only sixteen feet wide. Long Sault, forty-five miles above the preceding, is nine or ten miles long, with generally the same depth of water throughout. It is intersected by several islands, through whose channels the water rushes with great velocity, so that boats are carried through it, or on it, at the rate of twenty-seven miles an hour; at the foot of the rapid the water takes a sudden leap over a slight precipice, whence its name. From the Long Sault to Prescott is forty-one miles shoal water, running from six to eight miles an hour, and impassable by steamboats. Then the Rapid du Plas, half a mile long, and Rapid Galoose, one and a half mile long, intervene."—Note to WARBURTON'S *Conquest of Canada.*

residence,[1] and encamped upon the island I have mentioned, within a dozen yards of a tiny bay, where our lovely little yacht, the "Silver Star," of two-and-twenty tons, rode safely at her anchor. The island was covered with a short, soft grass, and a sprinkling of forest-trees, that added much to its beauty and seclusion; for, although the surrounding woods had begun to assume

> "The soft hues
> That stain the wild bird's wing and flush the clouds
> When the sun sets,"

not a leaf had yet fallen, and the foliage was as dense and close as ever.

The last of our party had arrived upon the day I mention, and ere the sunlight had given place to evening, we were all collected round a huge camp-fire, which lit up the surrounding forest for a considerable distance with a lurid and unearthly red. As night approached, however, the dimensions of the blaze grew less and less, and the woods around us became gradually enveloped in almost total gloom,

[1] "It has been said, that the love of the chase is an inherent delight in man—a relic of an instinctive passion. If so, I am sure the pleasure of living in the open air, with the sky for a roof and the ground for a table, is part of the same feeling: it is the savage returning to his wild and native habits. I always look back to our boat-cruises, and my land journeys, when through unfrequented countries, with an extreme delight, which no scenes of civilisation could have created. I do not doubt that every traveller must remember the glowing sense of happiness which he experienced, when he first breathed in a foreign clime, where the civilised man had seldom or never trod."—DARWIN'S *Voyage of a Naturalist.*

despite the myriads of bright stars above, so that we all began to think of retiring to the shelter of our snowy tent, when suddenly the magnificent harvest-moon made her appearance above the horizon, and shed such a flood of lustrous glory upon the sleeping woods and waters, that we were almost spell-bound at the unexpected and enchanting beauty of a scene, lovely at all times, but now presented to us under a new and most bewitching aspect.

> "The autumn moon slept bright and still
> On fading wood and purple hill,
> * * * * *
> And silence o'er each green recess
> Brooded in misty sultriness."

There was literally not a breath of wind, the river was like a mirror, and the trees as moveless as if they were cut out of solid bronze. Not a vestige of humanity was visible, and not a living thing of any kind, excepting the admiring group collected round the camp-fire.

Our followers had long before retired to rest, but the night proved so beautiful, that we relinquished our intention of "turning in" so soon, and for some hours afterwards five figures maintained their positions within the circle of red light cast by the blazing pile of logs which Charley Clifford, the youngest of our party, had replenished from a heap near by.

Reclining in every variety of attitude that accident or comfort could suggest, these figures gave life and animation to a strange, wild scene, that would

have furnished no unworthy subject even for the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

With his back against a huge prostrate tree-trunk, and his eyes fixed upon the flickering blaze, lay William Arnold, the owner of the "Silver Star," and the acknowledged captain and leader of our expedition. He was over six feet in height, with a frame in proportion to his length, with blue eyes, a large and intellectual-looking forehead, round which his light brown hair grew in thin soft curls, and a figure straight as the tapering mast of his own fairy schooner. High-souled, generous, and chivalrous, and endowed with mental powers of no common order, he was the very *beau ideal* of a man and a gentleman.

Beside him, seated on the same tree-trunk, was our worthy medico, Archy Macfarlane, a short, stout, plethoric-looking Celt, whose round, ruddy face beamed with benevolence and good humour, beneath an unkempt mass of yellow hair. "The Doctor" had served for a good many years in India, but he had neither forgotten his native accent, nor how to tie a "ripping" salmon fly.

On the other side of the fire lay, stretched at full length upon the grass, with a cigar between his teeth, a wild, reckless son of Erin, Captain Matthew Blake, a slight, wiry man, of average height, with blue eyes and dark brown hair. The owner of a kind heart, and a temper as variable and uncertain as an April morning, his companionship was at once a pleasure and a nuisance, for, though universally liked on account of the real generosity of his disposi-

tion, the frequent ebullitions of wrath which he gave way to, considerably damped the enjoyment of the expedition for the time, and made his best friends uncomfortable.

Next came the youngest of our party, Ensign Charles Clifford, a slight, handsome lad, with dark eyes and hair, five feet five inches in height, and about seventeen years of age,—

> "A very boy, on whose unshaded cheek
> The spring-time glow was lingering."

His youth and amiable character rendered him a general favourite, and we would not have thought of starting without Charley Clifford.

Last of the group was the writer of this sketch, Harry Greenwood, whose picture, gentle reader, you must e'en paint for yourself, as fancy prompts you.

* * * * *

"Greenwood," said Macfarlane, "you have been in these parts before; do you know anything about the fishing?"

"A good deal," I answered; "many a fine black bass have I captured amongst this group of islands; but not with the fly, doctor, so my information will not be of much use to you."

"I don't know that," responded the medico. "It is true, I never use anything else but the fly myself; nevertheless, I should like to hear something of your experience, particularly in the Lake of the Thousand Islands, if your wanderings ever took you so far."

"Yes, I once made an expedition to that region,"

I answered, "and had some excellent sport; I could tell you the whole story, but it is rather long."

"The longer the better, perhaps," said Arnold, "so, like a good fellow, spin us the yarn before we turn in."

"All right," I replied, "you shall have it willingly; Charley, will you hand me that book with the lock on it? It contains my notes made when I was first here, at the time I was admitted a member of the St. Hubert's Club."[1]

Young Clifford brought me the volume, seated himself beside me, and I began.

[1] Saint Hubert's Club is, I believe, from the limited number of its members, quite unknown to the public; it was organised somewhere about 1845, and still exists in Canada, where it was first established.

CHAPTER II.

OUR TRIP TO THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

"Morning is brightening with golden smiles
The beautiful 'Lake of the Thousand Isles.'
Scattered all over the green flood, lie
Islands profuse as the stars in the sky;
Here, scarce yielding a few trees room,
There, bearing upward a forest of gloom,
Breaking the wave, now, in broad expanses,
That flashed out like steel in the morning's glances,
And now into vistas whose either side
Darkened with intermixed shadows the tide."

A. B. STREET—*Frontenac.*

SOME years since I was stationed at Prescott, where I fell in with the renowned Tom Glenlyon, one of the most famous members of the famous Saint Hubert's Club. Glenlyon had been a soldier in his youth, and had passed unscathed through the fire of Waterloo, after which the reduction of the army, consequent upon the peace of 1815, had placed him, with many others, most unwillingly, upon half-pay.[1]

[1] The gallant President of Saint Hubert's Club is one of the few remaining veterans of Wellington's glorious army.

At the time I speak of he was still straight as a mountain-pine; the best shot and best walker of my acquaintance; a bold and vigorous man, a staunch and steadfast friend. There was Cinna, too,—the jovial and romantic Cinna,—a thorough sportsman, alike on land or water, and a poet of no mean order. With these two choice spirits I became very intimate, and, eventually, was initiated into the mysteries of their Order of Saint Hubert, beneath the spreading boughs of green Glenkilburn, then the head-quarters of those who had sworn allegiance to the hunter-saint.

Another of that sporting brotherhood, whom I subsequently met, has also a kindly place in my remembrance,—a quiet, sterling fellow, who said little but did much; well known as "the Mingo" amongst his sporting friends. What glorious days and nights I have spent with those merry hunters, in the dark old woods of sweet Glenkilburn, or by the bright camp-fires of the Ourana![1]

It was early in the month of June, during one of the happy years of my Prescott soldiering, that Glenlyon and I arranged for a fishing expedition to the Lake of the Thousand Islands,—that romantic sheet of water, so celebrated for the beauty of its forest-scenery.[2] Glenlyon had procured a small

[1] Glenkilburn is the name of a forest near Prescott, Canada West, where the Saint Hubert's Club had a shooting-lodge; and Ourana is the Indian appellation for a large island in the Saint Lawrence.

[2] "The channel of the Saint Lawrence is here so spacious that it is called the Lake of the Thousand Islands. The vast number

vessel of about seven tons burden, which erstwhile had done duty as a ferry-boat between Prescott and Ogdensburgh. She was rather a tub-shaped little craft, but strong and roomy, and carried one mast with a jib and mainsail.

It took us about two days to lay in stores for the trip, and, on the morning of the 9th June, we were all ready for a start. Fisher—one of the subordinate members of "the Club," and my faithful henchman in those days—was to accompany us, and Frank Woodford, another Saint Hubert's man, had been promised a passage on board our vessel as far as Brockville.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon a light easterly breeze filled the sails of the "Snapping Turtle," and away we went, slowly enough against the strong current of the river. The day was particularly fine, and we in unusually good spirits, so, as you may suppose, we enjoyed our sail immensely.

Towards evening the wind, which had been very light throughout the day, almost entirely left us, and we were compelled to have recourse to a pair of

implied in this name was considered a vague exaggeration, till the commissioners employed in fixing the boundary with the United States actually counted them, and found that they amounted to 1692. They are of every imaginable size, shape, and appearance; some barely visible, others covering fifteen acres, but in general their broken outline presents the most picturesque combinations of wood and rock. The navigator, in steering through them, sees an ever-changing scene; sometimes he is inclosed in a narrow channel, then he discovers before him twelve openings, like so many noble rivers, and soon after a spacious lake seems to surround him on every side."—*Bouchette*, quoted in WARBURTON'S *Conquest of Canada*.

sweeps, by the aid of which we managed to make good progress.

"Come, Woodford, spin us a yarn," said I, "for if you don't we will land you upon some desert island, and leave you to perish with hunger, as a warning to all future refractory travellers."

But our friend was obstinate, and declined doing anything of the sort. We got the yarn out of him afterwards, however, in this wise. Glenlyon and I were conversing about fishing, when I turned to Woodford and asked, "What flies do you think are best for this river?"

"Well," replied that worthy, "I have not fished it often enough to answer that comprehensive question satisfactorily; however, I think those I tied for you the other day will suit your purpose tolerably well. By the bye, talking of fishing," continued he, "I once made a rather singular capture on the banks of the Petite Nation River. I was encamped in the neighbourhood with a small party, on a surveying expedition, and we had run rather short of fresh provisions, so, one morning, I cut myself a fishing-rod, and started off to see if I could not catch some trout for breakfast. I had my casting-line with me, but not a single fly, or even materials for making one, so I pounced upon the first grasshopper I met with, and having found a promising-looking pool at the foot of a steep part of the bank, I dropped the bait gently on to the surface of the water. A large tree projected slightly over the top of the bank, so that I was enabled to scramble out upon it, and send my line clear of the alders and other bushes that

covered the whole bank very thickly. After a moment or two my thoughts went wandering somewhere else, and I quite forgot all about my line and grasshopper, until I was reminded of the existence of both by a sharp tug, which nearly jerked the rod out of my hand. By Jove, thought I, I have got a big fish! And the next instant I began to consider how I should manage to kill him. Fortunately I had my strong tackle, so that I did not fear the result much. I kept the line taut, and peered over into the water to have a look at the fish, which now commenced to tug and jerk away at the hook in a manner quite new to me, while, at the same time, I heard an awful fluttering in the bushes down below. My curiosity was very much excited, and I really wondered what sort of a creature I had got on the end of my line, and what was the cause of the continual rustling amongst the alders. Fancy my astonishment when I discovered that my fish was on land in place of in the water, and that, in point of fact, I had hooked a fine ruffed grouse[1] instead of a trout. I soon forced my way down to him, and transferred him to my pocket, having, in the most cold-blooded manner, first cut his throat with my penknife. But here we are at Brockville, and so, if you will put me ashore, I will say good-bye for the present."

We ran alongside of Grant Island, moored our ship, and Frank Woodford then left us.

Brockville, an exceedingly pretty English-looking town, is about fourteen miles from Prescott, and Grant Island is a large rock about fifty yards from

[1] *Tetrao Umbellus.*

the mainland, upon which there used to be, and may be still, for aught I know to the contrary, a block-house, garrisoned by a sergeant and ten men of the Royal Canadian Rifles.

The moment we arrived, curious strangers from the town pushed off to have a look at us, and presently we were surrounded by little boats. The occupants were not much rewarded for their trouble, however, as they only saw three men in red-flannel shirts and grey trousers, busily eating their suppers in the stern-sheets of the "Snapping Turtle." We had a stove on board, which enabled us to cook without landing, and subsequently, when we encamped, we removed it to the shore, and found it very useful. After supper Glenlyon and I went up to the town, and when we returned, about ten o'clock, we found that Sergeant Hillhouse had got our tent pitched upon the island, and had furnished it with beds and a table, in the most luxurious manner, so that we were actually more comfortable than if we had gone up to a hotel.

The banks of the Saint Lawrence, for the first ten miles between Prescott and Brockville, are for the most part tame and devoid of beauty, but as we approached the latter place, they assumed a bolder and more picturesque appearance, while the wooded islets, which began to show themselves, relieved the monotony of the river itself. At Brockville, the Thousand Islands may be said to commence, for they stretch thence almost as far as Kingston, in greater or lesser numbers.

Next morning we were up with the dawn, and away before a spanking breeze, which swept us along, even against the current, at a slashing pace: indeed, the wind was rather too strong, so we ran in shore as soon as possible, and double-reefed the mainsail, after which the "Snapping Turtle" had still as much canvas as she could carry comfortably. We should have shortened sail long before, but unluckily we had got between two huge barges, which we could not pass, and the channel was so narrow that it was necessary to keep the vessel under way, to prevent her either running against, or being run into by, one of them. After a time, however, a heavier puff than usual carried them ahead of us, and we seized the opportunity to escape and get under lee of the land at once.

After leaving Brockville the scenery became every moment more and more charming; we were surrounded by forest-clad islands in all their summer splendour; and as we dashed through the clear waters of the magnificent river, I thought I had never beheld anything more beautiful than the picture it presented, lit up by the cloudless sun of a Canadian June.

After reducing the sail considerably, we still spun along at a rapid pace, and early in the afternoon arrived off Windermere, where we anchored in a little bay.

Windermere is, as nearly as I can guess, between twenty and thirty miles from Brockville: it is not a lake, as its name would seem to import, but a farm,

to which is attached a mill for the manufacture of staves for casks and barrels, the wheel being turned by a creek[1] of dark-looking water. Like all the country in the neighbourhood, it is a pretty place, and we selected a spot near the anchorage for our camp. It was a clear patch of grass close to the river side, and backed by woods of considerable beauty, while in front of us the prospect was one, which could scarcely be looked upon without admiration. Numbers of gem-like islands, of every size and shape, completely wooded to the water's edge, adorned the crystal bosom of the splendid river, now glittering in the morning sun, like a broad sheet of glowing silver, and anon dashing round the granite isles in broad waves of translucent azure, tipped with snowy surges that scattered their foam upon the black and weather-beaten rocks around. No sign of humanity was visible; the lovely woods which covered the beautiful islands were untouched by the axe of the lumberman; not a house was within the limits of our sight, the mill and its apparatus being hidden by an intervening hill, and the whole place was so fresh and wild-looking, that it seemed as if it had but newly come, spotless and unpolluted, from the hand of the Creator.

"These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone;
Not all the charm that Ethnic fancy gave,
To blessed arbours o'er the western wave,
Could wake a dream, more soothing or sublime,
Of bowers etherial, and the spirit's clime."

[1] All the smaller streams are called creeks in North America.

It was about half-past three when we let go our anchor, and the remainder of the afternoon was devoted to the arrangement of our camp. A small two-oared boat which we had brought with us was then put into requisition, and ere sunset we had pitched our tent, landed the stove and other things, and made our temporary home as comfortable as possible. The tent was bell-shaped, rather less in size than those of the government pattern, and the pole and pegs were furnished by the neighbouring woods. Two buffalo skins[1] and three blankets constituted our bedding, and each person was provided with a large knapsack, containing his "kit" and fishing-tackle. We had one gun with us, and a small supply of ammunition, though we did not contemplate putting it to much use.

As soon as the camp was arranged to our satisfaction, Glenlyon betook himself to the tent to prepare his tackle for the morrow, whilst I wandered off to explore the woods until Fisher had got the dinner ready. There was nothing striking about the forest behind us; it seemed quite denuded of large trees, and gave me the idea of a place that had been once cleared and then allowed to run wild again: perhaps such was the case, and that the trees I saw were those of the "second growth."

Although near a farm-house, to which were attached orchards and gardens, I saw but few birds—in fact, only a couple of waxwings,[2] some

[1] The dressed skins of the American Bison—*Bison Americanus*.

[2] This bird—*Ampelis Americana*—visits the provinces in large flights during the summer months. It is commonly called

robins,[1] and a ruby-throated humming-bird:[2] the latter was, no doubt, a wanderer from the garden, attracted, most probably, by the gorgeous blossoms of the scarlet lobelia,[3] which was flowering profusely along the borders of the creek. The tiny creature looked inexpressibly beautiful as he darted from flower to flower, his refulgent plumage glittering in the sunlight, and changing from green to gold, and back to

the cedar-bird, from its partiality for the berries of that tree. The general plumage is of a dark fawn colour; a crest of the same tint rises from the head. The most curious fact concerning this species is, that on the ends of the secondary feathers of the wings, and sometimes of the middle tail-feathers, are found, apparently cemented on to the feathers, small pieces of a bright crimson substance resembling wax.—HARDY'S *Sporting Adventures.*

[1] The Red-breasted Thrush—*Turdus Migratorius*—which in Newfoundland we used to call the Blackbird, and in Canada the Robin.—GOSSE'S *Letters from Alabama.*

[2] *Trochilus Colubris*—the Northern Humming-bird, or Ruby Throat.

His shape, we may observe, is slender and graceful; his colours brilliant, those of his breast-covering especially, so constantly changing from a rich ruby glow to a burning orange, a fiery crimson, and even a deep glossy black, according to the light in which they are viewed. The whole upper part of the head and body is a fine golden green; the tail and wings are purplish brown, and the under parts of the body are dusky white, shaded with green; the breast-feathers, about which the metallic tints shift and play like flashes of coloured light, are singularly fine and close of texture, so that they overlay each other like burnished scales. The female has not this beautiful gorget, nor have the very young birds; the red feathers begin to appear in autumn, and only shine forth in their full splendour until the following spring.—H. G. ADAMS' *Humming-Birds.*

[3] *Lobelia Cardinalis.* This splendid species is common in the woods of Western Canada.

green again, while his throat glowed like a coal of living fire amongst the trees.'[1] This glorious little bird has afforded a theme for many a poet's pen, and I cannot end my observations respecting him more appropriately than by the following often-quoted lines:—

"Still sparkles here the glory of the west,
Shows his crowned head and bares his jewelled breast;
In whose bright plumes the richest colours live,
Whose dazzling hues no mimic art can give:
The purple amethyst, the emerald's green,
Contrasted mingle with the ruby's sheen:
While over all a tissue is put on,
Of golden gauze, by fairy fingers spun."

Scarcely had the sun set when hordes of ravenous mosquitoes[2] attacked us most savagely, and at length drove us to the expedient of shutting up the tent, and smoking those that were inside to death. Of the two evils we thought the smoke the least, and, having disappointed our atrocious little enemies of their expected meal, we went to sleep in peace.

[1] For that peculiar charm which resides in flashing light, combined with the most brilliant colours, the lustre of precious stones, there are no birds, no creatures, that can compare with the humming-birds.—Gosse's *Romance of Natural History.*

[2] This troublesome little insect—*Culex Mosquito*—is the pest of the American forests in the summer-time, and a serious enemy to the comfort of the angler; it disappears, however, on the approach of the cold weather, so that in autumn the woods are free from it.

CHAPTER III.

OUR TRIP TO THE THOUSAND ISLANDS—*continued.*

"And nought save lulling katydid,
Presumed the hush to mar."
Rev. A. C. Coxe—*Si. Sacrament.*

Next morning we were afoot long before the sun had shown himself, and, while Fisher remained to prepare the breakfast, Glenlyon and I went out upon the river. The water was much too calm for the fly, so we resolved upon trolling with that most deadly implement, "the spoon." Our apparatus consisted simply of a brass spoon, made so as to revolve freely upon a piece of strong wire of about six inches in length, to which was attached the line. Two stout hooks, almost of sufficient strength to hold a dolphin, were soldered on to the end of the spoon, and the whole thing was so constructed that it spun round rapidly on being drawn through the water.

During our trolling expeditions we commonly adhered to some such arrangement as the following:—On starting from the shore, Glenlyon would perhaps take the oars, while I slowly payed out the trolling-line, until there were fully twenty feet of it in the water. By keeping my finger upon it, I knew the instant that a fish touched the spoon; and this

generally resulted in its being hooked, for they rarely displayed either coyness or timidity, but made a bold rush at the glittering metal and seized it at once. Glenlyon would then rest on his oars, whilst I secured the captive, and released the troller from its jaws. After a time we would change places and employment—Glenlyon fishing whilst I propelled the boat. The kinds of fish which we most commonly caught in this way were black bass[1] and large pike,[2] though not unfrequently a huge perch[3] would take the troller, and now and then a gigantic mascalongé.[4] On the occasion I refer to, we captured eight large bass and a couple of pike. After this we returned to the camp for breakfast, leaving, in the meantime, our fish upon the thwarts of the boat.

In the midst of his cooking Fisher spied an impudent mink[5] in the act of carrying off one of the bass, and, running down to the boat, he found that the little thief had actually taken away five of them almost under our noses. I loaded the gun in expectation of another visit from his minkship, but he did not come again.

After breakfast we had more trolling with the spoon, and captured a fine lot of fish, amongst which were several small mascalongé, averaging about six or seven pounds in weight.

The remarkable solitude of the river in our neighbourhood struck us forcibly, for we had been

[1] Black Bass — *Grystes Nigricans.*—Agassiz.
[2] Great Northern Pickerel—*Esox Lucioides.*—Agassiz.
[3] American Yellow Perch—*Perca Flavescens.*—Mitchil.
[4] Mascalongé—*Esox Estor.*—Cuvier, Agassiz.
[5] Mink—*Vison Lutreola*—a species of weasel.

accustomed to see these waters, late in autumn, perfectly alive with wild-fowl, while now, besides the finny inhabitants beneath the surface, there did not appear to be any living thing within miles of us, excepting a noble bald-headed eagle,[1] that we had seen upon the summit of a tall, leafless tree.

We moved our camp to-day to another place on the higher land near by, for the last night's experience had shown us that the mosquitoes would give us little peace after sunset, if we remained down by the margin of the river. This change in our location answered famously, and we were not nearly so much troubled by our bloodthirsty little foes.

As night approached fire-flies[2] made their appearance in considerable numbers, flashing through the woods like fairy lights of intermittent green flame: there was no moon, and the whole scene around us was robed in a deep, mysterious darkness, which seemed only the more intense in consequence of the occasional glimmer of these vagrant fire-flies.

"Oh! the forest paths
Are dim and wild, e'en when the sunshine streams
Through their high arches; but when powerful night
Comes, with her cloudy phantoms, and her pale
Uncertain moonbeams, and the hollow sounds
Of her mysterious winds; their aspect *then*
Is of another and more fearful world—
A realm of indistinct and shadowy forms,
Waking strange thoughts, almost too much for this—
Our frail terrestrial nature."

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[1] Bald-headed Eagle—*Haliaëtus Leucocephalus.*

[2] Common American Fire-fly—*Lampyris Corusca.* "The lively and varying illumination with which these fire-flies light up the woods at night gives quite an idea of enchantment."—Note to MOORE's *Poems relating to America.*

Along the edges of the forest, just about sunset, I saw some of those curious birds called "night-hawks"[1] in this country; and I was quite pleased at their arrival, for, whether they deserve it or not, they are often called "mosquito-hawks," and I began to hope that they would attack the stronghold of those ferocious insects, and perhaps rid us of some thousands.

There were a good many young trees of the red cedar[2] growing near us, but none of any size; the

[1] *Caprimulgus Americanus* of Wilson and Audubon. "About an hour before the sun sets, we hear a loud, abrupt, and rapid repetition of four or five syllables in the air above our heads, resembling the sounds, *piramidig*, or *gi-me-a-bit*, or perhaps, still more, *witta-wittawit*. On looking up we see some two or three birds, exceedingly like swallows in figure and flight, but considerably larger, with a conspicuous white spot on each wing. They *winnow*, however, rather more than swallows, and more frequently depress one or the other side; and the body and tail behind the wings is rather longer. Their general appearance, their sudden quick doublings, their rushing, careering flight, and their long, narrow, arcuated wings, are so like those of swallows, that, after being familiar with them, I have often been unable to determine, at the first glance, whether a particular bird were a caprimulgus or a swallow. . . . . Mosquito-hawk is one of the appellations familiarly given to the bird, and doubtless not without ground."—GOSSE's *Birds of Jamaica*.

[2] Red Cedar—*Juniperus Virginiana*. Notwithstanding its popular name, this is not generally the plant that yields the cedar-wood used by cabinet-makers and pencil-manufacturers; the Bermuda Cedar—*Juniperus Bermudiana*—being principally so employed: its timber, however, is of great excellence and durability. It is a native of North America, from Cedar Island in Lake Champlain, as far as the southern side of the Gulf of Mexico, chiefly preferring the vicinity of the sea. In general it is a large bush; but in favourable situations, and in such a climate as that of Virginia and Carolina, it becomes a tree forty feet high.—KNIGHT's *Cyclopædia of Natural History*.

girth of the main-stem of the largest that I saw was only about six or seven inches.

After night had fairly set in, and our camp became quiet, I heard, for the first time in my life, the singular note of the whip-poor-will, which was kept up at intervals, in the trees near us, until I fell asleep. It had a strange, weird-like sound, amidst the silence of the woods, that plaintive, curious voice, reiterating every now and then, "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!" almost as plainly as if the words had been spoken by a human tongue.

A few stanzas from the pen of a friend, Robert Shanly, Esq., having this curious bird for their subject, may not be inappropriately introduced here :—

WAH-WO-NAIS-SA.[1] (THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.)

I love to hear the whip-poor-will,
My lone Canadian home around;
When moonlight brightens on the hill,
And wild May-flowers gem the ground.

His wild and not unpleasing note,
A love-call to his listening mate,
Wakes mem'ry up;—and round me float
Sad thoughts, yet sweet, of boyhood's fate.

My boyhood spent upon the banks
Of Esh-Koon-Sipi[2] (famed of yore,
When brave Tecumthe's swarthy ranks
Closed round their Chief to fight no more),

---

[1] See Longfellow's *Hiawatha*.

[2] Esh-Koon-Sipi (The Antler River) is the Chippewa name for the Thames, in Canada West, called by the French Voyageurs "Rivière La Tranche:" on its banks, bravely fighting for his English allies, against the Americans, fell the gallant Shawnee chief Tecumthe, in the "Battle of the Thames," 5th October 1813.

Was passed in many a wandering lone,
With thoughts and games to childhood strange,
When gun and paddle gave a tone
That may not change through life's long range.

I love the Indian's burial spot,
His warriors sleep — their battles o'er —
Where rippling water's ceaseless note
Their spirits lulls for evermore.

Spread ashes,[1] then, upon my grave,
By Esh-Koon-Sipi's murmuring stream,
Where Wah-wo-nais-sa's mournful stave
May soothe my rest in death's long dream![2]

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[1] The fondness of the whip-poor-will for whistling his evening note from a heap of ashes is well known to the backwoodsman.*

[2] The Whip-poor-will, *Antrostomus Vociferus* of Gould. This is the *Wecoalis* of the Delaware Indians, and *whippoo-will* of Lawson, who says "it is so named, because it makes those words exactly. They are the bigness of a thrush, and call their note under a bush, on the ground, hard to be seen, though you hear them never so plain."

Nuttall says that this species arrives in the middle states of America about the close of April, or the beginning of May, proceeding in its usual migration along the Atlantic States to the centre of Massachusetts, being rare, and seldom seen beyond lat. 43°; and yet, he adds, in the interior of the continent,

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* In a foot-note, attached to some stanzas on the whip-poor-will, which appeared in the fifth number of the *North Lincoln Sphinx*, it was stated that the bird in question has a habit of whistling his evening song from a heap of ashes. Not only is this perfectly true, but his fondness for even rolling himself, as it were, in the remains of the burnt trees, which are found so plentifully in every new settlement, is very remarkable. In the early spring, after the snow has disappeared, the "clearings" in the woods are studded over with ash-heaps, where the fallen timber has been consumed; and oft in the grey of the evening, as I wandered along the dark edges of the forest, have I seen the whip-poor-will swoop down upon them, and, fluttering his wings in the soft, light ashes, seem to delight in burying himself therein, until he had formed a nest, and then kept calling to his mate to come and see how snug a berth he had secured.—*Letter from "An Old Backwoodsman," to North Lincoln Sphinx.*

Next morning the wind arrived with the sun, and before eight o'clock the broad bosom of the.

according to Vieillot, they continue as far as Hudson's Bay, and were heard by Mr. Say, at Pembina, in lat. 49°. "In all this vast intermediate space," continues Nuttall, "as far as Natchez on the Mississippi and the interior of Arkansas, they familiarly breed and take up their residence. About the same time that the sweetly echoing voice of the cuckoo is heard in the north of Europe, issuing from the leafy groves, as the sure harbinger of the flowery month of May, arrives amongst us, in the shades of night, the mysterious *Whip-poor-Will*."

Dr. Richardson states that he observed this bird on the northern shores of Lake Huron only, the fiftieth parallel being probably the limit of its range: it arrives, he adds, in Pennsylvania about the middle of April: the elevated "Barrens of Kentucky" are its favourite resorts, and it is very seldom heard in the low marshy tracts of country.

Mr. Clayton says, "Their cry is pretty much like the sound of the pronunciation of the words *whip-poor-will*, with a kind of chucking noise between every other, or every two or three cries, and they lay the accent very strong upon the last word *will*, and least of all upon the middle one. The Indians say these birds were never known till a great massacre was made of their country folks by the English, and that they were the souls of departed spirits of the massacred Indians. Abundance of people look upon them as birds of ill-omen; and are very melancholy if one of them happens to light upon their house, or near their door, and set up his cry (as they will sometimes upon the very threshold), for they verily believe one of the family will die very soon after."

Mr. Nuttall remarks that, in the lower part of the state of Delaware, he found these birds troublesomely abundant in the breeding season, so that the reiterated echoes of *whip-whip-poor-will*, *whip-peri-will*, issuing from several birds at the same time, occasioned such a confused vociferation, as, at first, to banish sleep. "This call," he adds, "is continued, except in moonlight nights, usually till midnight, when they cease until again aroused, for a while, at the commencement of twilight. They pass the day in repose, retiring to the deepest and darkest woods, usually those in elevated situations."—*Penny Cyclopædia*.

Saint Lawrence was covered with little breakers. We tried the fly for several hours, but it was awkward work with two rods in a small boat, and, moreover, the fish did not rise freely. It is only on certain days that in these deep waters the fly is of any use, and I never saw any particularly large fish taken with it. It is, no doubt, the most sporting way of capturing black bass, which are bold and lively, affording almost as much play as sea-trout; but it is so rarely that they will take the fly—I speak from my own experience—that I have generally laid it aside for the trolling-spoon, which, at all times, I have found successful. A magnificent fly—resembling nothing in nature that I know of—composed of four wings of the feathers of the scarlet ibis, upon a thick body of crimson chenil,[1] was strongly recommended to me, as being the best in the world for this kind of sport; however, I never knew a fish rise to it, and all the black bass that I

[1] Since the above was written I have met with a paragraph in that most interesting work, *Salmon Fishing in Canada*, wherein a fly, very nearly resembling the one I have mentioned, is described as being indispensable for the capture of white trout in the salt water. The said paragraph runs thus:—

"Frank Forester, in his elaborate work on the Fish and Fishing of America, quotes from Mr. Perley the following remarks on this fish:—

"'It is to be understood that the whole Gulf of St. Lawrence abounds with white trout, from one to seven pounds in weight. They proceed up the rivers as far as the head of the tide in each, but they never ascend into the purely fresh water. 'In the salt water they are caught only with the 'Prince Edward's Island fly,' so called, the body of which is of scarlet with gold tinsel, or of gold tinsel only, with four wings from the feathers of the scarlet ibis—the curry-curry of South America.'"

have taken with the fly were captured by means of those described in Blaine's *Rural Sports*, as the great whirling dun,[1] the green drake or may-fly,[2] the grey drake, and the mealy-brown moth:[3] the latter, although a "night-fly" in England, answers well enough in the daytime here. Indeed, I am strongly of opinion that when the black bass are inclined to rise to a fly, they will take almost anything in the shape or resemblance of an insect, and, perhaps, even the scarlet ibis fly that I have alluded to—though I have never known them do so. Numbers 5 or 6, Limerick hooks, should be used for black bass flies, and strong salmon-gut, with a silk line—at least, that is my opinion; but different men

[1] Great Whirling Dun—*Neuroptera*. *Wings*—Feather of a cock starling's wing, or the pale grey from a mallard's wing. To be dressed erect. *Body*—Blue squirrel and yellow martin's fur mixed, or otherwise dark mole and bright yellow mohair, or mix with two-thirds light hare's fur, one-third of claret-coloured mohair. *Legs*—Blue dun hackle. *Tail*—Forked with two dun hairs. *Hook*—No. 6 or 7.

[2] The Green Drake or May-fly—*Ephemera Vulgata*. *Wings*—The mottled feather of the mallard, dyed a pale yellow-green. To stand erect, and to be slightly divided. *Body*—Bright yellow mohair, ribbed with light bronze peacock's heel. *Legs*—A red ginger hackle, forked with two hairs. *Hook*—No. 5 or 6.

[3] The Mealy-brown Moth—*Odonestis Potatoria*. *Upper Wings*—The dappled feather of a mallard, dyed a reddish-brown. *Under Wings*—The soft feather of a brown owl, or a soft reddish feather or two from the landrail. *Body*—Any soft brown fur, as of the hare, brown hog's down, bear's fur; and the nearest the shade is to tan the better. To be dressed moderately full and long. *Legs*—A brown cock's hackle, carried one turn beyond that of the preceding fly. *Hook*—No. 3, 4, or 5.—BLAINE'S *Encyclopædia of Rural Sports*.

have different fancies, and, after all, considerable latitude may be exercised in the choice of black-bass tackle.

We returned to camp about noon for dinner, and afterwards endeavoured to procure some live minnows[1] from the creek. For a long time we were unsuccessful, but, at last, we hit upon a plan which answered very well. After much inquiry, Glenlyon obtained a large-meshed landing-net at the mill, and with it we managed to supply our wants effectually. The mode of securing the little fish was somewhat original: the meshes of the net were much too large to admit of their being captured in the usual manner, but Glenlyon, by jerking the apparatus suddenly out of the water, contrived to get a bucket-full in a very short time. Neither Fisher nor I were equal to this herculean task, for the net, when charged with water, was very heavy; but Glenlyon managed it famously. We killed a few more bass with the live minnows towards evening, and disturbed a pair of green-winged teal[2] near one of the islands: doubtless their nest was close by.

For two days more we had capital sport amongst the islands, catching black and rock bass,[3] large yellow perch, pike, and mascalongé, with an occasional eel[4] or so: after which we struck our camp, and sailed away from Windermere on our return to Prescott.

[1] American Minnow—*Hydrargyra.*

[2] Green-winged Teal of America—*Anas Carolinensis.*

[3] Rock Bass—*Centrarchus Æneus.*—CUVIER.

[4] Eel—*Anguilla.*

We stopped for a day at Grant Island, and fished the neighbouring water for mascalongé — which are said to affect that part of the river — but were unsuccessful, neither Glenlyon nor I taking a single fish.

An odd circumstance occurred during our stay here, which I must not forget to mention. A soldier of the detachment stationed on the little island went out in a tiny cockle-shell of a boat to troll for mascalongé, and, early in the forenoon, as he was pulling across the stream, with his trolling-line — to which an enormous brass spoon was attached — fastened to the stern of the boat, he observed his line suddenly straighten, upon which he ceased rowing, allowing the "way" of the boat to continue, however: presently, the little craft became stationary, and the occupant began to think he had got fast to a rock of some kind, when, to his intense astonishment, his little vessel commenced moving up-stream against the current, being literally dragged through the water by whatever fish or animal was fastened to the troller. In a moment or two the strain ceased, and the boat swung round again; the man pulled in his troller, of which both hooks were bent, but it was otherwise uninjured. He never knew whether it was a huge mascalongé or a sturgeon[1] that had towed him through the water, but the general opinion was in favour of the former. This incident, which may appear to some as bordering on the marvellous, to the best of my belief really happened, though I cannot personally vouch for its accuracy: the hero

[1] Common Sturgeon — *Accipenser Sturio.*

of the affair, however, himself informed me of it, half-an-hour after it occurred, and I have no reason to doubt his veracity. My own opinion always was, and is still, that the enormous hooks of his troller had accidentally caught in a large sturgeon, of which there are thousands in the Saint Lawrence.

We reached Prescott next day all safely, having much enjoyed our bass-fishing amongst the Thousand Islands.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CRUISE OF THE "SILVER STAR."

"She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Look soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull."
LONGFELLOW—*The Wreck of the Hesperus.*

A GENTLE wind sprang up next morning with the sun, and in about an hour's time it had freshened considerably. At the first peep of dawn we were all astir; and before the god of day appeared above the eastern horizon, we had finished our breakfasts and stowed away all our camp equipage in the "Silver Star," which, two hours afterwards, was spreading her snowy canvas to the welcome breeze, and scudding through the bright waters at a very respectable rate of speed, considering the strength of the current against her. Before long, however, the fickle wind almost died away, and soon after we passed the towns of Prescott and Ogdensburg—the former on the British, the latter on the American side of the river—the sails were flapping, and the little schooner was barely making headway against

the stream. This state of affairs lasted such a length of time, that we were seriously thinking of anchoring where we were, when, to our great delight, the breeze revived, and we began once more to creep along steadily, though slowly, through the water. We soon passed Maitland—a village on the British side, about half-way between Prescott and Brockville—and some two hours or so before sunset, we had fairly entered the labyrinth of islands which commences just above the latter place.

From Fire Island to within a short distance of Brockville, the country was flat and uninteresting on both sides of the river; but as we neared the little town called after the gallant Sir Isaac Brock, the banks or shores began to assume a bolder character, as a sort of introduction to the beauties of the island scenery higher up. Prescott and Ogdensburg—both thriving towns, the latter much the larger of the two—have nothing striking in their appearance, or any pretension to beauty that we could see, but Brockville—situated below the mouth, as it were, of the expansion in the river called the Lake of the Thousand Islands—is remarkably pretty, and its site picturesque and romantic.

We had seen in the course of the day a good many flocks of wild ducks, though none of them had come within reach of our guns; and towards evening, as we got further amongst the islands, these birds were so numerous that I went down to the little cabin for my long duck-gun, with the intention of treating some of the passing flocks to three ounces

of No. 1 shot. Whilst I was below Arnold hailed me from the deck.

"Hallo, Greenwood!" said he, "come here;" and I accordingly popped my head up the hatchway.

"Well," I inquired, "what's the matter?"

"Do you know anything of the navigation here? —can you tell us which is the proper channel?" asked my friend.

"Indeed, I cannot," I replied; "I have been through it often enough, but the islands are so numerous and so much alike that I have not the remotest idea which way we should steer — but does not the pilot know the way?" and I looked towards the man at the helm.

"Not he; confound him!" answered Arnold; "he has just confessed that he never was here in his life before, and that he thinks we have got out of the proper course."

"Pleasant that," said I, as I regained the deck. "I believe, however, that the water is pretty deep round all these islands, though I should be sorry to take my oath of it: and we do certainly appear to have lost the main channel."

"Luckily," remarked Arnold, "the wind is so light that at present we cannot well come to harm. You, sir," added he to the helmsman, whose place he took, "go forward, and keep a sharp look-out for rocks."

The man obeyed sulkily and silently, and we still crept along steadily, the channel seemingly getting narrower every moment; when, suddenly, Arnold sang out, "Here comes the wind again!"

and before the words were well out of his mouth, down came a tremendous puff, which made the little schooner jump through the water, and careened her over so violently, that I nearly went head first overboard. The gusts now came in rapid succession, until, at last, Arnold said, "I think we had better anchor for the night: it is already getting dark, and we are going much too fast for safety amongst these unknown rocks." With this he resigned the helm to our pilot once more, and directed him to run the little vessel into a sort of nook that was visible a short distance ahead of us.

The wind had by this time freshened considerably, and the yacht was going through the water like a racehorse, dashing along so closely to some of the islands, that we almost fancied we could jump ashore. In spite of this proximity of the land, however, the water had every appearance of being deep, and we had no apprehension whatever of danger; though the novelty of such navigation was not a little startling. Presently the pilot altered the course of the schooner, with a view to obeying Arnold's instructions, and we were within four hundred yards of our intended anchorage, which looked pleasant and tempting enough, when a shock like that of an earthquake made the "Silver Star" shiver from stem to stern, and next instant we were hard and fast upon the rocks. One moment sufficed to let go everything, and the next, two of the men were in the water alongside. Arnold soon followed, and in a very short time the cause of our misfortune was ascertained: the vessel had run upon a hidden

reef, that stretched out from a neighbouring island, and was so firmly wedged that there was little hope of getting her off without assistance.

Arnold kept his temper manfully; he neither swore nor stormed, though he looked grave and annoyed. As he returned to the deck—having cast a searching glance around—his only remark was, "Well, it is somewhat fortunate that the island is inviting in its appearance, for when I send away the small boat to Brockville for assistance, we shall be regularly imprisoned."

"By Jove! so we shall," exclaimed young Clifford: "I never thought of that, and I was calculating on no end of duck-shooting."

Blake laughed and said, "I'll tell you what it is, youngster: I strongly suspect our duck-shooting is over for this trip; the crunching of those rocks against the keel of the 'Silver Star' had an ugly sound, and I am of opinion that she is a good deal damaged."

"I believe you are quite right," responded Arnold; "such were my own thoughts when I examined her just now: however, I have desired the skipper to take the small boat and fetch us up a shipwright—if there be such a description of creature at Brockville: meanwhile, we must kill time as best we may within the narrow limits of our island kingdom. Come, lend a hand, lads, and let us get our tent and traps on shore. I say, Doctor, you are the heaviest and steadiest, you can stand in the water, and pass on the things to Blake and Greenwood, while Clifford and I fish them up from below."

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed the medico; "I am neither amphibious nor desirous of contracting rheumatism, so please detail me for some other job less aquatic in its nature. Good heavens!" he added, peeping over the side, "it is a cool request, that of yours, Arnold, to ask a man of my years and scientific acquirements, to stand up to his neck in water very little above the freezing-point at this time of the year; moreover, I should require to be anchored in some way to prevent my being swept away."

Arnold laughed, but his only answer was, "Charley, give Marfarlane a sip of that Glenlivet, and then, I warrant me, he'd dive for pearls, if there were any amongst these rascally rocks."

The Doctor's eyes twinkled. "By Saint Andrew, you're quite right! a man might face more unpleasant things than cold water after a glass of good Scotch whisky;" and he went overboard as readily as a porpoise would have done.

In process of time we had got everything snugly ashore: the "Silver Star" was moored in such a way that she could not move, and the small boat, with our three men on board, had started for Brockville, leaving us "alone in our glory," with, however, light hearts and plenty to eat.

"Well, Doctor, have you got dry yet?" asked Arnold, as the fire burst up into a merry blaze, and we took our seats around it.

"Yes, no thanks to you for that same," grumbled the medico: "next time I'll trouble you to be your own water-dog."

"Come, old fellow, don't growl," said Arnold, "but spin us a yarn; we have fully six hours before us, and nothing to pass away the time."

"Perhaps, Mr. Arnold, you'd like me to dance the Highland Fling, or sing you 'Blue Bonnets over the Border,' and then, maybe, you'll expect me to cook the dinner?" ejaculated the indignant professor of medicine.

Arnold shrieked with laughter, in which we all joined; and at last Macfarlane himself invested his face with a horrible grin, and declared that he had no objection whatever to spin us a yarn, on condition that Arnold set the example.

"Agreed," said that worthy, "you shall have Frank Redfern's Moose-hunt in his own words, for I have his manuscript in my desk; and after that Greenwood must bring his red-covered book to our assistance once more."

"There is not much left," I remarked; "my journal of a fortnight's duck-shooting at Guanonoqui Lake, and a couple of hawking adventures, are the sole remaining contents; but such as they are, you shall have them."

By this time the dinner was ready, and, after we had all feasted to our heart's content, we once more assembled round the fire. For a few moments—whilst pipes were being filled and lit—there was almost complete silence, broken only by the snapping and crackling of the huge logs, which were now blazing merrily, and sending up a broad sheet of flame for a couple of feet in height. At last Arnold spoke.

"Now, lads," said he, "after we have smoked all round, we must hold a council, as I have something of importance to lay before you, and then we will make ourselves snug for the evening, and produce the note-books."

We all looked up at this remark, but Arnold's face was inscrutable: he continued filling his Indian pipe with a mixture of Latakia tobacco[1] and kinnikinnik,[2] without speaking; and while we were wondering what was to be the subject of discussion, he rose suddenly and left us.

"What is in the wind now?" asked Blake, as he lit his cheroot and passed the blazing brand on to the Doctor, who, like his comrade, had been so many years in India, that he regarded manillas more as necessaries of life than luxuries, and could not be induced to smoke a pipe, even in the woods, so long as a No. 1 cheroot was procurable.

"Something about the vessel, I suppose," re-

[1] "The best Syrian tobacco, generally allowed to be superior to all others, is the Latakia, produced in the neighbourhood of the city of that name, the ancient and renowned port of Laodicea, and which, to the present day, has a not inconsiderable trade. It lies at the foot of Mount Lebanon, not far from the spot where the remnants of the patriarchal cedars still grow in greater abundance than in any other part of the mountains, though that abundance has been much curtailed by the destroying visitations of Time."—*All the Year Round.*

[2] "Kinne-kinek is a mixture made by the Indians from the inner bark of the willow pounded small, tobacco, and the dried leaves of the sumach. The flavour of this composition is by no means disagreeable. The word itself is Delaware; but the mixture is in common use among many tribes."—*The Prairie Bird;* By the Hon. C. A. MURRAY.

sponded Macfarlane; "her work is over, I suspect, for this season, and our cruise pretty well at an end."

"Right enough, Doctor," said Arnold, who had rejoined us unperceived; "we must change our plans, for the 'Silver Star' is seriously damaged, and our expedition to the West cannot be consummated at present."

"Can we not get another vessel?" asked young Clifford, in a disappointed tone.

"I think not," replied Arnold, "and besides, we are almost too late for anything but wild-fowl: we ought to have started nearly a month ago to have reached the prairies in proper time."

"But you do not mean that we should go back again to Quebec without having had any sport at all?" exclaimed Clifford, in some consternation.

"Oh, no," answered Arnold; "we can get lots of wild-fowl shooting amongst these islands; and I am not sure but that we had better stay where Fortune has thrown us, and make the best of circumstances."

"Why should we not go to Guanonoqui," suggested the Doctor, "where Greenwood had such good sport?"

"By Jove! a capital idea!" cried Blake, "we might get there easily in a couple of small boats."

"Oh, yes, let us go to Guanonoqui," chimed in Clifford.

"By all means," said Arnold, "if you like it; we could not well do better, and I can send for

the boats to-morrow: meanwhile, Greenwood will tell us what he knows about the place."

"Certainly," I answered, "but let us have the Moose-hunt and Macfarlane's story first."

"All right," responded Arnold, as he pulled a bundle of manuscripts from his pocket.

CHAPTER V.

FRANK REDFERN'S STORY.

"I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forests green,
With bended bow and blood-hound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.
I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime;
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me."

SIR WALTER SCOTT—*The Lady of the Lake.*

NOT many years ago, in the middle of the month of December, I was stopping for a week or two at the little village of Derrington,[1] about sixty miles or so from the town of Raymorn, in Western Canada. My time was—fortunately for me—entirely my own; and, as the quiet of the place pleased me, and the cleanliness and tidiness of the little inn—called "Wilmot's Tavern"—were very attractive, I lin-

[1] The names of all the persons and most of the places, mentioned in this story, are fictitious.

gered there longer than I had at first intended. The weather was as usual at that season in Canada very cold; but the atmosphere was so pure and bracing, and the sky so splendidly clear, that I was loth to leave the charming little nook, which seemed to be at least an agent in this fresh and delightful feeling.

One evening after the cold winter sun had sunk to rest, I was sitting in my room at Wilmot's, watching the bright wood-fire, which blazed and crackled gloriously on the open hearth, whilst my thoughts were wandering far away to other scenes and times, when my reverie was suddenly disturbed by the entrance of a visitor, in whom I at once recognised—to my unbounded astonishment—mine ancient friend and brother-sportsman, Charley Rivers! Wrapped in a loose over-coat made from the silky fur of the black wolf[1] with an odd-looking little skull-cap fashioned out of the skins of the great diver[2] upon his head, he stood in the doorway quietly enjoying my surprise without uttering a single word. I had not seen him for more than five years, and, when last we had parted, it was under the blue skies of Southern Europe; so that I was in no small degree astounded, when he thus suddenly appeared before me as if he had dropped from the clouds; more particularly, when I had every reason to believe that he was at least some five thousand miles away.

Our greetings over: I said, "My good friend,

[1] *Canis Nubilus.*

[2] The Northern Diver—*Colymbus Glacialis.*

Charley, I am so glad to see you; but where the deuce did you come from? and what has brought you here?"

"Two questions in one breath," replied he, "and neither of them very easy to answer, seeing that I have come from a good many places lately, but from Chippenham last, by the thing they call 'the stage,' which arrived here not ten minutes since. Now as to what I have come for, I cannot very well tell you, unless I answer in the delightful slang which I learnt on my way hither, and say, 'Just for greens.' The fact is, I was tired of civilisation, and wanted to get away into the wilderness for a breathing-space; and so, here I am, possibly *en route* for the Rocky Mountains."

"And so, and so," said I, "we shall suit each other admirably for the present. I, too, was *ennuyé* of towns, and streets, and people, and I came here to get out of the way of the whole of them. How long I intended staying, I can hardly say; but now, I suppose, I had better pack up and start with you?"

"*S'il vous plait, monsieur;* but, having decided upon starting, the next point to settle is, where to start to,—can you offer a suggestion?"

"No, you must make all arrangements, only give your orders, and I will obey willingly. Has John come with you?"

"I should rather think so; John and I have served in the respective positions of man and master for too many years to be lightly severed, and we jog about the world together just as we used to

do. He will be here in about an hour or so, as I left him at Chippenham to bring on my sleigh and horses."

"I am glad indeed to hear it," said I, "for I consider John a model servant, and to look at the matter in a less selfish light, I have really a personal regard for him, and I should almost feel our party incomplete if he were absent."

"Yes, Frank," replied my friend; "John is indeed a valuable servant, and, moreover, there are few men in the world who enjoy sport so thoroughly as he does, and none who understand it better. He is always ready for an expedition, and it matters not in the least to him whither I bend my footsteps. I feel certain that if I told him I meant to start for Greenland to-morrow, he would simply say, 'Very well, sir,' and go forthwith, and buy himself an extra blanket and a fur coat. But read this letter, which I received a few days since from a farmer in this neighbourhood. Johnson is one of my tenants, and I wrote to him a fortnight ago to learn if there were any shooting to be got hereabouts at the present, and this is his answer."

As he spoke, Charley put Johnson's note into my hands, and I was almost startled to learn by it, that the tracks of a large Moose[1] had been seen near the farm within the past week.

[1] "The Moose—*Cervus Alces*—derives its name from *Musee*, the appellation given to it by the Algonquin Indians. It is, perhaps, the only deer whose general appearance can be called ungraceful, or whose proportions at first sight impress the beholder unfavourably. Its large head terminates in a square

"By Jove! Charley," exclaimed I, "this is great news, if true, but I have not heard of a moose being so far west for many years,—do you think the intelligence may be depended on?"

"Without doubt," replied my friend, "Johnson never makes a mistake in these matters; and he knows the foot-track of a moose better than 'most men."

"Well," answered I, "let us by all means try

muzzle, having the nostrils curiously slouched over the sides of the mouth: the neck, from which rises a short thick mane, is not longer than the head, which in males is rendered still more cumbrous and unwieldy by palmated horns: under the throat is found an excrescence, from which grows a tuft of long hair; the body, which is short and thick, is mounted upon tall legs, and the whole aspect is so unusual, that incidental observers are pardonable for considering it ugly. Yet, as these singularities of structure have direct or indirect reference to peculiarities of use, an inquiry into the mode of life led by this species may cause us to forget, in admiration of its adaptation to circumstances, prejudices excited by the comparative inelegance of its form. The male moose often exceeds the largest horse in size and bulk; but the females are much less than the males, and differently coloured. The hair of the male is long and soft; it is black at the tip, but within it is of a common ash-colour, and at the base pure white. The hair of the female is of a sandy brown colour, and in some places, especially under the throat, belly and flank, is nearly white at the tip, and altogether so at the base.

"The horns of the moose spread out almost immediately from their base into a broad palmation; in old animals they increase to a great size, and have been known to weigh fifty-six pounds, each horn being thirty-two inches in length."—GODMAN'S *American Natural History.*

"These noble animals, which are among the largest, fleetest, and most wary game on earth, inhabit the most impervious brakes of the pine, larch, and white cedar forests; and these being very often interspersed with deep bogs, and insecure morasses, afford

if we can find him. He would be a glorious prize indeed, and a few days' shooting in these splendid old woods, which I feel so loth to leave, would be more than a treat to me. When shall we start?"

"To-morrow, I think, if all goes well, because

foothold to no tread, save that of the cleft hoof of the ruminating animals."—FRANK FORESTER'S *Field Sports of North America.*

The moose-deer feeds principally upon the smaller twigs of the willow; and is found from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific, in every part of the Fur Countries, where this shrub grows sufficiently tall, following the Mackenzie River to the shores of the Arctic Sea; but never entering the Barren Grounds. From the extreme wariness of the moose, the acuteness of its senses of hearing and smelling, and its speed of foot, the art of killing it is considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Indian hunter, except in spring, when a crust has been formed on the snow, and then it may be run down without much skill. It is the largest of the American deer, and furnishes the best and most juicy meat, with the exception of the reindeer, the flesh of which, when in season, is more delicate. A full-grown fat moose-deer weighs a thousand or twelve hundred pounds. The skin, when dressed, forms the best leather for mocassins."—*Appendix to* SIR GEORGE BACK'S *Exploring Expedition to the Great Fish River.*

With reference to the "Barren Grounds," mentioned in the foregoing note, Captain Mayne Reid, in his *Bruin; or the Grand Bear Hunt,* says:—

"That tract of the Hudson's Bay territory known as the 'Barren Grounds,' extends from the shores of the Arctic Sea as far south as the latitude of the Churchill River; bounded eastward by Hudson's Bay itself, and westward by a chain of lakes, of which the Great Slave and Athapescow are the principal.

"This immense territory is almost unexplored to the present hour. Even the Hudson's Bay trappers have a very imperfect knowledge of it. It has been crossed in one or two places, and skirted by exploring parties, but it is still almost a *terra ignota,* except to the four or five tribes of Indians who dwell around its

our friend, the Moose, may take it into his head to go away as mysteriously as he has come, and it would be a pity to lose him."

Our plan of operations was soon formed, and it was arranged that we should start on the following morning at nine o'clock.

borders, and the Esquimaux, who venture a little way into it along the coast of the Arctic Sea."

"The greatest caution is necessary when in pursuit of the moose, for his fine ear will, even in a gale of wind, detect the snapping of the smallest twig, or any noise foreign to the natural sounds of the forest, at a great distance."—CAPTAIN HARDY'S *Sporting Adventures*.

"The Indians declare that he is more shy and difficult to take than any other animal; more vigilant, more acute of sense, than the reindeer or bison; fleeter than the wapiti; more sagacious and more cautious than the deer. In the most furious tempest, when the wind and the thunder, and the groaning of the trees and the crash of falling timber, are combining to fill the ear with an incessant roar, if a man, either with foot or hand, break the smallest dry twig in the forest, the Indians aver that the moose will take notice of it; he may not instantly take to flight, but he ceases to eat, and concentrates his attention."—GOSSE'S *Romance of Natural History*.

CHAPTER VI.

FRANK REDFERN'S STORY—*continued.*

"The merry sleigh-bells with soothing power,
Shed gladness on the evening hour,
Ding-dong! ding-dong! what rapture swells,
The music of those joyous bells!"

MRS. MOODIE—*The Sleigh Bells.*

THE morning broke clear and without a cloud, but intensely cold; a fine, joyous, bracing cold, however, that only seemed to elevate the spirits, in proportion as it pinched the ears and nose; and the crisp, spotless snow glittered under the brilliancy of the bright sun as few things else on earth can glitter; and seemed to invite us forth to enjoy a walk upon its frozen surface. Charley's sleigh was at the tavern-door half-an-hour before the time; and John was busily employed in stowing away in its various receptacles his master's and my luggage.

The sleigh, or drag, as Charley called it, was a fine, roomy, comfortable-looking concern, with deep seats, covered by a profusion of black bear-skin robes, that is, the dressed skins of the black bear[1] gaily lined and trimmed with scarlet. The vehicle

[1] *Ursus Americanus.*

had seats for four passengers, and on an emergency six could have been accommodated without inconvenience. The horses were powerful, yet graceful animals, and full of life, as their impatient attempts to start showed full plainly.

We were soon comfortably seated, and the handsome nags, obeying a low whistle from Charley, started off at a rapid trot. There was just enough snow upon the roads to enable the sleigh to glide along with ease and rapidity ; and in less than a couple of hours, we had arrived at Johnson's snug little farm-house, on the edge of the great woods, and rather more than fourteen miles from Derrington.

Having handed our sleigh and horses over to the care of one of Johnson's sons we entered the dwelling, where Charley was warmly greeted by the farmer and his good dame ; both of whom seemed very happy at seeing him again.

Charley's father had served, during the revolutionary war, as a captain in one of the British regiments ; and, some twelve or fourteen years subsequently, he had purchased a quantity of land adjoining his Government grant ; where he finally settled down as a colonist for the remainder of his days. At his decease this particular portion of his property descended to my friend ; and Johnson, who had been a tenant of his father's, still retained the farm under Charley. The terms on which Johnson held his land were exceedingly easy. Charley would not sell the property, which had been granted to his father for gallant services; but he was no exacting landlord and the honest farmer paid but a nominal rent for seven

hundred acres of the finest land in Ryeburn. This generous liberality on the part of my friend, together with the fact of his having been born on the estate, and his own amiability of character, had won the gratitude and love of the farmer and his good dame; and few faces shed a more brilliant glow of gladness round their homely fireside than that of Charley Rivers.

For his sake I, too, was warmly welcomed to "The Hemlock Grove," as the farm was called, and we were speedily enjoying what Charley, in his favourite seat in the corner, termed the *dolce far niente* of existence.

"And now, Johnson," said my friend, "tell us all about the Moose."

"Well, sir," replied Johnson, "I have not seen him myself, but my son has fallen in with him twice; and I have crossed his tracks more than a dozen times; we had not heard of one in this part of the country for many years before."

"And," said Charley, "what course of operations would you recommend?"

"I think, sir," answered the farmer, "that if you were to make Raymond's shanty your head-quarters, you would be nearer your work than if you went down to the shooting-box by the river. It is not perhaps quite so comfortable, but I will send some of my men over this afternoon to set it to rights and cut you some wood."

"Just my idea, Johnson," said Charley; "but we must not have more men about the place than necessary. Frank and I have too much of the sports-

man about us, I hope, to trouble ourselves with trifles; and John will cut us all the fuel we require; so if you will tell them to get your ox-sleigh ready to carry our traps, we will start hence in an hour."

At this moment Mrs. Johnson said: "Now, gentlemen, come and eat something before you go:" and down we sat to discuss the merits of a smoking "venison-pasty," that had been cooked in a manner to excite the envy of a Soyer had he been there to see. I suppose I must have been unusually hungry after my drive in the frosty air, but I never recollect having enjoyed any meal so thoroughly as I did that *impromptu* luncheon; which we washed down with a draught of most exquisite cider.

Having seen our belongings safely on their way to Raymond's shanty under the guardianship of the faithful John, Charley and I donned our snow-shoes, and struck into the woods which still covered a large portion of the farm.

In about two hours we arrived at our destination, and found that John had been there some time; and that the shanty was in much better preservation than we expected. A few words descriptive of the edifice itself may not be out of place, while John is kindling up the fire on the hearth. The shanty, it seemed, had been originally built by a man called Raymond, who had rented the "sugar-bush," that is, a portion of the forest wooded with the sugar-maple,[1] from Charley's father: subsequently, it had been increased in size, and had been fitted up with a chimney, and

[1] *Acer Saccharinum.*

sleeping-places for the very purpose to which we now proposed to put it. It was built of round hemlock logs, and roofed with troughs of the rough bark of the same tree,[1] while all the spaces and interstices were filled with dried moss. There was no window, but in summer the door always stood open, and admitted plenty of light; and in winter a huge fire built upon the hearth lit up the interior as brilliantly as a dozen candles. The shanty covered about fourteen feet square of ground, and, on the whole, it was by no means a disagreeable shelter for a temporary residence in the backwoods.

We were now in the heart of the forest. Johnson's house, which was eight miles distant, being the nearest settlement, and for nearly six leagues in the opposite direction there was not even a clearing to break the uniformity of the primeval woods.

The solitude of these silent forests is very remarkable,[2] and it almost seems as if they were entirely deserted by living beings, especially in the winter; but this dearth of animal life is more apparent than real, for bears, wolves, and deer, are not unfrequently met with, and raccoons, squirrels, and other small quadrupeds, are numerous enough.

[1] The Hemlock Spruce—*Abies Canadensis.*

[2] "There is something in the ponderous stillness of these forests—something in their wild, torn, mossy darkness, their utter solitude and mournful silence, which impresses the traveller in a new aspect each time he sees them—which awakes ideas of melancholy admiration, which I wish I could describe, though I cannot forget."—Wood's *The Prince of Wales in Canada.*

In addition to these, are various species of grouse, owls, hawks, and many smaller kinds of birds, who make their home here, amidst the pleasant gloom of these majestic woods, where they are rarely disturbed by the intruding foot of man.

Shortly after we reached the shanty, the lengthening shadows told us that the short winter day was fast drawing to a close; and as we were to be up betimes the next morning, we at once set to work with our preparations. Bullets had to be cast; and pork packed away in sufficient quantity to enable us to carry with us two days' provisions at the least, so that, in case of necessity, we might follow the chase without returning to the shanty. Our axes and hunting-knives had to be sharpened; and last, not least, we had to arrange our plan of pursuit for the morrow.

Our preparations were speedily but carefully made; and excepting that we had not yet determined upon the plan of operations, everything was ready for a start; so about eight o'clock, we piled more wood upon our already huge fire, and rolling ourselves in our blankets, were soon lost in forgetfulness of all around.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANK REDFERN'S STORY—*continued.*

"No rustle of a breeze
Comes through the forest. In this new strange world,
Oh! how mysterious, how eternal, seems
The mighty melancholy of the woods!
The desert's own great spirit, infinite."

MRS. HEMANS—*The Indian's Revenge.*

ALL was still and silent, and a few red embers were the sole remains of the huge logs that we had left burning on the hearth the night before, when I awoke the next morning about six o'clock. The intense frost of the night had so chilled the atmosphere of the shanty, that I fairly shivered when I unrolled myself from my covering of furs and blankets, and jumped up to replenish the almost-expiring fire. I threw some dry logs upon the embers, and resisting a strong inclination to creep back to my nest again, I called up John and my friend Charley, and then proceeded to make my toilet with as little delay as possible.

Having treated myself to a delicious wash in melted snow—the pleasantest of all water for ablutions from its softness—I donned my clothes, and

sallied out to take a survey of the morning. The air was frosty and very cold, and the sky was studded with innumerable stars, which were glittering in the dark moonless heavens, with the pale brilliancy usual to them during the winter in North America. Morning had not begun to break, and everything was quiet and at rest; not a sound disturbed the stillness of the scene, save an occasional and gentle gust of wind, which, sighing through the branches of the trees, seemed like the flitting of some rambling spirits through the murky air.

I was charmed with the beauty of the morning; and my heart bounded with delight at the prospect of our hunt through these glorious woods in such magnificent weather, and beneath the splendour of such cloudless skies. I cannot explain the buoyancy of spirit which seems to take possession of the wanderer in these vast forests; but it is an undoubted fact, proved by the testimony of hundreds of witnesses, that no other scenes can rouse the spirit of the hunter to that pitch of joyousness, which the primeval woods of North America in winter never fail to excite.[1]

[1] "The inhabitants of the Old World generally fancy that a life in the fir forests of America is attended by a constant feeling of depression and gloom. This idea is erroneous. There is a feeling of freedom and happiness in being in the primeval forest, in treading noiselessly with the mocassined foot on the soft spongy moss, under tall groves of pines and hemlocks; and, after an exciting chase with the lordly moose or wary cariboo, in enjoying delicious repose on a bed of fragrant fir-boughs, a feeling of buoyancy and exhilaration of spirit, which cannot be produced by other scenes in other countries."— CAPTAIN HARDY'S *Sporting Adventures.*

A hail from Charley disturbed my reveries, and summoned me to breakfast; and just as the first glimmer of dawn was lighting up the eastern heavens, we sat down to discuss our morning meal.

"Frank," said Charley, after a short pause, "if the wind would only rise we should have everything in our favour; but even as it is, I think the chances are ten to one against the Moose, for there seems to be a very tolerable crust upon the snow,[1] which will lessen his prospect of escape very materially; while the light covering which fell the other day, is still so soft and powdery, that we shall have splendid snow-shoeing."

"Yes," replied I, "but may not that light covering have obliterated the tracks of the Moose entirely, and thus have done us more harm than good?"

"That I am quite prepared for," answered my friend: "I know these woods well, and I will bet long odds, that if you follow my instructions, you will see the foot-prints, at least, of the great deer, before the sun attains the zenith: that is, provided always he has not left this part of the country entirely,—a contingency which I regard as by no means improbable."

"Well," said I, "if obedience to your mandates will ensure success, consider me the possessor of

[1] "Deer are taken extensively by a process called 'crusting,' that is, pursuing them after a night's rain, followed by frost, has formed a crust of ice upon the surface of the deep snow. This will easily bear the weight of a man furnished with *rackets*, or snow-shoes, but gives way at once under the hoof of a moose or deer; and the animal thus embarrassed is readily overtaken and killed."—Gosse's *Romance of Natural History*.

a fine bull-moose, for I shall attend most particularly to all your instructions; but now what are your plans?"

Charley answered not for a moment, but drew his compass from his pocket, and placed it on the table. When the needle had ceased trembling, he said, "Now, Frank, look here: Johnson's farm-house lies eight miles to the southward of this place; and Diamond Creek, running west and east, passes the shanty just seven miles away in the opposite direction; ten miles further, the Meenahga River, running in the same direction as the Diamond, forms the boundary of the township. Westward from here, eleven miles and a half, is the dividing line between the townships of Ryeburn and Malormis; and eastward, at the distance of about two hundred and fifty yards, is the division between Ryeburn and Sunnettring; and fifteen miles further, the boundary between Sunnettring and Glaston. Now if you will make a hasty sketch of the relative bearings of the shanty and these different lines, it will, most likely, prevent your being lost, and aid you very much in carrying out your plan of operations."

This was speedily done, and Charley continued; "About four miles from this, in a north-westerly direction, there is a large cedar swamp, through which you will find a blazed path;[1] follow this path through the swamp until you come to a narrow ridge thickly covered with the canoe birch.[2] Just thereabouts, under the shadow of the forest, a

[1] A path marked by blazes or notches in the tree trunks.

[2] *Betula Papyracea.*

quantity of moose-wood[1] grows, and beyond the ridge, which is only twenty yards across, you will find Diamond Creek. It is said that close to this grove of birch-trees there is a spring, which never freezes even in the coldest winter; and although I have not seen it, and am sceptical regarding its existence, yet it is true that I have invariably found the common deer[2] in that neighbourhood when I could get none elsewhere, and I have never yet failed in disturbing several ruffed grouse from amongst the moose-wood that I speak of. Go warily through the swamp, and when you reach the grove, walk as if you were treading upon eggs, and my life on it, if the old Moose is amongst the woods of Ryeburn, you will find him there. I need not warn you, Frank," he added, "against shooting at any lesser game, for a single shot might deprive us of our chance of the Moose; it is a most timid, wary animal, and the cracking of a rotten stick under foot has often spoilt a whole day's sport, and lost the hunter a mighty pair of antlers."

"And if I should not find the Moose where you have described?"

"Then," replied he, "you had better follow the course of Diamond Creek, beating the woods tho-

[1] "The Striped Maple—*Acer Striatum*—or moose-wood, as it is generally called, from the partiality of the moose for its broad juicy leaves, appears amongst the under-growth of the forest in great abundance. It is a tall slender stem, covered with rough green bark, and emitting sprays terminating in foliage, broad, and of the brightest green."—CAPTAIN HARDY'S *Sporting Adventures.*

[2] *Cervus Virginianus.*

roughly as you go along, and I will take an opposite direction, and walk round to meet you."

"Agreed," said I; and I at once fastened on my snow-shoes, and prepared to start.

Charley was off by this time, but he turned and said, "Frank, a double shot will answer for the signal of sucess or a call for assistance."

I nodded, and we separated, leaving John to take care of the shanty until we should return.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRANK REDFERN'S STORY—*continued.*

> "A steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
> With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
> Access denied; and overhead upgrew
> Insuperable height of loftiest shade."
>
> MILTON—*Paradise Lost.*

BEFORE proceeding with my story, I may as well say a word or two about our dresses and equipments. Charley and I had shot very much together, and our ideas on points connected with our favourite amusement were very nearly similar, as indeed they were in most cases.

We were robed in suits of the grey cloth of the country, which, from its warmth and resemblance to the trunks of the trees in colour, is by far the best material for autumn or winter shooting in the American woods. Our trousers were rather tight near the feet, but otherwise very loosely made, and we wore long double-breasted waistcoats, which buttoned up close to the throat. The coats were short and roomy, made something in the shape of a pea-jacket, but with a profusion of pockets.

On our feet, we had two pairs of thick grey

woollen socks, the outer pair coming over the lower part of the trousers, and then outside of all, a pair of plain Indian mocassins. These mocassins are generally made of the skin of the caribou,[1] and some of them are highly ornamented with dyed porcupine quills. They are so soft and pliable that the foot can work in them with perfect ease and freedom. Without them, it would be almost impossible to penetrate the woods in the depth of winter, for boots made in the ordinary way are miserably cold, easily penetrated by the snow, hard, unyielding, and totally unfit to be worn with snow-shoes.

Our caps were fitted to the skull, with stout folding-peaks and ear-covers, which could be used or not at pleasure. Charley's was made of the skin of the great northern diver, and was exceedingly light, but mine was constructed of heavier materials being formed of the beautiful fur of the pine-marten.[2] Eschewing the rifles of the country, which, though of marvellous accuracy, were in our opinion too heavy for the woods, and only suited for target-shooting, we both were armed with English, double-barrelled, two-grooved weapons, made after the fashion of the Brunswick rifle, with which the rifle regiments of the army were then supplied. Charley gloried in his heavy, massive Purday, completely destitute of ornament, and carrying a belted ball of an ounce in weight. I was provided with a lighter weapon, from the good old house of Moore and Gray, which threw a bullet of three-quarters of an

[1] *Cervus Tarandus.* [2] *Mustela Abietum.*

ounce, with deadly accuracy, when held straight and steadily. We each wore waist-belts of untanned leather, to which hung at the right side pouches of the same material, containing bullets, patches, and percussion-caps. On the left side were our *couteaux de chasse*, and behind us, with the handles downward, hung short hunting-axes.

Each wore a large blanket strapped across his shoulders, and—last not least—a fur bag, with two compartments, one of which contained spare nipples, a wrench, flint and steel, and an oil-bottle; while the other held our rations of pork and biscuit. A spirit-flask completed our rig-out, and with our snow-shoes on our feet we were quite ready for a start.

I went on steadily in the direction which Charley had pointed out for nearly a mile, and then I stopped and listened for some sound; but the forest was silent as the grave, and as deserted as if I was its sole occupant. The wind had died away entirely, and not even a dropping leaf broke the solemn stillness of the sleeping woods. I drew out my watch, and saw that it was only nine o'clock, so, seating myself on a prostrate tree, I lit a cigar, and began thinking about the Moose, and our chances of securing him. Close to where I was sitting, there was a patch of ground so screened and sheltered by a dense mass of white cedar[1] branches from the wind and drifting snow as to have been at the time I speak of completely naked in spots.

Whilst I was puffing my fragrant Havannah, a

[1] White or Sweet Cedar—*Cupressus Thyoides.*

brownish-grey bird, something like a young turkey in appearance, ran out of the under-brush, and began scratching away at these uncovered places, but the ground was frozen very hard, and the poor bird did not make much of the scratching, so it presently flew away. I recognised it at once as the Ruffed Grouse,[1] a beautiful species, which is indigenous, and I believe peculiar, to the forests of North America. I could easily have shot it, as it seemed quite unconscious of my presence, and came within four or five yards of where I was sitting; but even if I had not been in search of the Moose, and necessarily very silent and careful in my movements, its exceeding grace and beauty would have saved its life.

It was nearly ten o'clock when I reached the margin of the swamp which Charley had described, and hitherto, with the exception of the grouse I have mentioned, and a few little tomtits,[2] I had seen no living creature.

The portion of forest I had passed through was not very densely clothed with trees, and the under-

[1] The Ruffed Grouse—*Tetrao Umbellus*—is a singularly handsome bird, whether on the ground or on the wing; looking, from the looseness and downy habit of his feathers, considerably larger than he really is.—FRANK FORESTER'S *Field Sports of North America.*

[2] The Black-Capped Titmouse—*Parvus Atricapillus.* "It is emphatically a winter bird; or at least it is then more seen; during the whole year we may find it, if we go into the dark and sombre recesses of the cedar swamps, but as winter approaches, it comes out to the edges of the woods and road-sides."—GOSSE'S *Canadian Naturalist.*

wood was remarkably thin, so that my progress had not been impeded in the least; but now I saw a tangled wilderness of cedar-trees before me, through which it seemed as if it would be impossible to pass. I skirted the edge of this swamp for nearly half-an-hour before I found the blazed road that Charley had mentioned, but at last, to my great delight, I stumbled upon it, and at once struck onward towards the higher land, which I saw looming up on the further side of this maze of tree-trunks. There was hardly any path, for although the underbrush had been formerly cleared away, it had grown over the place again almost as thickly as ever, and the only guide I had towards direction was the line of blazed notches on the trees. The ground was firmer and afforded better walking than I had expected, for, in spite of the intense frost, I have not unfrequently sunk up to my knees in icy-cold water, when passing through these swamps in winter.

I saw numerous tracks of deer in the snow as I passed along, but the animals themselves did not gratify me with a peep at them; I, however, caught sight of several hares[1] and squirrels,[2] and twice was startled by the loud whirr of Ruffed Grouse as they rose at my feet, and flew away to some neighbouring trees.

That swamp was one of the thickest I ever saw: —mighty cedars were lying prostrate across one another in piles; rotting away in the place where they had been cast by old age or some winter

[1] American Hare — *Lepus Americanus.*

[2] Red Squirrel—*Sciurus Hudsonius.*

storm, and, amidst their ruins, living giants still sought the upper air, and raised their ever-green branches to the sun, high above the dead and dying mass around them. Parts of it, I should say, were well-nigh impenetrable, for even along the track I was compelled to climb up one side, and down the other, of piles of trees that had fallen to rise no more.[1]

At the further edge of the swamp the ground began to rise suddenly, and I clambered up the steep side of the ridge which Charley had told me of. It was densely wooded with birch-trees, the tall white stems of which were very striking objects. The under-brush was exceedingly thick, and, as the wind had swept the greater portion of the snow off the summit and sides of the ridge, I found the bushes troublesome obstacles to my progress. The ridge was, as Charley said, quite narrow, and on its

[1] "In the deep recesses of the wilderness, the giants of the forest, half stifled with the rank vegetation, and struggling for light and air, appear to entwine their mighty arms together and wrestle for each other's destruction. Some attain a green old age, vigorous to the last, but are prostrated suddenly by the storm that has swept harmlessly over younger heads. Others that have 'outlived the eagle,' sheltered from their earliest youth in some sequestered glade, but now tottering to their fall, stand bold, spectral and desolate, waiting only for,

> 'Some casual shout that breaks the silent air,
> Or the unimaginable touch of Time,'

to bow their aged heads to the earth. Then geraniums, honeysuckles, wood-lilies, fox-gloves, and fire-flowers, shoot up around them, and cover for a short time the prostrate trunks with a gorgeous pall, while they collapse and crumble into dust."—*Quarterly Review.*

opposite side lay Diamond Creek,—now frozen into a solid mass of ice, and nearly hidden by the depth of the snow-drifts. As I entered the grove of birch-trees a couple of deer bounded past me, and were soon lost to view in the swamp which I had just left. There were innumerable tracks along the ridge and on the banks of the creek, but nowhere could I see what I so earnestly desired, the foot-prints of the Moose. I searched for nearly an hour, but in vain, and at last, started off towards the east without much hope, I confess, of succeeding in my search. The woods on the north-east of the Diamond Creek, to which I had now attained, were of a mixed character and tolerably open, though the surface of the ground was undulating and distinguished by rapidly succeeding ridges and valleys of inconsiderable height and depth. Animal life was seemingly very scarce, for, excepting the hollow tapping of the wood-pecker, or the dismal croak of a passing raven, my wanderings were uninterrupted by anything bearing life. I followed the stream for fully four miles, when I suddenly came upon a little frozen marsh, through the centre of which the course of the creek was strongly marked.

There were dense clumps of alders[1] covering the ground for the space of an acre or two; and I had some trouble in forcing my way through their thick branches, which impeded my snow-shoes very much. As I entered the little marsh, I observed a fox[2] stealing away quietly over the top of a neigh-

[1] Canadian Alder—*Alnus Canadensis.*

[2] American or Red Fox—*Vulpes Fulvus.*

bouring ridge, but I let him go his way in peace, wondering whether there really was anything bigger, or more worthy of pursuit, in the woods through which I had been wandering all day. In the thickest part of the alder copse I had to stoop my head to pass beneath the branches, when a white owl[1] suddenly flew out and almost hit me in the face. He was a pretty bird, but I had neither time nor inclination for studying ornithology at the moment, so I forced my way though the thicket, and then sat down to have a smoke. It was at that time about two o'clock in the afternoon, and, having held council with my thoughts, I resolved upon returning to the shanty at once, lest I should be overtaken by the darkness. With this intention I sprang up, and drawing out my compass, I started for the hut.

[1] Snowy Owl—*Strix Nyctea.*

CHAPTER IX.

FRANK REDFERN'S STORY—*continued.*

"The antler'd monarch of the waste,
Sprang from his heathery couch in haste,
But ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook:
Like crested leader proud and high,
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky:
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd;
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam Var."

SIR WALTER SCOTT—*The Lady of the Lake.*

HAVING crossed the river, I entered a thick spruce-wood of some extent, with here and there a gigantic White Pine[1] towering up above the sur-

[1] The White Pine—*Pinus Strobus*—It is the pride of the North American forest, and sometimes grows to a tremendous size. Kane, in his "Wanderings of an Artist," speaks of an enormous one which he saw near Vancouver's Island. It had drifted down the Cowlitz River, and had apparently a third of its length broken off. It was still a hundred and eighty feet in length, and twenty-six feet in circumference, at a distance of five feet from the root.

The White or Weymouth Pine—*Pinus Strobus.* In the

rounding forest. I passed as rapidly through this wood as possible, getting many a cold shower of snow from the massive branches of the spruce-trees as I passed along; and then I beheld before me a flat of some hundreds of acres in extent, covered with dwarf specimens of the Hackmatack or Tamarac,[1] a species of larch. This place was thickly marked with deer-tracks, and once or twice I started the animals themselves within easy shot. One huge stag, or buck as the colonists call it, stood looking at me for fully a couple of minutes, and almost tempted me to fire; however, I did not do so, and next moment the beautiful creature bounded away, his tail showing like a white star through the trees. Once I stopped for a moment to tighten the fastening of my snow-shoe, and on the instant a sight met my gaze that sent the blood bounding madly through my veins; there—before me—not two feet away—was the broad, unmistakable foot-print of the noble deer,—the *slot* of the great Moose!

To describe my feelings at that moment would be impossible, and even should I succeed in doing so, they would hardly be understood, for it requires all the accessories of solitude, a mighty forest, and an imagination warmed to the pitch of excitement which mine had attained, to appreciate the delight

middle states this tree has a shaft of a hundred feet; and Emerson has collected instances of trees formerly existing, which had the extraordinary length of from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and sixty feet. Even near its northern termination it is still a stately tree.—*Appendix to* Sir John Richardson's *Arctic Exploring Expedition.*

[1] *Larex Americana.*

which came over me at the discovery of the moose-track.

One moment I resigned to rapture, and the next the spirit of the wary hunter settled down upon me, and I prepared cautiously for the chase.

I knelt down and examined the trail. It was not fresh, but, at the same time, I felt assured that it had been made since morning. I inspected the cones of my rifle, put on fresh caps, and started in pursuit.

The trail led me through the centre of the hack-matacks, and once more into the spruce forest, where the ground was a rapid succession of rather steep undulations. After the first hour I could see that the Moose was aware that I was pursuing him, from the huge bounds which he made in his course, but as yet I had not got a glimpse of him. I pressed on steadily and carefully, but without any unnecessary haste, for it was so nearly night, I easily foresaw I should have to "camp upon the trail."[1] Another hour, and the darkness was almost complete, so that I slackened my pace, and looked about me for some sort of a nook where I could rest until morning should give me light enough to pursue the chase.

I cleared away the underwood from a sheltered spot amongst some gigantic Hemlocks, and, gathering a lot of the driest sticks I could find, I drew out my

[1] "The Moose lays up at night, and when it has become so dark that you can follow the trail no longer, you also pass the night encamped, and arise in the morning refreshed, and like a giant again to run your course."—FRANK FORESTER'S *Field Sports of North America.*

flint and steel, and made a fire. Next, I collected a quantity of fragrant spruce-branches for my bed, and then set to work to erect a sort of wigwam. Two forked sticks, with a cross-piece resting on them, formed the skeleton of the edifice, and then I enclosed it on the side farthest from the fire, by sloping pieces of hemlock-bark, one end of which I rested against the cross-stick, and the other on the ground. I then lined the wigwam with birch-bark, which I found in great plenty close by, and thus I had a famous cabin for my night's lodging. The small branches of the trees of the pine tribe make a particularly agreeable bed from their delicious fragrance, and they are totally proof against damp, and free from all kinds of insects. The white bark of the birch acts as a reflector to the heat of the fire, and hence the reason why I used it so plentifully in the construction of my wigwam.

Having completed the erection of my domicile, I drew out my provisions, and proceeded to cook some pork before the fire, for the long fast, the cold, and the exertion, had whetted my appetite amazingly. Supper over, and my cigar finished, I pulled the ear-covers of my cap down—placed my rifle securely in the inside of the wigwam, piled up an immense fire, and, rolling myself in my blanket, I took possession of my nest, and went to sleep in spite of the howling of the wolves,[1] which had already begun to make the woods ring with their horrid cries.

[1] Common Grey Wolf—*Lupus Griseus.*

CHAPTER X.

FRANK REDFERN'S STORY—*continued.*

"The noble stag was pausing now
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended far beneath
The varied realms of fair Menteith."
SIR WALTER SCOTT—*The Lady of the Lake.*

I WAS awakened the next morning by the cold, for my fire had burned very low, and, although I speedily caused a merry blaze from some birch-logs, I did not get warm again until exercise restored the circulation of my blood.

A hasty but substantial breakfast of pork and biscuit, washed down by snow-water, tempered with some spirits, was soon disposed of, and, with the first streak of daylight, I was on the trail again.

The snow was of very irregular depth. In the swamps and valleys it lay in drifts, sometimes four feet in height, while on the sides and summits of the higher land it was comparatively thin. There was no crust, such as we had expected to have found; and, although the depth of the snow must have proved a great obstacle to the flight of the Moose, yet he was much more happily situated than if there

had been a heavy crust upon the surface, as we at first thought there was.

For several long hours I followed him through woods of almost every description; seemingly close upon his footsteps, yet still without ever getting even a distant view of him. It may seem odd that I should have been able to keep pace with so fleet a creature as a deer for such a long period, but I believe none of these animals continue their flight steadily, or at the top of their speed, when no enemy is in view. They generally run for a hundred yards or so, and then stop and listen, repeating the process as the person approaches them. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the habits of the Moose to be sure that this is his custom, though it certainly was the case in the chase I am describing, but, in all my experience with the Common Deer of the American forests, I found this was invariably its plan.

About half-past two I attained the summit of a low ridge, which was densely clothed with Hemlock Spruce, and paused to look around me. At my feet lay a long narrow tamarac swamp, beyond which, at the distance of about two hundred yards, was another ridge higher than that on which I was standing, but running almost in a parallel direction. It, too, was thickly wooded, excepting on the slope next to me, where the forest was comparatively thin. As I scanned the scene before me with a careful eye, I suddenly observed something move at the edge of the wood on the top of the opposite hill, and, the next instant, a splendid head and antlers revealed them-

selves to my delighted gaze! My first impulse was to raise my rifle and fire—though even my practised nerves were shaking like the leaves of an aspen at the sight of the noble game; but a moment's consideration pointed out the folly of such a proceeding, and I restrained my eagerness for the time at least. I looked carefully around me, and saw that the ridge on which the Moose was browsing, sloped suddenly down to the level of the swamp about eighty or ninety yards to the right; and that the one on which I was, ended abruptly in the same manner amongst the tamarac-trees of the low land at its foot. The wind had risen slightly since morning, and it was then blowing almost directly from me towards the Moose, though, as yet, he displayed no knowledge or suspicion of my presence; but continued to graze quietly on the brushwood around him.

I saw that, although within range of my rifle, the chances were fifty to one against my hitting him in a vital part, if I fired from where I stood; and an attempt to approach him in a direct line, when he was dead to leeward, would have been an act which the veriest tyro in woodcraft might blush to acknowledge. Two minutes' observation made me master of my position; and, next moment, my plan of attack was decided on. I crept back on my own tracks as silently and as quietly as possible—with an innate dread, however, that some taint of my presence might be borne by the now freshening breeze to the susceptible nostrils of the Moose, and send him once more beyond my reach. In a very

few minutes I had placed the ridge on which I had first stood between the quarry and myself, and, for a time at least, I was beyond his scent and hearing. In deerstalking, as in everything else, the simpler the arrangements the more likely they are to be consummated with correctness, and I bore in mind this great fact when I arranged my plan of operations. Having retraced my steps, as I have already mentioned, to the bottom of the hill, I turned towards the swamp, and followed the base of the ridge until it lost itself in the moist tamarac forest that enclosed it. Then I cautiously crossed over to the end of the other ridge, upon which I had left the Moose in happy unconsciousness, as I hoped, of my proximity; and, circling round my quarry at a respectful distance, until I satisfied myself that I had got well to leeward of his probable position, I began my approach.

It was nervous work that half-hour's stalking which followed; and it required the exertion of my utmost care to thread my way silently amongst the dead and withered branches that were scattered everywhere around. I knew not the moment when some rotten stick would yield to the pressure of my snow-shoe, and ruin all my hopes of success. I proceeded, however, gingerly and cautiously, carefully feeling my way, as it were, at every step, and, at last, when my patience was becoming well-nigh exhausted, the light through the trees assured me that I was near the edge of the woods, and, consequently, within a short distance of the spot where I had last seen the Moose. I paused for a moment

and looked anxiously round me, but there was no trace of the game, or any other living thing! The whole place was still as death, and, after listening in vain for more than five minutes, I began to think that something must have alarmed the Moose and driven him off. I continued my advance, however, with the same caution as before, occasionally stopping and examining the forest around me most carefully, and I soon reached the edge of the ridge, and stood within twenty feet of the spot which I had marked from the opposite hill. I gazed anxiously around, but my utmost scrutiny availed nothing. The Moose was gone!

CHAPTER XI.

FRANK REDFERN'S STORY—*continued.*

"Magnificent creature! to reach thee I strain
Through forest and glen, over mountain and plain
Yet, now thou art fallen, thy fate I deplore,
And lament that the reign of thy greatness is o'er.

Where now is that courage, late bounding so high,
That acuteness of scent, and that brilliance of eye;
That fleetness of foot, which, out-speeding the wind,
Has so often left death and destruction behind?

Thine heart's blood is streaming, thy vigour gone by,
Thy fleet foot is palsied, and glazed is thine eye;
Thy last hard convulsion of death has come o'er thee,
Magnificent creature! who would not deplore thee?"
The Hon. H. T. LIDDELL—*The Deer-Stalker's Rhymes.*

To say that I suffered keen disappointment when I discovered that my long-sought quarry was missing, would scarcely describe my annoyance, and I felt most thoroughly angry and disgusted at my unsuccessful chase. I sat down on a prostrate tree, and began looking about me for a branch, against which I might rest my rifle, when the snapping of a twig caught my ear to the right, and mechanically, but noiselessly, cocking both barrels of my trusty Moore-

and-Gray, I turned quietly in the direction of the sound. Can you fancy my joy and astonishment when I saw the Moose broadside towards me, feeding upon the mosses that adorned the trunk of a large tree not twenty paces distant? He had evidently neither seen nor heard me, and I gave him no time to make discoveries, but raised my rifle steadily and fired. For a single instant the smoke obscured my vision, but eyesight was not required to assure me that my bullet had done its duty. I heard the dull, heavy *thud* of the lead, as it struck the huge animal before me, and then came an appalling roar that woke the deepest echoes of the forest, as the gigantic brute crashed through the bushes and disappeared. I dropped the butt of my rifle upon my snow-shoe, and began to reload rapidly and carefully, though my hand shook with excitement, and the blood was dancing through my veins at a startling pace.

The Moose fled with such rapidity that I greatly feared he would give me a long chase; however, I was ready for anything at the moment, and, having completed the loading of my rifle, I started in pursuit, mentally resolving that I would follow him to the death.

It was my intention to pursue him leisurely and steadily, but the excitement proved too much for me, and I soon found myself at running speed. How I clambered over prostrate trees, and penetrated through thick clumps of bushes, I know not, but, some way or other, I dashed onward, slipping frequently, tripping constantly, and falling more than once in my headlong hunt.

When the chase first commenced, the noise which the huge brute made in his progress through the woods, and his dreadful bellowing, were sufficient guides as to direction, independently of the well-marked trail, which was deeply stained with blood for a long way; but, as the distance between us increased, the sounds died away, and gradually ceased entirely. I continued my rapid pace, however, until want of breath reminded me that there was neither necessity nor object in such violent haste, and I at once slackened my speed and grew more cautious in my movements. I was pretty certain by this time, that I must soon come up with the game, for the quantity of blood which he had lost showed me that he was severely wounded; and I carefully scanned the forest in front of me as I moved steadily on, still following the deep trail that he left behind him. With all my caution, however, I had a narrow escape from the horns of the infuriated animal soon afterwards, for I came upon him suddenly; and, almost before I was aware of his presence, he uttered a tremendous roar and dashed straight at me. I never could understand how it was that I grew suddenly cool and collected after such a nervous and exciting chase, but such was the fact, or I should not be living to tell the tale. The brute was within twenty yards of me before I saw or heard him, and it so happened that I was on the slope of a small ravine where there were no trees at the moment of his charge. The instinct of self-preservation, I suppose, had something to do with it, but I calmly raised my trusty rifle to my shoulder and sent both

bullets, one after the other, into his mighty chest. One convulsive roar, an awful plunge, and all was over!

I rushed to the spot and gazed with the most exquisite feelings of delight upon my victim, which had fallen on its right side with two bullets through his lungs. His gigantic limbs were fixed in death; and his beautiful eyes, glassy and cold as the ice which covered the frozen brook, seemed to reproach me for the wanton destruction of an unoffending life; but my heart at that moment was dead to compassion; I thought of nothing save my triumph, and I stood and gloated over the noble form of my slaughtered prey.

For some moments my feelings were so intense, that I stood wrapped in admiration of the splendid animal before me, and lost in forgetfulness of all around; but the distant howl of a wolf recalled me to my situation, and, drawing my watch from my pocket, I fairly started with surprise at finding that it was past three o'clock. I hastily drew out my hunting-knife to bleed the deer, and, having performed that operation, I stood for an instant to consider what was next to be done.

The sun was, by this time, obscured by heavy masses of dismal-looking clouds, the wind was howling through the forest, and snow was beginning to fall rapidly. The temperature had sunk as the wind rose, and it was most bitterly cold. My hands were so benumbed that I could scarcely cock my rifle to give the signal which Charley and I had agreed upon. I fired, and listened attentively for some

minutes, hoping for a reply to my summons for assistance; but all was still, except the shaking of the trees by the blast, and the whistling of the wind through their branches. It was evident that I had wandered beyond the hearing of my friend, and, as the reality of my situation forced itself upon me, I was dreadfully perplexed and annoyed.

Darkness was fast closing round me, while the fierce gale shrieked and moaned through the woods, and dashed showers of snow and sleet into my face. I knew not where I was, and I felt assured that it would be impossible to make a fire while the storm lasted, so that I must either remain and guard the Moose—cold and half frozen as I was—until the gale abated, or leave it to the merciless fangs of the wolves—which I doubted not would soon make their appearance—and start off to find the shanty. Neither of these alternatives was pleasing, but the former seemed the more hopeless of the two, as, should the wolves come in numbers, even my presence would be no protection for my trophy, and, moreover, my own life would be in danger, both from them and from the cold. On the other hand, to quit the spot was to say farewell to my splendid Moose, as I could never expect to see a fragment of it again.

I hesitated a moment or two, and at last, sadly enough, I decided on a move. Drawing out my compass, I directed my course so as to strike the division line between the townships of Sunnettring and Ryeburn, to the eastward of which the chase had taken me throughout the day, and, with one last

look at my trophy, I started. I had not gone fifty yards, when a rustling amongst the trees to the left drew my attention, and I carefully looked in the direction of the sound. Could I believe my eyes? In the indistinct light of the evening, I perceived, rapidly advancing towards me, the well-known forms of my friend and his servant! I rushed forward, uttering an exclamation of delight, and hailed Charley with the question:—

"How far off is the shanty?"

"Scarcely a quarter of a mile behind us," was the answer that fell on my astounded ears. "I was standing at the door when I heard your signal, and I would have replied to it, but my rifle had just been cleaned, and I felt loth to soil it, as I knew I could find you without its aid; but what of the Moose?"

"He lies dead in his tracks scarcely a hundred yards from where we stand," I answered triumphantly; and Charley, as I spoke, awakened the old echoes of the woods, by a "who-whoop" at the top of his lungs, that must have startled the tenants of the wilderness for some miles around. His admiration of the Moose was almost as enthusiastic as my own, while he surveyed its noble proportions. It measured seven feet from the hoofs to the shoulder, and must have weighed more than a thousand pounds. The horns were twenty-seven inches from root to tip, and weighed forty pounds.

Our spirits were light, and, although the storm was now raging with terrific violence, and the shadows of night fast darkening around us, we heeded not, but lit the lantern which Charley and

John had brought with them, and, having hidden the Moose out of reach of the wolves, we started for the shanty, which we reached in ten minutes; Charley's superior knowledge as a woodsman assisting us in no small degree to make our way at that late hour, whilst the wind and snow were driving in our faces, and causing everything to present the same desolate and cheerless appearance.[1]

[1] By far the best work upon this kind of shooting that I have ever met with is Captain Hardy's *Sporting Adventures in the New World*. Few sportsmen can read those delightful volumes without feeling a strong desire to participate in the splendid sport which the author has so vividly described.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

"Here their rich blooms the cassia's stems unfold,
And parrots spread their wings of green and gold.
This wooded landscape, picturesque and wild,
Might charm the breast of Nature's fervid child—
A desert of all beauteous things—bees, flowers,
Fruits on the boughs, and odours in the bowers;
The green leaves whispering, as by spirits stirr'd,
The mellow note from some gay-plumaged bird;
Paths rarely trod by man—the sparry cave,
The trees that bend to sip the glassy wave,—
All form a Paradise where love might dwell,
And glowing fancy cast her brightest spell."

MICHELL—*Ruins of Many Lands.*

IT is now more than fifteen years ago since I first landed in Madras as Assistant Surgeon to the 154th Regiment, then quartered at Fort Saint George; and it is a little less than that time since the events occurred which I am about to relate.

Amongst the last joined subalterns of my regiment was a namesake of my own, who came from the same part of Scotland as myself. We had known each other in early youth, and, as a matter of course, gladly renewed our acquaintance in India. We soon became constant companions and sworn

friends; and, as we were both extremely fond of field-sports of every description, it was not many months before we planned a joint expedition to the Neilgherry Hills[1] in search of tigers and other large game.

My friend was heir to a small estate in his native country, and, as it became almost a positive necessity—from the similarity of our names—that we should be distinguished from one another in some way, he was commonly known in the regiment as "Archie Macfarlane the Laird," whilst I was designated "Archie Macfarlane the Doctor." After a short time the more lengthy portion of our appellations was dropped entirely, and we were always spoken of and addressed as "the Laird" and "the Doctor."

The Laird was several years my junior in age, and, at the time I speak of, must have been between eighteen and nineteen. He was a tall, well-made youth, with stout limbs, and an iron constitution, that promised to serve him well against the inroads of a tropical climate; and I—then a young man of twenty-three—had never known a day's illness.

We easily obtained the necessary leave of absence; and, at the commencement of our first "hot season"[2] in India, we found ourselves encamped in

[1] Neilgherry is a Canarese term, compounded of *neil*, blue, and *gherry*, a mountain. The lofty hills, so named, are situated between the parallels of 11° and 12° north latitude, and 76° and 77° east longitude.—Hough quoted in *The Old Forest Ranger*.

[2] The coldest season in the Neilgherries is during the months of December and January, and the hottest about April and May,

the heart of the jungle, at an elevation of between three and four thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The climate,[1] even at this height, was the very reverse of cool, and the first day after our arrival was devoted to utter idleness and rest. Our two *shikarees*,[2] however, were out exploring, and we had sent to a neighbouring village for information as to the whereabouts of tigers and other large game.

The camp was pitched upon a piece of level ground, well sheltered by numerous large trees of various kinds, amongst which a splendid Teak[3] towered grandly above the rest; and, within twenty yards, a mountain-stream rattled downwards through the midst of a dense mass of tropical vegetation to

though this latter season is not so certain, depending mainly upon the character and time of setting in of the rainy or south-west monsoon.—CAPTAIN J. OUCHTERLONY, in *Madras Journal of Literature and Science.*

[1] These hills rising in the middle of the torrid zone to the height of nearly nine thousand feet, present every variety of climate, from that of the plains of India to that of England. The climate of their higher parts resembles the great intertropical cities of South America, which have become the centres of civilization in the New World, but is superior in one point of view, being never subject to those sudden changes and cold piercing winds which are occasioned by the vicinity of lofty mountains, some of which are capped with snow.—Dr. ALEXANDER TURNBULL CHRISTIE'S *Madras Journal of Literature and Science.*

[2] Hunters.

[3] *Tectona Grandis.*—The best teak-timber for ship-building was supplied to Bombay from the mountains of the Malabar Ghauts, where the tree is found rather in detached clumps, of some extent, however, than in extended forests.—KNIGHT'S *Cyclopædia of Natural History.*

the bottom of a huge ravine, some six or seven hundred yards to our left; where its waters were quite hidden by the impervious screen of verdure between it and the glowing sun—though we could hear it splashing and gurgling in its headlong journey long after it was lost to sight.

It was my first visit to the Hills, and I was excited to a pitch of enthusiasm by the magnificent prospect around me. Accustomed to the wild mountains of my native land from earliest childhood, my heart warmed to this kindred scenery; and, beneath the burning sun of India, I fancied I could trace a resemblance of shape in some of the wild peaks within my view to those familiar crags, where I had in days *lang syne* stalked the Red Deer and flushed the Mountain Eagle. With shape, however, the resemblance ended, for I could find no likeness between the dense tropical forest around me and the heather-clad hills of Scotland. Gigantic trees of many kinds adorned the sides of the mountains, which rose up before us, and the scarlet flowers of the Rhododendrons[1]—then just bursting into bloom—stood out in fine relief from the background of luxuriant verdure, that, in its turn, showed bright and beautiful against the wild and glittering rocks, or the pure cloudless

[1] *Rhododendron Arboreum.*—The rhododendron is decidedly one of the finest of all known genera, containing some of the most handsome, elegant, and showy shrubs.—PAXTON'S *Botanical Dictionary.*

Rhododendron Arboreum is a native of the warmer parts of India, and is one of the most beautiful of all trees.—KNIGHT'S *Cyclopædia of Natural History.*

sky beyond. The hills were not clothed to the summits, as I had imagined, but, in many places, the naked crags were peeping out, while in others the labyrinth of trees and bushes that robed the huge fissures and ravines was almost impenetrable. Birds of many kinds thronged the adjacent forest, breaking the silence with their peculiar cries; while every now and then the unearthly howl of a monkey would ring out with startling distinctness from the depths of the mysterious jungle.

The Laird and I were enjoying our cheroots inside the tent, the *kannauts*[1] of which had been raised to admit what little breeze there was astir; and the native servants were chattering away round a large fire at some distance, where our dinners were undergoing the process of cooking, when my comrade's *peon*[2] suddenly made his appearance with a stranger; and, after the usual salaams, Ambah informed us that his companion was the *kutwaal*[3] of the neighbouring village, who was prepared to furnish any number of beaters on the following day, as well as a noted shikaree, who would take us to the haunt of a large Tigress.

This was great news for us, and we at once set to work, with our own hands, to clean and prepare our heaviest rifles, an employment which kept us busy until the sun had sunk behind the mountains, when it soon became dark, and we were driven to

[1] The curtains or walls.

[2] An attendant or messenger, generally distinguished by a shoulder-belt.

[3] The head policeman of the village.

seek refuge from the mosquitoes within the gauze curtains that we had fortunately brought with us from Madras.

Shortly after the sun had disappeared

> "The Moon rose clear in the splendour given
> To the deep blue night of an Indian heaven,"

and cast such a brilliant light around, that the whole outline of the mountain-range was as distinctly defined against the cloudless sky, as if it had been noonday; and, although in the heart of the forest, we had a magnificent view of the picturesque and imposing scene, for the land sunk gently down in front of us, and enabled us to see quite over the tops of the highest trees.

The night proved much cooler than we had anticipated, and I was soon fast asleep, dreaming of startling adventures by "flood and field," the localities of which were constantly changing with marvellous rapidity from India to the "bonnie north."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY—*continued.*

"He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comès no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT—*The Lady of the Lake.*

NEXT morning long before the first peep of dawn, which, in the torrid zone, is almost immediately followed by broad daylight, our camp was astir, and our servants, still wrapped in their *cumbleys*,[1] were shivering with the coolness of the air, and chattering away as only Madras servants can chatter, while the Laird and I awaited the cup of fragrant coffee which was being prepared for us. Our respective *mussalchees*[2] having at last made their appearance with this grateful beverage, we proceeded to dress ourselves

[1] Coarse native blankets.

[2] Torch-bearers, generally called Maty Boys in Madras.

without loss of time, and, some two hours before day-break, had started from the camp, the Laird and I upon our ponies, and the rest of the party on foot. We were followed by two shikarees carrying our rifles, of which we had four between us; while our guide, the village hunter, led the way along a narrow path through the forest above our camp, in the direction of the main range of hills. On our way we passed through the native village, and found the kutwaal as good as his word, with plenty of beaters, provided with tom-toms,[1] bullock-horns, and other means of creating a hideous noise, for the purpose of driving the Tigress from her lair.

We were now within half-an-hour's ride of our appointed ground, and we travelled quietly and cautiously; our immense "following," for once in their lives, keeping almost perfect silence. The path we had followed so far had been gradually winding upwards along the slope of the mountain until it gained the summit of a sort of ledge, which, thickly clothed with low jungle, extended for some distance in front of us, varying in width from fifty to two hundred yards. From the outer edge of this shelf or ledge, at the spot where we first reached it, the rock inclined gently downwards in the direction of our camp; but as we turned southward and proceeded along the level, the descent upon our left became more and more precipitous, while on the right the steep forest-clothed hill rose rapidly, apparently without a break, until it ended in the summit of a mountain far above us.

[1] Native drums.

As we reached the beginning of this rocky ledge, the sun was just peeping above the eastern horizon, and the whole jungle-world around us had wakened into life. Birds of brilliant plumage and strange voices were on the move in every direction, and the soft cooing of the turtle-dove mingled with the noisy hum of busy insects in such a joyous welcome to the coming day, that it seemed as if the solemn stillness of the previous night had been suddenly broken by some charm of necromancy.

"Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;
Gay, sparkling loaries, such as gleam between
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea;
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, and the thrush
Of Hindostan, whose holy warblings gush,
At evening, from the tall pagoda's top:—
Those golden birds that in the spice-time drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer flood
And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon:
In short, all rare and beauteous things that fly
Through the pure element, here calmly lie
Sleeping in light, like the green birds that dwell
In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel."

Recently the broad sun had dispelled the fleecy clouds of mist, which the coolness of the night had cast over many of the valleys and ravines, and then the whole glorious mountain-landscape was revealed to us in the fullest splendour of its beauty, reeking with moisture, and looking as if it had been enshrouded in a blaze of brilliants for our especial

gratification. Far away above us towered the summits of the Ghauts, their rifted and furrowed sides displaying in many places a luxuriance of vegetation unknown to the inhabitants of more temperate zones,[1] while over all was spread the pure bright azure canopy of an Indian sky. I could not withstand a burst of admiration as this magnificent panorama appeared before me; and even my comrade, whose love of nature by no means equalled mine, was compelled to admit that he had never before seen anything so grand.

At this juncture, our guide suddenly stopped, and intimated to us that the Tigress was to be found in a thorny jungle at the further end of the level, where a mountain stream clattered down through a mass of dense, close, tropical bushes, to the valley beneath us. We then dismounted, and gave our ponies to the *gorawallahs*, or horse-keepers, who were directed to take them to a rock considerably above us, out of all probable danger from the Tigress, while

[1] The vast sides of some of the hills are literally clothed with trees, occasionally forming extensive woods, the picturesque copses that fill or border their ravines sometimes assuming a circular form, at others that of a crescent, which are so accurately defined that they appear to have been planted by the hand of man.

They are adorned with the large crimson flower of the rhododendron, and the white blossom of a species of camelia, both of which trees grow here to the height of from thirty to forty feet. A species of dog-rose, and the jessamine, in their respective seasons, literally bespangle the woods, and perfume the air with their fragrance. These, with the pepper vine, intersect the branches, hanging in festoons, and climbing to the tops of the loftiest forest trees.—Hough, quoted in *The Old Forest Ranger*.

the old shikaree, having explained fully what his intentions were, and how we should dispose ourselves to advantage, left us with the whole train of beaters, and, striking up the hill for some distance, he moved round cautiously, so as to place the cover where the Tigress was supposed to be lying between us and him.

Our two shikarees, whom we had brought from Madras, remained with us, and they advised us to get into trees, and thus await the moment when the beaters should drive the Tigress out: but neither the Laird nor I were inclined to adopt this arrangement, believing, in the innocence of our hearts, that it was unsportsmanlike to shoot the animal from a secure perch like a tree, and, moreover, being tempted by the prospect of a clear shot in an open space of ground about one hundred yards ahead of us, which was destitute of any vegetation taller than some grass of a foot or so in height. It appeared to us that if we stationed ourselves at the edge of this open space about fifty yards apart, we should be certain of the Tigress when she was driven out of her lair at the other end.

The ledge of rock was, as I have said, nowhere of greater width than two hundred yards; and at the commencement of the open glade I have spoken of, its breadth was certainly very little more than a quarter of that distance, so that when the Laird took the inner side next to the hill, and I the outer, we were about fifty yards apart, and we commanded with our rifles the entire breadth of the level. There was not much probability of the Tigress plunging over the precipice on our left, and we hoped that

there was as little chance of her endeavouring to escape up the mountain-slope upon our right. All things considered, we were well placed for effective shots, and we waited with much impatience for the beaters to commence their work.

After a considerable time had elapsed, we heard the fizz and crack of a rocket, which was sent into the bushy cover where the game was said to be concealed. We listened anxiously, but there was no responsive growl, as we had expected, from the thicket, or any other sign of there being a tiger in the neighbourhood. Another rocket, and another, and another, but still no answer, and our hopes fell rapidly. A short delay then occurred, after which we heard the report of a fifth rocket, that was hurled into the denser part of the mass of bushes; and instantly, an angry growl sent the blood coursing through our veins. The crisis evidently was approaching, and we cocked our rifles and strained our eyes to catch the first glimpse of the Tigress as she broke cover.

The moment the beaters ascertained the whereabouts of the fierce creature, they commenced shouting, blowing horns, beating tom-toms, and otherwise creating the most infernal din my ears ever listened to. No wonder, indeed, that the Tigress would not face this appalling row, which sounded more like the howling of a legion of devils, than a disturbance produced by human means.

As soon as the old shikaree discovered the hiding-place of the Tigress, he treated her to a whole shower of rockets, the result of which was that she crashed out of the thicket with a terrific roar, and stood

lashing her sides savagely with her tail in the open glade, within sixty or seventy yards from where we were concealed, as if she was aware of our proximity and was threatening us with her vengeance.

The glade was hidden to a certain extent from the view of the beaters, and, though the old shikaree knew the Tigress had broken cover, he could not see her; so he continued sending occasional rockets down into the bushes, while his army of beaters maintained their diabolical uproar.

The Tigress seemed uncertain as to the direction she should take, and for a moment or two she stood still. More than once I saw my comrade raise his rifle to take aim, but he withdrew it each time from his shoulder without firing, as the animal was too distant for a certain shot. Presently she began to move towards the place where he was concealed. In the whole course of my life I never was so excited as upon that occasion, condemned as I was to be an inactive spectator of what was to follow. Slowly and stealthily, with a cat-like motion, the huge brindled brute crept along, apparently with the intention of slinking away unobserved, until she approached to within twenty yards of where my friend was standing. At this instant I heard the crack of his rifle, and immediately he emerged from his hiding-place, with his second weapon in his hand. His bullet told with a heavy, dull sound against the breast of the Tigress, and she, with a most appalling roar, dashed right at her enemy. Notwithstanding the rapidity of her charge, he fired again, striking her a second time, but, alas! not with sufficient effect to

stay her progress![1] Almost at the instant that the report of his last shot rang through the air, the fearful brute was upon him, and, with a smothered groan, he was dashed violently to the earth, in the deadly grasp of the wounded and infuriated Tigress, where he lay motionless, beneath her huge body.

Horror-struck at this unexpected and awful event, I stood for an instant like one deprived of the power of action, but the necessity of rendering aid to my unfortunate companion immediately forced itself upon me, and I raised my rifle with the intention of firing at the Tigress. There was considerable danger of missing the brute, and wounding, or perhaps killing, my friend, if, indeed, any life remained in his senseless body, but there was no alternative, and I fired without further hesitation. The shock had so upset my unlucky nerves however, that I had the mortification of seeing the bullet strike a bush fully two feet above the Tigress without disturbing her. I seized my other rifle, which the faithful shikaree at that moment offered to me, fired again, and once more, to my dismay, missed my object. Goaded to desperation by this second failure, I cast the useless weapon upon the ground, and, grasping a huge hunting-spear, which my attendant carried, I rushed forward to the

[1] "*Felis Tigris*—the Royal Tiger. The bound with which the ambushed tiger throws himself upon his prey is as wonderful in its extent as it is terrible in its effects. Pennant justly observes that the distance which it clears in this deadly leap is scarcely credible. Man is a mere puppet in his gripe; and the Indian buffalo is not only borne down by the ferocious beast, but carried off by his enormous strength."—KNIGHT'S *Cyclopædia of Natural History*.

attack—the madness of such a proceeding never occurring to me until afterwards—and, but for the mercy of Providence, I should have fallen another victim to that cursed Tigress. Fortunately for me, however, she was powerless to do further evil; my comrade's aim had been true enough, and she was stone dead!

The united efforts of my shikaree and myself—my friend's attendant being nowhere visible—were quite unequal to the removal of the huge carcase, and, in the most horrible suspense, I was obliged to wait until assistance had arrived, and the beaters had collected round the spot. By main force we dragged the Tigress off the body of my unfortunate friend, with but very faint hopes that possibly he might have been only stunned; but he never moved again. The monster's paw had crushed in his skull, and death must have been instantaneous.

Appalled at this frightful ending to our morning's hunt, I had not the heart to trouble myself about the Tigress or her skin, but causing the body of my friend to be taken down to camp, I buried him under the shadow of the noble teak that I have spoken of, and started at once for Madras, where I arrived in due course of time dejected and miserable.

I have never gone tiger-shooting since that day, and the very mention of a projected tiger-hunt makes me shudder with horror and apprehension.

CHAPTER XIV.

HARRY GREENWOOD'S JOURNAL.

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past,"

MOORE — *Canadian Boat Song.*

Prescott, 21st September.

I HAVE just had an interview with Fisher, and he reports everything ready for our contemplated expedition to the Lakes. After mature consideration, we have decided upon embarking ourselves and boat in the Kingston mail steamer, as she touches here on her upward trip to-morrow. We shall reach Guanonoqui about noon, dine there, and then continue our voyage in Fisher's skiff, which, he assures me, is the fastest, lightest, and most useful little craft that ever danced upon the waters.

My honest henchman is in a state of glee bordering upon insanity this evening, at the prospect of a fortnight's splendid duck-shooting amongst the Guanonoqui lakes and rivers; and I, although my

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spirits are less exuberant, and my delight less demonstrative, look forward with no small degree of pleasure to a trip, which promises me, not only such glorious sport, but the intense enjoyment of a wandering gipsy life, amidst such wild and beautiful scenery.

As our pursuits will take us some distance from "the haunts of men," we have laid in a stock of provisions sufficient for our contemplated absence, as well as ammunition, fishing-tackle, bedding, and other necessaries. First of all comes our skiff, a roomy little vessel of about fifteen or sixteen feet in length, provided with mast and leg-of-mutton sail, a pair of oars, and a grapnel of sufficient size and weight to hold her against any current we shall meet with. Then follows our house, which is simply a bell-tent of twilled cotton, large enough to hold ourselves and our belongings in tolerable comfort. Then a blanket and a buffalo-skin for each, as well as an extra flannel shirt or two, a towel, two or three pairs of woollen socks, and a second pair of boots. The ammunition, fishing-tackle, and provisions, are packed in the smallest possible compass, in boxes made especially, and our guns and fishing-rods are provided with India-rubber waterproof cases. The provisions consist of tea, sugar, biscuit, pork, butter, and such vegetables as we can carry, with pepper, salt, &c.; and our cooking utensils are a large stew-pot, a frying-pan, and a tea-kettle of protentous dimensions. Tin plates and cups, knives, forks, and spoons, make up our breakfast and dinner services; and two towels for culinary purposes con-

stitute our supply of table-linen. Last, but not least, comes a canvas bag, corresponding in some degree to the "possible sack"[1] of the Western trappers, which contains cord and twine of every description likely to be wanted, cobbler's wax, nails, a hammer, old rags for cleaning out our guns, and a good supply of lucifer-matches. We are unprovided with fowl-guns, for past experience has shown us that, with the ordinary description of weapon, we can obtain princely sport, and enjoy, at the same time, the advantages which are inseparable from a double barrel. Our fishing-rods and tackle are adapted principally for trolling, as we shall not have much opportunity for any other species of piscatorial sport. A lantern, with a supply of oil, and short hunting-axes, complete the list of our equipment.

We shall be on the move with the first grey light to-morrow; and, if all goes well, will "camp" ere night beneath the shadow of the forest.

Western bank of the Guanonoqui, six miles up the river,
22d September.

A magnificent autumn day is drawing to its close as we sit upon the grass outside our temporary home, and watch the sinking sun, now disappearing rapidly behind the tree-tops that bound our vision.

We left Prescott at eight o'clock this morning, and, after a most delightful passage through the lovely scenery of the Thousand Islands, arrived at Guanonoqui about noon. Thence our course lay up the river of the same name, which, rising in a chain

[1] See Mayne Reid's *War Trail*.

of lakes some fourteen or sixteen miles inland from the Saint Lawrence, pays its tribute to the great river near the town or village of Guanonoqui.

In consequence of a huge mill-dam which stretches across this stream about three quarters of a mile above its junction with the Saint Lawrence, we were obliged to make what is called a "portage," that is, we had to transport our boat and luggage by land to the smooth water above the mill-dam. Mr. Cross, the civil and obliging landlord of the Guanonoqui Hotel, having been on the wharf when we arrived, we left the management of the portage to him, and walked up to the inn for dinner.

Our repast over, we were not long in re-stowing our luggage in the skiff; but when all was ready for a start, it appeared that the little craft was rather heavily laden, so we borrowed a sort of fishing-punt from Mr. Cross, and, adding a sack of potatoes to our already ample stores, pushed off, under a bright and cloudless sky.

It was about half-past three o'clock when we started, Fisher being in his own skiff, and I propelling the borrowed punt. This latter proved an eccentric little vessel, and displayed a most decided tendency to revolve on its centre in preference to any other kind of movement; however, by dint of vigilance and the exercise of some little care, I managed to ensure its progression in a straight line.

As we were by no means pressed for time, we pulled along slowly and quietly until we came to our present halting-place, where a small patch of grassy sward tempted us to land and encamp for the night.

The day has been most gloriously fine, and I have not enjoyed anything for months like our six miles' pull to this lovely spot.

The river, thus far, is very beautiful, and, with the exception of a small portion in the immediate vicinity of Guanonoqui, its banks are wooded to the water's edge. Near the village the trees have been entirely cut away, and their half-charred stumps are still standing and presenting unsightly objects to the eye. Their influence on the landscape is, however, only temporary, for, at the distance of about half a mile from the mill-dam, a bend of the stream shut out this portion from our view; and all before us was the wilderness, pure and unsullied, as it came from its Maker's hand.

The water is clear but dark, and it looks almost black under the deep shadows cast by the walls of rock and forest that bound it on either side. Generally there does not appear to be much current, though, in one place between us and the village, where the channel narrows to about six or eight yards, the water dashes through with no small degree of velocity.

A few ducks have just skimmed by us, croaking as they saw our fire, but otherwise we have seen no living thing since we left Guanonoqui, excepting a solitary Belted Kingfisher,[1] who woke the echoes of

[1] The Belted Kingfisher—*Alcedo Alcyon*—the only one of its genus found in North America, is a much larger bird than its brilliant European relative. Its plumage is of a slaty-blue colour, beautifully marked with black and white bars and spots. A

the silent woods with his shrill, rattling cry, as if he resented our intrusion upon his wild domains.

Some two miles or so above us, at a place called Marble Rock, there is a second interruption of the course of the river, in the shape of another mill-dam, which entails a portage of about two hundred yards, up one side of the steep rock and down the other. This latter dam, in combination with the great one at Guanonoqui, has had the effect of retarding the flow of water in the river so materially, that it, and the other streams and lakes above, have overflowed their boundaries to an immense extent, and literally drowned many thousand acres of low forest-land, once thickly clothed with primeval woods, but now only displaying a waste of waters, dotted with millions of dead and decaying tree-trunks.

But the sun has long since sunk below the western horizon; the stars are crowding the cloudless firmament, and night has come on apace. All nature has gone to rest, and even my henchman has betaken himself to his blanket, so I must close my note-book, and seek forgetfulness till morning.

broad belt of dark slate colour passes round the breast. The bill is nearly three inches in length. We met with this bird in great abundance throughout our journey, coming upon them when seated on dead overhanging branches at every bend of the river. Elevating their long black crests, they would fly past us quite closely, uttering their loud and startling rattle as they went by. Sometimes I saw them hovering, with a quick motion of the wing, over the stream, from which position they would dart down upon their finny prey with great rapidity.—Captain HARDY's *Sporting Adventures in the New World.*

Lower Squaw Point, 23d September.

About an hour after sunrise this morning, having disposed of breakfast before starting, we left our camp-ground of last night, and made the best of our way to Marble Rock, which we soon saw looming up through the hazy atmosphere before us. The mill at this place is the most wretched specimen of its kind that I have ever seen, and the little hamlet, consisting of a few miserable cottages, is on a par with the mill in appearance and attractiveness.

Marble Rock is somewhat steep, so it became advisable to seek assistance for the transport of our boat and luggage from one side to the other. Allotting to myself the duty of sentinel over our property, I despatched Fisher for aid of some description; and, presently, he returned with a horse and a kind of sled, upon which we placed the boat, and the whole affair was safely dragged over the hill.

In the vicinity of Marble Rock the river is exceedingly wild and picturesque; and its banks, having changed from the green and luxuriant forest to perpendicular walls of granite of considerable height, are almost deserving of the epithet of grand. These iron boundaries are ornamented with trees of various kinds, which are seen growing in the clefts and fissures of the rocks, and forming a verdant crest, upon their broken and ragged summits. Above the mill-dam the river widens, and its banks resume their wonted character of level forest, which, as we approached our present stopping-place, gradually began to show symptoms of the dreadful destruction that has smitten the woodlands all around us. The

view that meets my eye, as I stand before our tent, is, at the least, a strange one; and its desolate and mournful character can scarcely fail to imbue the beholder with a sympathetic feeling, even though he may be a sportsman, and, like myself, cognizant of the fact that the very inundation which has so rudely disturbed the sweet harmony of nature, affords him as fine duck-shooting as the world can produce. I will, however, attempt a description of our position, and the relative bearings of the more striking features of the adjacent country.

We are encamped upon a point of land at the confluence of two streams, one of which flows from Guanonoqui Lake, about a mile or so to the northward, and the other from Wiltsee Lake, nine times that distance to the east.[1] The former seems to be only a tributary of the latter, though it bears the name of the main stream, while the other and larger river is locally known as Wiltsee Creek. The Guanonoqui Creek, at its debouchement from Guanonoqui Lake, measures rather less than ninety yards across, but it widens rapidly, and, at its junction with the Wiltsee, its breadth is more than double that distance. The Wiltsee River, as far as the eye can see, has overflowed its borders for an immense distance; and it is difficult to say what was its actual width before the inundations occurred, which have so materially altered the face of this portion of the

[1] I am not certain that I have got the "points of the compass" quite correct in this and the two following chapters, though I believe the relative bearings of the different places mentioned are rightly given.

country. At present its course cannot readily be traced amidst the wide expanse of water, which stretches like a gigantic lake, dotted with dead tree-trunks, for many thousand acres to the eastward.[1]

"The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourish'd once a forest fair,
When these waste glens with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon thorn — perchance whose prickly spears
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers —
Yon lonely thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so grey and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;
Would he could tell how deep the shade
A thousand mingled branches made;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan to the rock,
And through the foliage show'd his head,
With narrow leaves and berries red;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook!"

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[1] My belief has always been that the drowned country of this region is to a considerable extent referable to the Bytown Canal, but I am not sufficiently acquainted with its chorography to be able to speak positively; neither have I any books which will enable me to decide the question, the only information that I can lay my hand on at the present moment, being a private letter from a friend containing a short account of the canal above mentioned, which I may be excused for quoting almost entire.

"Through that section of central Canada lying between her two great rivers, there runs an elevated spinal ridge, the country to the north of which sends its waters to the Ottawa, that on the

The extremities of land at the southern end of Guanonoqui Lake, where the river emerges from it, are called respectively Upper Squaw Point and Upper Oven Point, the former being on the western side of the stream, and the other on the eastern. In like manner, that upon which we have fixed our temporary residence, being on the west side of the river, is

southerly slope to the Saint Lawrence. On this ridge, or summit, in the county of Perth, is Rideau Lake, whence flows the river of that name, by a tortuous course to Bytown,* where it falls into the Ottawa. On the south, as you go towards Kingston, is a chain of lakes, tributary to the Saint Lawrence, through the Cataraqui River, which debouches near that city.

"The summit waters, in Rideau Lake, are 282 feet above the Lower Ottawa at Bytown, and 163 feet above the level of Kingston Harbour; consequently, the latter is 119 feet higher than the Lower Ottawa at Bytown. The level of Kingston Harbour—in other words, of Lake Ontario—above the sea is 234 feet.

"The Rideau Canal, commencing at Bytown, follows the course of the Rideau River, as far as the lake at the summit. The river has been made navigable, for vessels of five feet draft, by a series of locks and dams. The latter have had the effect of raising the water so as to 'drown' large tracts of land at various points along the route, largely increasing the superficies of many natural lakes, and forming a number of artificial ones, where once the river flowed between low banks.

"The ascent from the Ottawa to Rideau Lake is overcome by thirty-one locks, interspersed at intervals, as the native rapids of the stream demanded. Eight of them in one 'flight' at Bytown, present a lasting monument of engineering skill, sacred to the memory of John By.

"All the Rideau waters are, by nature, tributary to the Ottawa, but to accomplish the descent from the summit to Lake

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* Now called Ottawa.

named Lower Squaw Point, while that on the opposite bank is Lower Oven Point.

The portion of the Guanonoqui Creek between the lake and Lower Squaw Point contains two islands, one of which is distant about three hundred yards from our camp, and situated within a stone's throw of the eastern bank of the river; while the

Ontario, the ridge dividing the water-shed of the two valleys has been cut through, and the waters of Rideau Lake led into the chain of lakes which seek an outlet by the Cataraqui. This portion of the canal has fourteen locks.

"The distance from the summit to Bytown, following the tortuous windings of the river, is about 80 miles, from the summit to Kingston, about 40 miles, making the whole length of the Rideau navigation 120 miles.

"The locks are 134 feet in length, and 34 feet in breadth, they can pass vessels of those dimensions, drawing five feet of water.

"The canal is a stupendous work, evidencing great boldness of conception and high professional skill in its projector, Lieut.-colonel By, of the Royal Engineers. It was commenced in 1827, and about six years were occupied in its construction.

"In ascending the Ottawa, as you approach Bytown, not the least striking feature in the picturesque tableau is the 'Fall of the Rideau.' The similarity of the broad translucent sheet of water—30 feet in width and 55 feet in height—to a *curtain*, could not fail, on the very first view, to suggest itself even to the dull imaginations of Saxons. I can well conceive, then, with what poetic enthusiasm, the first French voyageurs, mayhap Champlain himself, in exploring 'La Grande Rivière du Nord,' and who had ever an appropriate allegorical name ready for whatever was beautiful in nature, may have exclaimed, as the cascade burst upon their view, 'Voilà le beau Rideau!' Those glorious old voyageurs may be tracked all the way from Gaspé to the banks of the Mississippi, by the beautiful imaginative names they have bestowed upon the rivers, and the lakes, the hills, the prairies, and the water-falls!"

other stands directly opposite to us, and is accessible on foot at low water from Lower Oven Point. We have always been in the habit, during previous visits, of calling the former Fisher's Island, as we never could find out that it possessed any other distinctive appellation; and, for a similar reason, the name of Greenwood was bestowed upon the latter. Fisher's Island is much the larger of the two, and, like both banks of the river, is luxuriantly clothed with forest to the margin of the water, while Greenwood Island is rather swampy, and covered with a dense mass of Alders.[1] These two islands, together with the extremities of the points before mentioned, afford famous "stands" for flock-shooting every morning and evening, when the ducks are on the wing in immense numbers.

We arrived here early in the afternoon, and devoted the remainder of the day to the arrangement of our camp, which is close to the edge of the river, upon a small patch of grass at the very verge of the forest. Having cut down a few trees for firewood, and collected piles of the fragrant branches of the White Cedar[2] to serve as beds, we removed our stores from the boats to the interior of the tent; and, afterwards, with the help of a few stones, constructed a sort of fire-place, which will enable us to cook comfortably and expeditiously.

Our arrangements having been thus completed, I left Fisher to prepare the dinner, and, by way of a

[1] Canadian Alder—*Alnus Canadensis.*

[2] *Cupressus Thyoides.* The *Thuja Occidentalis* is also called White Cedar.

wind-up to the day, pulled across to the larger island, to await the evening flight of the ducks from Guanonoqui Lake. It was almost dark before one appeared, and I was on the point of returning to the camp, when they began to show themselves. A very few came first, and then they poured past in countless multitudes. Thousands and thousands swept by with the rapidity of the wind, but, unluckily, nearly all out of range. I fired a few shots at those which came nearest to me, and, by the help of Eley's green cartridges,[1] succeeded in getting two or three Mallards[2] and Wood-Ducks,[3] with which I was fain to be content. When it was quite dark, thinking that all had passed, I got into the punt and commenced pulling back to the camp, but I was scarcely half way across, when three immense strings of Blue-winged Teal[4] made their appearance, and almost

[1] I would add my testimony to the weight of evidence already adduced in favour of Eley's Patent Shot Cartridges, which I consider the most valuable sporting invention since the introduction of percussion-caps. For wild-fowl shooting they are indispensable; and I have, over and over again, had capital sport with them in pursuit of ducks, when I could not touch a feather with the loose charge. Eley's caps, also, are by far the best I ever used, and I believe are as thoroughly waterproof as it is possible for caps to be.

[2] The Mallard—*Anas Boschas* of Linnæus—*Boschas Domestica* of Swainson is the common Wild Duck of the British Isles. In Canada it is known as the Grey Duck.

[3] The Wood Duck, or Summer Duck—*Anas Sponsa* of Linnæus—*Dendronessa Sponsa* of Swainson. Probably the handsomest bird of the whole tribe.

[4] Blue-winged Teal—*Anas Discors* of Linnæus—*Boschas Discors* of Swainson. A lovely bird allied to the Garganey of England.

skimmed the water in their flight within ten yards of me. Had my gun been loaded, I should have got two raking shots at them, but, much to my vexation, both barrels were empty.

Fisher managed to capture a Pike[1] and some Black Bass[2] during the afternoon, and these have just afforded us a grateful addition to our evening meal, which we discussed with the vigorous appetites of men who had spent a long day actively employed in the open air.

It is a most glorious night, and the scene around us one of no common beauty. Our white tent, standing out in striking relief against the dark background of forest, is conspicuous at a long distance, and forms the only perceptible link between civilisation and the silent wilderness, which stretches around us for at least eight miles in every direction.

My trusty henchman is seated at the fire dressing hooks for fishing, and I, more romantic, have been gazing at the broad stream of the Guanonoqui, which the brilliant, full-orbed moon has lit up with a soft and silvery light, until it gives back her radiance, like a living mirror, in sheets of glittering diamonds.

> "How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,
> Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
> Were discord to the speaking quietude
> That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
> Studded with stars unutterably bright
> Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,

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[1] The Common Pickerel—*Esox Reticulatus* of Lesueur.

[2] Black Bass—*Grystes Nigricans.*

Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world * *
* * * * * A scene
Where musing Solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where Silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still."

CHAPTER XV.

HARRY GREENWOOD'S JOURNAL—*continued.*

"Sweet sylvan lake! in memory's gold
Is set the time, when first my eye
From thy green shore beheld thee hold
Thy mirror to the sunset sky!"

A. B. STREET—*Frontenac.*

24th September.

I AWOKE this morning about half-past five o'clock, and popped out my head to look at the weather: it was intensely foggy, and everything was wet with dew. Shooting was out of the question, although we heard the ducks passing overhead in myriads, so we amused ourselves with breakfast.

About two hours later the fog cleared away, and showed us the sky without a cloud. There was not a breath of wind, and, with the mist, the chilliness of the morning atmosphere had passed away. I took one of the punts, and trolled across Turnacliffe Bay, which is formed by a beautiful curve of the western bank just above us, several times, but without any success; even the pike were lazy and would not bite: the day was literally too fine.

There being little prospect of sport in consequence of the bright weather, we made arrangements for a trip to South Lake, which lies about four or five miles to the westward of our camp, and is connected with Guanonoqui Lake by a narrow and winding creek.

About half-past one o'clock we started in the skiff, Fisher pulling, and I sitting in the stern, with my gun prepared for any game that might present itself, and a glittering spoon spinning in the most tempting manner through the water in the wake of the boat. Our course took us across the southern end of Guanonoqui Lake, and afforded us a good view of this beautiful sheet of water. It is between six and seven miles in circumference, and contains numerous islands, most of them rocky, and covered with trees, amongst which the striking forms and dark foliage of the pine tribe are very conspicuous. The shores of the lake are wooded to the water's edge, and nearly everywhere the branches of the trees lean over, and almost dip themselves in the pure clear element, which, to-day, was sleeping tranquilly, and reflecting all the surrounding objects like a glorious mirror set in a frame of living verdure.

On passing Upper Squaw Point, we kept to our left, round the end of a large and luxuriantly-wooded island, which has earned the name of Poplar, in consequence of that tree being very plentiful upon it;[1] and then leaving Birch Island—so called because of its Birch-trees[2]—upon our right, we arrived at the entrance of South Creek. Two islands stand exactly at its mouth, one of which is known as Teal Island, while the other rejoices in the remarkable name of Little Misery.

As we rounded the point of Poplar Island, I

[1] Common Aspen—*Populus Tremuloides*—Balsam Poplar—*Populus Balsamifera.*

[2] Common American Birch—*Betula Populifolia.*

caught sight of half-a-dozen Black Ducks[1] flying straight towards us, and Fisher having ceased rowing, we lay perfectly still in the hope of getting a shot at them as they went past; but there are few creatures that possess keener vision than Wild Ducks, and those in question at once discovered the unusual object upon the water, and shot rapidly upwards; however, my Eley's green cartridge was even quicker in its movements than they were, and a fine drake came tumbling through the air, and fell with a great splash in the water close to us.

The day was so exceedingly calm, that, as we skimmed along over the surface of the beautiful clear lake, we easily descried the stones and weeds at the bottom, to the depth of ten or twelve feet; and, as even the boldest fish are naturally apprehensive of anything, however attractive, which has an unmistakable line connecting it with a huge moving object like a boat, there was little or no prospect of successful trolling; but, in spite of all this, at the mouth of South Creek, a good rattling Oswego Bass,[2] of over three pounds' weight, and lively as a kitten, did contrive to attach himself to the hooks at the end of my trolling-spoon, a proceeding on his part which

[1] The Dusky Duck—*Anas Obscura* of Wilson—commonly called Black Duck.

[2] The Lake Sheep's Head—*Corvina Oscula* of Cuvier. "This fish, if I am not greatly in error, is very frequently confounded in the lakes in the vicinity of Buffalo, with the *Grystes Nigricans*, under the name of Oswego Bass, and in fact, though of a different family (*Scienidæ*) does bear something of a general resemblance to that species."—FRANK FORESTER'S *Fish and Fishing*.

resulted soon afterwards in his being transferred from the cool waters of Guanonoqui Lake to the rather warmer locality of the bottom of the skiff, where he gave vent to his annoyance at having made such a goose of himself, by flapping against our legs and feet with all his might for a period of two or three minutes, after which he quietly resigned himself to his inevitable fate.

South Creek, at the best of times, is very shallow, but to-day it was so choked up with gigantic weeds, that we were unable to use the oars, and had to resort to two light cedar poles, with which we propelled our little vessel slowly up the stream. This creek is very winding, and, like the others, has overflowed its banks extensively, so that the land, for a considerable distance on either side, displays the same features as that in the neighbourhood of our camp. Large flocks of Ducks rose repeatedly on both sides of us, but as time was rather an object we did not molest them.

About two miles up the creek, where the land was higher than what we had already passed, we came to a large wooden bridge across the stream; and, as the forest on either side is a good deal frequented by Ruffed Grouse,[1] I scrambled on shore

[1] Ruffed Grouse—*Tetrao Umbellus* of Linnæus—*Bonasia Umbellus* of Bonaparte. Throughout Canada, and in some parts of the Northern States, the bird is known as the Partridge, in the Southern States it is usually termed the Pheasant. Captain Hardy, in his *Sporting Adventures in the New World*, says,—"This bird is called in Nova Scotia the Birch Partridge, from its being generally found on hills covered by groves of birch, on the young buds of which they feed."

to try and pick up a brace or two of those delicious birds, as an addition to our larder. Fisher, who was somewhat sceptical as to the Ruffed Grouse, declined shooting, and, leaving his gun in the boat, he equipped himself with one of the small axes and a potato sack, which he had stowed away in the skiff before starting. These preparations on the part of my henchman excited my curiosity not a little, and I learnt, upon inquiry, that there were plenty of Hickory trees[1] in the woods close by, that hickory nuts were very good eating, and hickory walking-sticks superior to most others.

It soon appeared that Fisher was right about the grouse, for after carefully exploring the woodlands for some distance without seeing a single bird, I gave up the search and joined him at his nut-gathering. I found that he had filled the bag, and had also cut more than a dozen good sticks.

By this time it had grown so late, that we were obliged to abandon our intention of visiting South Lake, or run the risk of spending the night in one of the many branches of the creek, so we hastened to embark, in order to get back to Squaw Point for the evening duck-shooting.

When we had accomplished about half the distance, Fisher discovered, to his utter discomfiture and chagrin, that he had forgotten his bag of nuts. He felt half inclined to go back for it, but I overruled the idea, and only laughed at his rueful countenance, by which, I believe, I ruffled his equanimity considerably.

[1] Broom Hickory — *Carya Glabra*.

We arrived at our camp in good time, having killed some Scaup Ducks,[1] Oswego Bass, and Pike on the way.

About half-past five o'clock I pulled across to Fisher's Island, leaving my henchman concealed amongst some bushes about twenty yards below the camp, and, having taken up a good position, I waited patiently for the ducks. Just before dark, as usual, the first of them arrived; and then flock after flock darted past me in rapid succession. Black Ducks, Grey Ducks,[2] Wood Ducks, Teal and others, all seemed to have gathered there, and all appeared to be on the move at the same time. The air was literally full of them, and the whistling noise of their wings was heard distinctly for some seconds before and after they had passed. A few raking shots amongst them told well from where I stood, but Fisher did not get a single chance of any kind. I waited until night had robed everything in almost complete gloom; and then, just as I was getting into my boat, I caught sight of a white wing in the darkness, as a single bird darted past me on his way to the lake. I wheeled round, and "with the eye of faith and finger of instinct," as Frank Forester has it, I sent my cartridge after him. A splash in the water announced that the shot had told, and in a moment or two afterwards I picked up another Blue-winged Teal.

25th September.

Amongst the "drowned-lands," almost directly

[1] Scaup Duck—*Fuligula Marila.*

[2] The common name in Canada for the Mallard.

opposite to our camp, is a wooded islet, which, from its contrast with the expanse of dead tree-trunks all round it, is very remarkable. It is, I believe, inaccessible, as the water in its vicinity is not of sufficient depth to admit of a canoe being paddled to it, and an attempt to reach it on foot would certainly be fatal as the mud beneath the water is very soft and very deep. This little oasis in the desert of dead trees is locally known as Jeffers' Island, and it is almost two hundred yards to the eastward of Lower Oven Point. After the morning duck-shooting was ended, and we had returned to our camp, Fisher caught sight of some large object moving through the water from this island towards another on our side of the river. For some time we were exceedingly puzzled by its appearance, and it was only when it had approached to within three hundred yards of us that we ascertained its true character. It proved to be a Deer,[1]

[1] "The Common Deer of North America—*Cervus Virginianus*—differs entirely from all the European or Indian varieties of this order. It is smaller in size than the Red Deer—hart and hind—of the British Isles and the European Continent, and is far inferior to it in stateliness of character, in bearing, and in the size and extent of its antlers, which, moreover, are very distinct in form from those of the Stag. This distinction consists in the fact that, while the main stem of the horn in the Red Deer invariably leans backward from the brow, with all the branches or tines pointing forward and downward, to the number of ten or twelve, in the American deer it points forward and downward, with the branches arising from it backward and upward. From the Fallow Deer of Europe, which I believe to have been originally introduced from the East, it differs in being much larger, and having branched, as distinguished from palmated horns."—FRANK FORESTER'S *Field Sports of North America*.

that was swimming across from one piece of land to the other. A moment or two sufficed to draw our charges and substitute bullets for the duck-shot in our guns, and the next instant we were in the skiff and pulling rapidly in pursuit. It was fortunate for our chances of success that the Deer's efforts in clambering over the tree-trunks in his way—slippery and slimy as they were with the liquid mud—had tired him a good deal, or I doubt if we should have been able to get within range, for there are few animals more at home in the water than these creatures, and they swim with great strength and rapidity. Fisher bent to his work, however, and when we had got within about sixty yards of the chase, I deemed I was close enough for a shot. The "way" of the boat was stopped, and Fisher steadied her with the oars, whilst I took a deliberate and careful aim. I fired, and we plainly heard the bullet tell against its object with a dull flat sound, but there the result seemingly ended, for the speed of the animal appeared in no way lessened by the attempt upon his life. We continued the pursuit, and, in a moment or two, I fired again, but without doing the deer any further damage than splintering a fragment from his antlers: however, almost immediately afterwards, he gave me a beautiful broadside shot at him, which I instantly took advantage of, and the water was presently dyed with his life-blood. It appeared, upon examination, that both shots had gone through him, one in the region of the loins, and the other higher up. After this exploit I spent an hour or two in trolling, and captured some Pike and Oswego Bass.

As the afternoon approached we prepared for a trip up Wiltsee Creek, meaning to troll until dusk, and then finish up the day's work with some shooting amongst the drowned-lands. It was not our intention to go more than three or four miles from camp, as we reserved the pleasure of a visit to Wiltsee Lake for another opportunity. This sheet of water is said to be about eight miles in length by four in breadth. It was described to us as being eminently handsome, and studded with beautiful islands, which afford excellent deer-shooting, while its waters of peculiar clearness are said to abound in large Lake Trout[1] and other fish. Whether its local appellation of Wiltsee is the proper one or not I am unable to say; but in the maps it is designated Great Guanonoqui Lake, while the name of Wiltsee is applied to a much smaller sheet of water in its vicinity.

We got away about one o'clock and commenced trolling with the "spoon" almost as soon as we pushed off. Although the weather seemed favourable enough, our sport was not satisfactory. We found the creek full of gigantic weeds, which kept perpetually catching in our trollers, and the fish did not seem to be much on the move. Our duck-shooting was tolerably successful, however, as long as daylight lasted, but as the evening was cloudy and rainy, darkness soon obliged us to lay aside our guns and devote the whole of our attention to navigation. We reached our camp about ten o'clock, and having replenished the almost expiring fire, took shelter

[1] Lake Trout—*Salmo Confinis* of Dekay.

from the weather beneath the hospitable screen of our little tent.

26th September.

The rain continued until about midnight, when the clouds began to disperse, and the day eventually broke fresh and balmy as an April morning.

During the afternoon we made a little trip to Guanonoqui Lake more to enjoy the beauty of the scenery and the splendour of the day than for any other reason, and we returned to the camp towards evening. Ducks were skimming about us in great numbers, but it was Sunday, and we left them in peace for once.

27th September.

There was a white frost last night, and this morning, though fine, was almost cold. We were up, as usual, about daylight, but contented ourselves with shooting at the passing flocks from the point below the tent. The ducks were very much upon the move, and afforded us some capital sport. Amongst my trophies was a beautiful Pintail Drake,[1] the first I had ever seen living. These birds are plentiful enough in certain districts, but they certainly are by no means universally distributed in North America. Fisher says he has always heard them called "Pigeon tails," a name which they have in all probability earned from the resemblance of their tails in shape to those of the Passenger Pigeon,[2] which is such a common and abundant bird in this country.

[1] Pintail—*Anas Acuta* of Linnæus, *Dafila Caudacuta* of Swainson.

[2] Passenger pigeon—*Ectopistes Migratorius*.

The afternoon was spent, as usual, in trolling for bass and searching for ducks amongst the drowned-lands, in which pursuits we were more than usually successful. Fisher captured within the space of an hour and a half thirteen fine Oswego Bass, and I had the satisfaction of bagging several couple of Grey Ducks, besides some Blue-winged Teal.

Just before dark I pulled over to Crane Island on the opposite side of Guanonoqui Lake, nearly in a north-westerly direction from the camp, in the neighbourhood of which I yesterday observed some large flocks of ducks; but, although many passed the island, I did not get a single shot.

28th September.

A wet morning, so I fished a book out of my knapsack and devoted the forenoon to literature; whilst my henchman, as usual, amused himself in the preparation of hooks for the capture of some unsuspecting inhabitant of the waters.

About noon the clouds cleared away, and we once more got ready for action. Fisher betook himself to South Creek to look after the Oswego Bass, and I proceeded to explore a hitherto untried patch of drowned-land to the right of the camp. We both returned with a fair lot of booty in the evening: Fisher with some splendid fish, and I rejoicing in six couple of Blue-winged Teal. I have not seen so many of these birds for a long time as I disturbed to-day. They were flying about in all directions, and in great numbers; flock after flock rising before me as I pushed my punt through the shallow waters which

covered the drowned-lands. It was very exciting work while it lasted, but soon I had started every bird within reach or hearing, and most of them when disturbed mounted high into the air, and flew off to the lakes. Once, however, I got two splendid raking shots at a huge flock which must have numbered several thousands. They rose some distance higher up the river than I was, and came straight down upon me with the speed of lightning. The moment I observed the direction of their flight, I cocked both barrels of my gun and sat perfectly still and quiet in the boat, so that they did not observe me until they were within thirty or forty yards. Then, however, the whole flock wheeled suddenly to the left, and, as they passed me, I sent three ounces of No. 4 shot amongst them. The result was most satisfactory, for, as soon as the smoke cleared away, I counted ten fine, plump, full-plumaged Blue-winged Teal as trophies.

29th September.

About a mile further down the river than our camp, there is a group of high rocky islands, lying pretty close to the right bank of the stream, and, yesterday afternoon I observed that many of the ducks, when they were disturbed from the upper waters, flew closely past the outermost island of this group. It occurred to me, then, that if one of us went down to these islands, while the other paddled up the creek, we should be tolerably certain of getting good sport; and, accordingly, after breakfast off we went, Fisher upwards and I downwards. The result,

however, did not attain to my expectations, for Fisher saw very few ducks, and nearly all those which came in my direction passed out of shot. It is true that as long as my green cartridges lasted I did occasionally bowl one over, but the loose shot proved utterly useless at the distance the birds kept away.

At two o'clock we started on an exploring expedition to Lost Lake, or Lost Bay as it is sometimes called, a mysterious sheet of water to the northward. Our course took us into Guanonoqui Lake, and as its beautiful expanse opened before us, we stood across for a large island at its upper end. This island—upon which has been bestowed the somewhat singular appellation of Big Misery, in contradistinction to Little Misery, which is the joyful name of a smaller island already alluded to—is of considerable extent, but as its name imports, of rather desolate and wretched appearance when compared with the shores and other islands of the lake. It is wooded with stunted and scraggy trees, which grow amidst naked rocks and rank, coarse grass. Although now quite insulated, Big Misery Island was, at no long distance of time, connected with the mainshore, from which it is only separated, at the present moment, by a narrow belt of drowned-land in which the dead trunks of many hundred trees are still standing. Its upper end screens the connexion between Guanonoqui Lake and the more distant Lost Lake so completely that the channel which unites the two bodies of water is only observable upon a close inspection. This channel, called the "Crank," is, perhaps, about two hundred yards in length by thirty or so in

breadth, and it enters Lost Lake, or rather quits it, for the waters flow from the smaller to the larger lake, in the same hidden and mysterious manner as that which marks its conjunction with the greater sheet below.

Lost Lake is a perfect gem of natural beauty. It is of considerable size, being somewhat over a mile in length by about two-thirds of that distance in width, and is full of picturesque and romantically wooded islands.

Some distance further, in a north-westerly direction, lies another sheet of water, locally known as Singleton Lake, from which a narrow stream, that I have generally called White-fish River, flows down to Lost Lake, entering the latter behind an island in a most concealed and unexpected manner. Indeed, so curiously hidden are both the outlets of Lost Lake that a man once pulled round it, it is said, for a whole day without finding either of them, and hence its remarkable name.

On entering Lost Lake from the "Crank," I caught sight of the first fragment of civilization that I had seen since quitting Marble Rock: it was a farm-house on the northern shore with, apparently, an outlet of some kind in its vicinity. This latter I supposed to be the debouchement of the Singleton or White-fish River; but I made no remark, and we continued our course in the direction of the western shore. Having arrived there, we shot round the point of an island lying close to the mainland, and, to my no small surprise, discovered the river rushing impetuously between high banks of considerable

boldness and beauty, into a little bay so hidden by the island that its very existence would scarcely be suspected by a casual observer. The mystery of the place quite enchanted me, and Fisher lay on his oars for a moment or two while I exhausted my surprise and admiration of the fairy scene around me, after which we continued our course up-stream for rather more than a mile, until we arrived at Beaver Rock. This is a large flat stone where, it is said, the Indians, in days long past, used to come and spear the large trout as they dashed by in the rapid current. The river is but ten or twelve yards across at this spot, though at a short distance below it expands considerably. For a little way it is very shallow, and the impetuous stream throws off streaks of foam as it glances over the protruding rocks. We were told that with a copper spoon we might catch the trout by trolling during the moonlight nights of November.

Nearer to Lost Lake, on the south-easterly bank, is another rock, where the man who spent such a length of time in paddling round the lake was picked up at last by a settler returning home. It was a narrow escape for him as months and months passed over in those days without a white man visiting these waters. He was nearly starved to death, having been three days without food, and his canoe had drifted away from him. The rock is still called Hungry Rock. At Beaver Rock we turned, and after a pleasant pull arrived at camp in time for the evening duck-shooting, which we attended to effectually.

CHAPTER XVI.

HARRY GREENWOOD'S JOURNAL — *continued.*

"Gwe-u-gwe the lovely! Gwe-u-gwe the bright!
Our bosoms rejoice in thy beautiful sight;
Thou bear'st our kah-we-yahs, we bathe in thy flow,
And when we are hungered thy bounties we know."

A. B. STREET, *Frontenac.*

30th September.

A MOST glorious morning after a frosty night. I went off early to look for ducks, and landed upon Teal Island in Guanonoqui Lake. The south side is bounded by a portion of a broad strip of drowned land, which stretches away for several miles in the direction of South Lake, and, as usual, the ducks were splashing and feeding amongst the dead stumps in thousands. I endeavoured, under cover of the few trees remaining in their pristine state, to cross from one side of the island to the other, as ducks are often found sunning themselves on the very shore; but the dried sticks, with which the place was profusely covered, cracked under me at every step, and by the time that the few yards which divided one side of the island from the other were accomplished, my hopes, at

least, had flown away; not so the ducks, however, for I had a successful shot at a small flock of black ones, which rose within two or three feet of the land. My two trophies fell, unluckily, out amongst the dead stumps; where I dared not follow them, and where I was compelled at last to leave them for the hawks and fish to feed upon. Presently a Bittern[1] rose within easy shot, and having turned him over and placed him in my bag, I retrod my steps towards the boat.

By trolling across the mouth of South Creek, which is bounded by Teal and Little Misery Islands, I captured a few Oswego Bass, and then went down to Fire Island, just below Little Misery, where I once more landed. I explored the shores very carefully, and at last observed a small group of Spirit Ducks[2] diving and feeding some distance out from

[1] "The Indian Hen or American Bittern—*Ardea Minor*. It looks very small, but when its wings are extended, it measures nearly three feet and a half from tip to tip, and three feet from the bill to the toes; it is, however, of a slender form, the neck and legs being long, but the body small. The head is remarkably flattened, and gives the bird a very singular appearance; the feathers of the neck are long and loose, and capable of being erected; the general colour is dark brown spotted with yellow, on the back; and yellowish, spotted with brown, on the belly. As you see it now, the long neck is drawn back, the head resting between the wings, its usual mode of reposing, but it frequently pokes out its neck to see what is going on. It flies with a flagging motion; and as it slowly rises to flight, and unfolds its great pinions, we are startled to see such an expanse of wing displayed by what we had supposed so small a bird: it chiefly frequents marshes."—GOSSE'S *Canadian Naturalist*.

[2] The Spirit Duck—*Clangula Albeola*. This is the smallest,

the side of the island next to the mainland. I waited a short time hoping that they might come in closer to me than they were, but as they showed no immediate intention of doing so, I tried a long shot at them with a green wire-cartridge, which, however, only had the effect of frightening them, for they rose high on the wing and flew away. I returned to camp early and found Fisher with a fine lot of fish of various kinds.

Late in the afternoon we started for the head of Wiltsee Creek with the intention of remaining there for the evening flight of the ducks. The weather was mild and cloudy, though there was no immediate appearance of rain. We trolled part of the way, killing some Oswego Bass and Pike, but, as usual, the weeds in the creek were very troublesome.

By the time we had got about six miles from the camp, night had fairly set in, and, as it proved much darker than we had expected, we could scarcely see our way. The drowned-lands on either side of us were full of ducks, for we heard them as usual, but there was no chance of shooting, so we put our skiff about and returned to the camp. On the way I caught sight of some black object swimming in the water not far from us, and, without stopping the

and, in my opinion, one of the most beautiful ducks in America. Wilson, in his *American Ornithology*, when speaking of this species and the Golden Eye, *Clangula Vulgaris*, says, "They dive so dexterously at the flash of the gun, or the twanging of a bow, and are consequently so difficult to kill, that the natives say they are endowed with some supernatural power. Hence their appellation of conjuring or spirit ducks." They are also called Buffel heads and Butter balls.

way of our little craft, I fired, and killed a large Musk-Rat[1] with a magnificent skin.

Some time after we got back to camp, we heard the splash of oars apparently coming from the direction of Marble Rock. The night was very still, and I easily recognised two voices at least, although their owners were evidently talking very low, and pulling as quietly as possible. Presently the bows of a boat grated on the sand near our tent, and next moment Nikta and Basset jumped on shore. They had contemplated surprising us in our camp, but, having lost their way in the darkness, and run against the stumps, they made unavoidable

[1] "*Fiber Zibethicus* of Sabine. In the autumn, before the shallow lakes and swamps freeze over, the Musquash builds its house of mud, giving it a conical form, and a sufficient base to raise the chamber above the water. The chosen spot is generally amongst long grass, which is incorporated with the walls of the house, from the mud being deposited amongst it; but the animal does not appear to make any kind of composition or mortar by tempering the mud and grass together. There is, however, a dry bed of grass deposited in the chamber. The entrance is under water. When ice forms over the surface of the swamp, the Musquash makes breathing-holes through it, and protects them from the frost by a covering of mud. In severe winters, however, these holes freeze up in spite of their coverings, and many of the animals die. It is to be remarked that the small grassy lakes selected by the Musquash for its residence, are never so firmly frozen nor covered with such thick ice, as deeper and clearer water. The Indians kill these animals by spearing them through the walls of their houses, making their approach with great caution, for the Musquashes take to the water when alarmed by a sound on the ice. An experienced hunter is so well acquainted with the direction of the chamber and the position in which its inmates lie, that he can transfix four or five at a time. As soon

noise in getting clear again. They pitched their tent beside ours, and shortly afterwards we all rolled ourselves in our blankets, and lay down on our couch of Ferns[1] and Cedar branches, to dream of wild ducks and Red Deer.

1st October.

This was an uncommonly fine morning, with a light south-westerly breeze. We were up fully an hour before sunrise, and I pulled over to the drowned-lands opposite the camp shortly after the first peep of day. A thick fog came with the sun, and soon shut out everything from view, so that my prospects

as from the motion of the spear, it is evident that the animal is struck, the house is broken down and it is taken out. The principal seasons for taking the Musquash are, the autumn before the snowfalls, and the spring after it has disappeared, but while the ice is still entire. In the winter-time, the depth of snow prevents the houses and breathing-holes from being seen. One of the first operations of the hunter is to stop all the holes with the exception of one, at which he stations himself to spear the animals that have escaped being struck in their houses, and come hither to breathe. In the summer the Musquash burrows in the banks of the lakes, making branched canals many yards in extent, and forming its nest in a chamber at the extremity, in which the young are brought forth. When its house is attacked in the autumn it retreats to these passages, but in the spring they are frozen up. The Musquash is a watchful, but not a very shy animal. It will come very near to a boat or canoe, but dives instantly on perceiving the flash of a gun. It may be frequently seen sitting on the shores of small muddy islands in a rounded form, and not easily to be distinguished from a piece of earth, until on the approach of danger it suddenly plunges into the water. In the act of diving, when surprised, it gives a smart blow to the water with its tail."—Sir John Richardson, *quoted in* Knight's *Cyclopædia of Natural History*.

[1] *Polypodium Virginianum*.

of shooting were completely spoilt. I could hear Snipe[1] and Plover[2] crying all round me, and the ducks were splashing and feeding amongst the Wild Rice[3] on a low swampy island about eighty or a hundred yards away, which, however, might as well have been as many miles off, for all the chance I had of shooting its occupants.

Two years ago, Cinna and Glenlyon had splendid sport from this little amphibious island, which is sometimes in the water and sometimes out of it; but this season it is unapproachable by any means at our disposal.

The mosquitoes were exceedingly troublesome and very numerous, considerably to my astonishment, for I fancied they had all gone long ago. In the evening we picked up a few ducks, and during the day had some very tolerable fishing, but, on the whole, the weather was much too fine and warm for sport.

2nd October.

The morning broke clear, fine, and sunny, giving promise of such another hot day, that we resigned

[1] "The American Snipe—*Scolopax Wilsonii*—differs from the bird of Europe, in being about one inch smaller in every way, and in having two more feathers, sixteen instead of fourteen, in the tail."—*Spring Snipe Shooting, by* H. W. HERBERT.

[2] "Kildeer Plover—*Charadrius Vociferus*—of Linnæus. It is in the large open pastures of the lowlands that the Tell-tale dwells. The traveller, as he passes along, is startled by the sudden rise of a dozen or twenty of these birds, almost from under his feet, before unseen, but now manifesting their presence by the shrillest cries, as they wheel swiftly round in a large circle, alighting near the spot whence they arose."—GOSSE'S *Birds of Jamaica.*

[3] Wild Rice—*Zizania Aquatica*—of Linnæus.

all idea of either shooting or fishing; and, as soon as breakfast was over, we started for a visit to Lime Lake, which lies in the heart of the woods behind Oven Point. We pulled round into Guanonoqui Lake, and landing then on the south-eastern shore, struck into the forest. The shadow of the trees was most grateful in spite of an occasional mosquito, for the sun was already exceedingly hot, and the fresh fragrant exhalations from the surrounding vegetation, made our ramble through those woods enjoyable in the extreme.[1] Amongst the underbrush, we observed quantities of the common Winter-Green,[2] and of a species of Sarsaparilla,[3] which seemed unusually luxuriant. The little lake, sometimes called Mud Lake, was bordered with tallish reeds, which were likely-looking covers for wild ducks; but, at the time of our visit, they were wholly tenantless, and we returned to camp without having seen a single head of game of any kind. Lime Lake is about a quarter of a mile in circumference, and

[1] "The forest itself is not without a fragrance of its own. In the heat of summer, the sun extracts the most pleasing odour from the heated branches of the evergreens. In particular, where a Spruce has fallen and become somewhat withered, the fragrance exhaled by its prostrate foliage, is of the most delicious kind. It reminds one of the fresh smell of a basket of strawberries."—Captain HARDY'S *Sporting Adventures in the New World.*

[2] Creeping Winter-Green — *Gaultheria Procumbens.* The little red aromatic fruit of this plant is called the Partridge Berry, from the fact of its furnishing the Ruffed Grouse with their principal autumn food in some parts of the country: it gives their flesh a peculiarly delicate flavour.

[3] Common Sarsaparilla — *Smilax Sarsaparilla.*

there is another smaller sheet of water called Bass Lake close to it.

Fisher started off this afternoon to explore the woods behind our camp, whence he returned about sunset with a huge Porcupine,[1] and several marvellous tales of the wonders he had seen: amongst which the footprints of a large Bear were the most interesting to us. He also affirmed that he had discovered a lead-mine, a new lake, and a "Beaver

[1] "The Canadian Porcupine — *Hystrix Dorsata* — is abundant in the forests of the province. This animal is about two feet in length, and closely covered with long coarse brown hair, intermixed with sharp spines three inches long. These spines grow most numerously on the lower part of the back. They are extremely sharp, and on very close examination, their points will be found to be armed with minute barbs pointing downwards, thus rendering the quill, when once it has entered the flesh of a man or animal, difficult of extraction.

"The quills are of a dusky white colour, tipped with black. They are extensively used by the squaws in ornamenting sheets of birch-bark, with curious and gaudy designs. The squaws stain them of the brightest and most durable colours. Some of the dyes are procured at chymists; while others are extracted from flowers or bark. They preserve the secrets of obtaining these dyes with great caution.

"The Porcupine proves good eating in the fall, when in good condition, from feeding on blue-berries and beech-nuts. In the winter, they may constantly be seen on the branches, inaccessible to climbers of the hemlock; on the bark and foliage of which they feed at this season. They are dull creatures, slow of motion, and when surprised in a tree, will take no pains to escape, until knocked over by a shot or a stone. They live in dens under collected masses of rock, or roots of trees. In summer-time they peel the bark of young spruces, betraying by the conspicuous denuded stem, their whereabouts to the prowling Indian."—Captain HARDY'S *Sporting Adventures in the New World.*

meadow."[1] I fear my henchman's ignorance of mineralogy led him to mistake a bit of glittering mica for lead, but I have little doubt that his accounts of the lake and beaver-meadow were pretty correct: the former, in all probability, was scarcely a new discovery, and the latter certainly must have been long before deserted by its occupants.

[1] A Beaver-meadow is, I believe, the bed of a deserted beaver-pond, whence the water has been drained by the yielding of the dams. The following account of a beaver settlement will be read with interest:—

"We were now in a *beaver settlement*, and as my mule stepped cautiously through the deep water, I was amused by listening to the remarks of some soldiers, who imagined they saw in the ingenious structures before them the work of human hands, and rather hastily inferred, that they would now have no more half-rations.

"It is scarcely possible, indeed, for any one who sees these dams for the first time, to believe that they are the works of any but rational creatures, for nowhere is there the slightest indication of ignorance of the power of water, and the strength required for a wall that is to resist its pressure. No single dam is exposed to it along its whole breadth, but the structure is placed diagonally to the stream, and raised till the water collecting before it is found sufficiently deep. Quite at the end of the dam an opening is left, just large enough to prevent the superfluous water from flowing over the dam and injuring it, yet not so large as to allow the water to get too low for building the separate dwellings.

"The beaver is unfortunately so shy, that he can very seldom be seen at work, and the untiring industry of the builders can only be inferred from their works. In a beaver republic there are, it appears, two classes of works, namely, the public ones which are necessary for the welfare of the whole community,—such as the building of new and the repair of old dams, and the construction of the houses, which are built in stories, and so that the upper one rises above the surface of the water.

"In the first, the whole population, without distinction of sex

3rd October.

The forenoon has been fine and warm, but cloudy, and the afternoon very wet, with a south-westerly breeze. The weather seems to have broken at last, and I daresay we shall now have a good deal of rain before the winter sets in. I fancy we shall get no more good shooting this year: the water is unusually low in the drowned-lands, and, although there are millions of ducks, they are all but unapproachable.

or age, takes part, and their united strength will effect what at first would seem incredible. Overhanging trees of more than a foot in diameter are skilfully gnawed off so far that they must break and fall in; and fresh relays of workers are then at hand, to gnaw away the branches and any part of the trunk that may remain attached to the shore, so that it may easily be floated down to its place of destination. Other labourers are there awaiting it, having gone on before with sticks, mud, and earth, in order to secure the floating logs without loss of time; and fresh materials are continually brought and constantly added and secured, till at length the dam rises like a wall above the water; and the clever little builders, creeping along the top, smooth it with their broad tails, and so render it more solid, at the same time that they improve its appearance. Not till these public works are finished do the individual members of the community set about the erection of their private houses, in which no one concerns himself with the affairs of his neighbours, but consults his own wishes in the erection of his dwelling, and constructs a sleeping apartment above the surface of the water, where he can take his ease, while at the approach of danger he can slip below unperceived. These sagacious creatures also watch closely the height of the water; should it, through rains or any other cause, be increasing, some of the beavers go to the opening of the dam made to carry off the superfluous water and enlarge it; or should a long drought occur, they close it partly, or altogether, as circumstances may require.

The morning after our arrival, a Ruffed Grouse flew from the woods behind us across the river to Greenwood Island, passing within a few feet of our fire, without exhibiting the slightest alarm, even at the unusual appearance of our white tent; and just as the sun was setting, we were somewhat surprised to see him return from the opposite bank of the river, and disappear in the forests at our backs. Had we been on the look-out we could easily have shot him as he passed; but we were subsequently very glad that we had done nothing of the sort, for each succeeding morning, just about sunrise, our friend would fly over our tent on his daily trip to

"They appear in all things a peaceful, industrious community, perfectly understanding each other's actions; and in the whole proceedings of these harmless creatures, and of animals in general, as well as in the mysterious, irresistible power by which the plant shoots forth from the germ, we are continually led to admire the wise laws of nature, and bow before the great all-controlling creative power to which it owes its birth.

"The peculiar sagacity developed in the beaver when it lives in society, is not displayed by it in a solitary state. In such cases, it lives in a hole that it scrapes in the ground, and gnaws at trees and logs by a sort of blind instinct, without any plan or purpose; and in a state of captivity, its movements are awkward and very unlike what they are in freedom, but if taken young it easily accustoms itself to human society. I had a good opportunity of observing the beaver, when some time ago I made a voyage from New Orleans to Bremen, taking with me two young specimens, which, by their friendly ways and mournful, plaintive voices, very much resembling those of little children, used to amuse me much in the tedious time at sea. They were not sea-sick either, though a pair of huge grey bears, and some other beasts of prey, showed themselves very much indisposed, especially during a long-continued heavy gale."—MOLHAUSEN'S *Journey from the Mississippi to the Pacific.*

Greenwood Island, whence he regularly returned to his residence at sunset.[1]

We have not seen many land-birds during our sojourn in this place, but several times on moonlit nights I have heard the curious and peculiar cry of Snipe passing overhead, and occasionally the alarm-note of some startled Plover, whose apprehensions were excited by the sudden apparition of our fire. Rarely, however, has the utter silence of the wilderness been disturbed after sunset, unless by the hooting of an Owl[2] who resided near Fisher's Island, where he spent the hours of darkness in serenading his neighbours with the most approved owl-music.

4th October.

This was a most delicious morning: the rain continued until nearly dawn, and then the clouds cleared away, and a soft balmy breeze ushered in the sun. Nothing could exceed the freshness and fragrance of the air, nor the charming pureness of the

[1] "The Ruffed Grouse, after the broods have separated and left the hens, are the wildest and most wary birds I have ever pursued, when the woody nature of the haunts which they affect is taken into consideration. They have also the most rambling habit of any American game-bird, except the Turkey; it not being an uncommon thing for the single birds, or the small companies into which they sometimes form themselves, to wander on the foot, without taking wing at all, ten or twelve miles at a stretch, over rough hills and through deep woodlands. Add to this, that their favourite resorts are the steep ledgy sides of rocky hills, covered with thick wood, and that generally of evergreens, as pine, hemlock, or red cedar, with an undergrowth of the great mountain rhododendron, commonly known as laurel."—FRANK FORESTER'S *Field Sports of North America.*

[2] The Barred Owl—*Strix Nebulosa.*

sky. The ducks were moving about a good deal just before and after sunrise, and we killed some from the point while breakfast was being got ready. A somewhat remarkable incident occurred about that time, which I will endeavour to recount. I had shot a Black Duck and it had fallen into the water, about ten yards from land apparently dead. I called to Basset to push out in the skiff and pick it up; but as the boat approached it, the brute, who had some life still left in it, suddenly dived, and, oddly enough, did not come up again. After waiting for more than ten minutes in vain for its reappearance, Basset paddled the skiff quietly, so as not to disturb the water, which was very clear, to the spot where the duck had gone down, and, shading his eyes with his hands, he peered into the pure element. After a moment or two he exclaimed, "I see it;" and, presently, he fished up with the boat-hook a large weed, in which the duck, quite dead, was entangled. Whether its stay at the bottom of the river was accidental or intentional I cannot say, but the fact is as I have stated.

About eight o'clock, Nikta and I pulled down to the islands below the camp which I have before alluded to, while Fisher and Basset went off to the drowned-lands, the former to hunt up the ducks and the latter to fish. We did not return until pretty late in the afternoon, when the appearance of approaching rain brought us all back to camp. Fisher had managed to kill a very fair string of ducks of various kinds, amongst which was a Pintail; and Basset captured nearly half a boat-full of fish, but Nikta and I only bagged one Black Duck between

us. Amongst Basset's trophies were two of the beautiful but worthless little Moonfish.

Amongst the wild inhabitants of this unfrequented district, are several noble Bald-headed Eagles,[1] which doubtless breed here amidst the solitude of these woods and waters. They are really magnificent birds, and I have often stood and gazed with admiring eyes upon their graceful flight, as they sailed past us upon their strong muscular wings. To-day they came unusually close to the boat, and I was at last tempted to give one of them the benefit of an Eley's red cartridge of number 4 shot, which, however, he treated with most superb disdain, although we heard the leaden shower rattle against his wings.

It is now intensely dark, but only a few drops of rain have yet fallen. We have just experienced a tremendous north-westerly squall of wind, however, which hurried the usually quiet and calm Guanonoqui before it, until the waters broke in foam upon the rocky shore of Squaw Point, and obliged us to rush to the rescue of our boats, by lifting them quite out of its reach.

5th October.

The morning was dark and quite chilly, with a keen north wind. We were early astir, and just before daybreak Fisher and I started in a small canoe for Chokecherry Island,[2] where my henchman

[1] The Bald Eagle—*Haliaëtus Leucephalus.*

[2] So called from the trees of the Chokecherry—*Cerasus Virginiana*—which grow upon it.

picked up his ducks yesterday. This is a small islet lying in the drowned-lands, and exceedingly difficult of access. It was some time before we succeeded in finding a navigable passage through the old tree-trunks, and the sun had fairly risen ere we reached the shore of the little island. We landed immediately, and hid ourselves amongst the brushwood, which was sufficiently thick to afford us good cover. We had hardly got into our hiding-places, when some immense flocks of ducks went past us, and for fully half-an-hour they swept by in myriads, only a few, however, approaching within shot. Of these we gave a good account, and returned to camp in time for breakfast, with half-a-dozen fine Mallards.

Our time was up this morning, and at ten o'clock, breakfast being over, and the boats duly packed and loaded, we pushed off from Squaw Point on our return to Guanonoqui.

The sun at this moment shone out from the mass of clouds which had obscured the morning, and lit up the rainbow-tinted forest most gloriously. Crimson Maples, golden Hickories, purple Dogwoods, and dark green Pines, with a hundred other trees and shrubs, all coloured differently by the autumn frosts, combined to variegate the landscape, and presented an enchanting picture, such as no other land but America can show.[1]

[1] "In Europe, in Asia, in Africa, and even in South America, the primeval trees, however much their magnitude may arrest admiration, do not grow in the promiscuous style that prevails in the general character of the North American woods. Many

It was not without a sigh that I said farewell; and my faithful henchman seemed to participate in my feelings of regret at leaving so fair a scene, where we had spent many pleasant days at various times, far from the bustle and turmoil of this busy world. For some time we pulled in silence, and not a sound disturbed the deep repose of the wilderness, save the measured dip of the oars.

Adieu then, sweet Guanonoqui Lake, a long adieu; and may the happy hours I have spent upon thy silvery waters, and on thy gorgeous shores, be long treasured as a "green spot" in the trackless waste of memory![1]

varieties of the pine, intermingled with birch, maple, beech, oak, and numerous other tribes, branch luxuriantly over the banks of lakes and rivers, extend in stately grandeur along the plains, and stretch proudly up to the very summits of the mountains. It is impossible to exaggerate the autumnal beauty of these forests; nothing under heaven can be compared to its effulgent grandeur. Two or three frosty nights in the decline of autumn, transform the boundless verdure of a whole empire into every possible tint of brilliant scarlet, rich violet, every shade of blue and brown, vivid crimson, and glittering yellow. The stern, inexorable fir tribes alone maintain their eternal sombre green. All others, in mountains or in villages, burst into the most glorious vegetable beauty, and exhibit the most splendid and most enchanting panorama on earth."—McGREGOR'S *British America*.

[1] Poor Fisher is no more. He died some few years since of cholera, much regretted—I verily believe—by all who knew him. My readers will forgive this note to the memory of my faithful follower, who—though moving in humble life—was possessed of many of the finer qualities of our nature. For more than twenty years he was devoted and loyal to me and mine, and it makes me very sad to think that he and I shall never together again explore the mysteries of those glorious solitudes where we spent so many pleasant hours in days gone by.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN AFTERNOON'S MAGPIE-HAWKING.

"The falcon, poised on soaring wing,
Watches the wild duck by the spring."
SIR WALTER SCOTT—*Rokeby.*

THE meet was at the Corrin Bog, about two miles distant from the Barracks at Fermoy; and it was a little after twelve o'clock one bright winter's day, that H—— and I started at a brisk pace for the scene of action.

The weather was most glorious, being unusually clear and bright, and the landscape, although it was mid-winter, wore a look of more than common beauty under the influence of the unclouded sun. As we emerged from the barrack-gate, the bold and picturesque summits of the Galtese mountains at once arrested our attention; and we could not refrain from stopping to gaze at the beautiful picture, of which they formed the striking back-ground. Their towering crests were covered with snow, which shone like silver against the deep azure of the spotless sky, while the intervening country, rolling in deep undulations like the billows of a troubled sea, and dotted

with farms and demesnes amidst groups of trees, was lighted up by the afternoon sun most brilliantly. But our sport lay in a different direction, so, turning our backs upon the scene I have alluded to, we trudged on towards Cairn Tierna. This hill, though of inconsiderable altitude, is a prominent feature of the landscape in the immediate vicinity of Fermoy. It lies somewhere to the southward of the town, and impinges on the Cork road, which winds picturesquely round its eastern foot. To the left of this road the country sinks into a rather wettish bog, but rises again, at the distance of half-a-mile or so, into those beautiful undulations which are so characteristic of the loveliest of Irish counties. The bog is called the Corrin, and being a pretty sure find for Magpies,[1] we were rather sanguine respecting good sport.[2]

[1] *Pica Caudata.*

[2] "Magpie-hawking in a good country affords great amusement, from the extreme sagacity displayed by the quarry in its efforts to escape, requiring in consequence the active assistance of all present in order to effect its capture. An open common, with occasional bushes, is the best ground for the sport. The instant a Magpie is seen, a tiercel should be unhooded and thrown off, (the braces of the hood having been previously slackened, in order that the favourable moment should not be lost;) the Magpie immediately seeks shelter in the nearest bush, where it remains concealed until driven out by the cracking of the whips of the assistants: while passing to a second bush, the hawk, if in position, may be enabled to make his stoop; this the Magpie will avoid with great adroitness, taking advantage of every inequality in the ground that may aid him, even passing occasionally under the horses of the riders, and always endeavouring to make for some strong cover; it must be the object of his pursuers to prevent this, by driving him as much as possible into the open ground. A second hawk may now be cast off; but even with

As we neared the appointed place, we saw that the meet was likely to be a large one, for, not only were the gentlemen gathering fast, but a very fair sprinkling of ladies had made their appearance, as well as a perfect army of small boys, whose aid in hunting up the "Mags" proved subsequently most efficient.

this additional assistance it will be long before his resources fail him, and exhaustion alone will compel him to succumb. This sport has some analogy to fox-hunting, where both the objects of pursuit are themselves robbers, and at the same time fully equal to the emergency of their position. As this quarry in a good suitable country gives so much sport, of course falconers preserve them with as much jealousy as other sportsmen do the fox."—SALVIN *and* BRODRICK, *Falconry in the British Isles.*

"In the opinion of the late Sir John Sebright—one of the highest authorities on that subject—Magpies afford such animating sport, that he considered it far superior to every other kind of hawking."—KNOX's *Game-birds and Wild-fowl.*

"Magpie-hawking is practised with either passage falcons, hack-hawks, or well-trained eyases. On any open ground which presents a scattering of low trees and brushwood, excellent sport is often afforded by them. But as this bird is most dexterous at shifts and turns, it requires not only that two hawks be taken out, attended by numerous helpers, but likewise that all the other means employed against him should be of the most effective kind. It is the habit of the Magpie immediately it sees a hawk to retreat to a bush, from whence it is difficult to drive him, for as the hawk *waits on* in the air and cannot make her *stoop* until the Magpie moves, so cunning Mag sticks to the bush until actually beaten out of it. When, however, he is driven out, the hawk will *stoop* at him as he makes for another bush. Should the pitch of one hawk be too high, and cause her to miss her quarry, the other hawk being just cast off will probably arrest his progress. Even with these advantages, and the addition of several assistants, the shifts of the Magpie will frequently be so dexterously made, that both hawks will fail to strike him. Shy as he is at other times, the pie will now seek to shelter himself among the men and

A hawk[1] was on the wing as we arrived, and presently we descried the beautiful quarry skulking in a thorn-bush below. A wild scamper across the intervening meadow brought us all to the sanctuary of the devoted victim, and the poor Mag—in mortal terror of its winged foe—almost suffered us to lay hands upon it ere it quitted its retreat. It flew at last, however, and on the instant every throat lent its aid to swell the cry of "ha! ha! ha!"[2] as a warning to the tiercel.[3] None was needed by the noble bird, for, swift as the lightning's gleam, it descended from its airy height, and struck at the unlucky "pie." Mag, however, possessed a considerable amount of presence of mind, and as the tiercel swooped, he dodged it beautifully, and once more took refuge in a bush. In an instant the hawk was in the air

horses, or he will sneak into any nook or corner. Having escaped the first attack, poor Mag endeavours to wend his way to some strong cover, if any such be at hand, which must be prevented by the activity of the mounted attendants. If he take to a hedge, the utmost effort is required by all the attendants, particularly of the horsemen, to force him from it, by cracking their whips, and riding before and behind him, when, if he once faces the open, he is *raked*. Sir John Sebright enters into an animated detail of this sport, which he considers as superior to every other kind of hawking."—BLAINE'S *Encyclopædia of Rural Sports*.

[1] The Peregrine Falcon — *Falco Peregrinus* of Linnæus. Amongst falconers, the male is known as the Tiercel, and the female as the Falcon.

[2] When the game rises there should be some distinct short cry: many falconers still use the old cry of "Hooha, ha, ha, ha!" which resembles a wild laugh.—*Falconry in the British Isles.*

[3] The hawks to be used in pursuit of magpies, should be a cast of male Peregrines, called by falconers Tiercels.—*Illustrated London News.*

again, and the crowd rushed forward to drive the Magpie from his cover. A second, a third, and a fourth time, the same process was repeated, the tiercel swooping gloriously, and the pie dodging it with singular and successful skill. The fifth essay was doomed, however, to be the fatal one. Mag was either exhausted, or had lost his wits through fear and persecution, for he failed in his usual expedient, and fell beneath the talons of the noble hawk.

Where to find another bird was now the question: none had been seen, and we were almost beginning to despair, when a peasant, in an adjoining field, threw up his arms, and shouted at the top of a mighty pair of lungs the slogan, "ha! ha! ha!" In a moment we were all making the best of our way in the direction which he indicated: Captain S——, the owner of the hawks, leading with a fresh tiercel upon his wrist. We had to cross the road, and, consequently, two of the sod-topped stone-walls so plentiful in Ireland, but, by dint of scrambling, climbing, and tumbling, all the pedestrians were soon on the safe side of the second one; not so, the mounted folks, however; the majority of whom were riding frantically about in search of gaps, though there were one or two who cleared the stones in true sporting style: the English horses leaping clear, and the Irish nags scrambling, like cats, up one side and down the other of the obstacle. A wide meadow now lay before us, and away we went, helter-skelter, towards its remotest corner, where some one, with greater power of vision than the

common, had discovered the lurking Mag. A minute or two, and we had accomplished the intervening space, and there,—sure enough—sat our black-and-white-plumed friend hiding, as usual, in a thorn-bush. As luck would have it, there was not another tree or bush within at least a hundred yards, and, consequently, there was every prospect of the Mag's skill in dodging being fairly tested. By the judicious use of sundry sticks in close proximity to his mag-ship, the wary bird was forced to trust himself upon the wing; the hawk was unhooded,— flown, and, almost before we could look round, we heard the *swish* of its wings, and the merry tinkle of its bells,[1] as it descended with the speed of an arrow on its prey. A prolonged "who-whoop!" proclaimed that the swoop had been a fatal one, and announced to those who were not near enough to see the victory of the tiereel.

For nearly half-an-hour after this the hawks were idle, our host of beaters having failed to draw another Magpie from the hedges and clumps of thorn-bushes, that were usually so prolific of their game; however, after a time, a third bird was dis-

[1] "Formerly the tone of the hawk-bells was an important consideration, so much so that they were imported from Germany, as being made in no other country to produce so much or so clear a tone, which was attributed to the silver introduced into their manufacture. According to the 'Booke of St. Alban's,' the Milan hawking bells were to be so prepared, that one bell should be a semitone higher than the other. The leathern-eared moderns are less refined, and a pair now lying before the writer, are twins in sound and size, and yet are true hawk-bells."—BLAINE'S *Encyclopædia of Rural Sports.*

covered down in the wettest part of the bog, close to a tangled mass of grass and bushes. We at once started in pursuit, and, after a considerable expenditure of breath, and no insignificant exercise of muscle, we found ourselves close at the heels of the man who had found the Magpie. Then commenced a most amusing chase; the pie was a knowing one, and he seemed to be thoroughly aware that the surface of the earth, in his vicinity, did not furnish particularly secure footing: he managed to dodge about the clump of bushes, until some half-dozen of his pursuers, including one equestrian, had tasted the sweets of a sudden and involuntary immersion in a treacherous bog-hole, where the water, though of no great depth, was of a temperature not far removed from the freezing-point of Fahrenheit. While these catastrophes—amusing to all but the actors therein—were occurring, the beautiful hawk was on the wing, cutting the air in concentric circles with an easy and graceful flight some fifty yards above the ground, and, ever and anon, making a half-swoop downwards, as if practising for one grand final effort. It was presently required; for the Magpie soon afterwards unwisely left his shelter, and darted out into the open, towards another group of thorn-trees. Almost before the first syllable of the cry "ha! ha!" rang through the air, the tiercel had stooped successfully, and poor Mag had paid the penalty of his rashness with his life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MORNING RIDE IN ENGLAND.

"Look from the ancient mountains down,
My noble English boy!
Thy country's fields around thee gleam
In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have roll'd since foeman's march
Pass'd o'er that old, firm sod;
For well the land hath fealty held,
To freedom and to God!

Gaze proudly on! my English boy!
And let thy kindling mind
Drink in the spirit of high thought,
From every chainless wind!"

Mrs. HEMANS—*The English Boy.*

IT was a bright and splendid morning in the second week of May.[1] The pale soft azure of the sky was pleasantly relieved by a few thin white

[1] It is possible, from my non-acquaintance with the sport of Heron-Hawking, that I may have fallen into some trifling errors, while recording the incidents of this chapter, as it has been entirely written from "hearsay evidence," without the opportunity of correction by any of those who were present on the occasion alluded to. I have, however, taken as much care as possible to avoid such a contingency, and I trust not unsuccessfully.

clouds, that seemingly hung motionless in the balmy atmosphere of spring, so calm and still were the wonted breezes of that fragrant season; and the broad sun shot down his bright, but tempered rays upon a lovely English landscape, lighting up the blooming valleys and verdant uplands with his lustrous beams, until every dewdrop flashed like a diamond amidst the rich green grass, still saturated with the moisture of the preceding night, and the gorse-bushes[1] on the hill-sides gave back the radiance of the great luminary like a galaxy of golden stars.

On our right, in the bottom of the gentle valley, the little river stole quietly onward, its clear waters murmuring softly as they swept over the cool round pebbles that studded its glittering bed of silvery sand—now exposed to the full blaze of the warm sun, and anon hidden by the dense shadow cast over it by miniature groves of Alders,[2] and clumps of fragrant Hawthorn,[3] redolent of perfume, and looking as if they were enshrouded in a mass of fresh and unsullied snow-flakes.

For a long distance we could trace the winding course of the sweet little brook by the trees and bushes that grew upon its grassy banks, which in some places sank almost to the level of the water, and in others rose rapidly to the height of two or three feet above it. On either side of the rivulet the meadows sloped gently upwards for a short

[1] Common Gorse—*Ulex Europæus.*
[2] Common Alder—*Alnus Gutinosa.*
[3] Hawthorn—Whitehorn or May—*Cratægus Oxyacantha.*

distance, and then, changing into long swelling undulations, broken only in one place by a shelf of gorse-covered rock, they gradually attained to a considerable altitude above the stream, until they ended upon our left in a range of low, but picturesque hills, which cut clear and sharp against the dappled sky of morning, and upon our right were bounded by tall and verdant hedgerows, which effectually screened the country beyond them from our view.

The whole landscape was glowing in the loveliness of a warm and sunny springtime—the green rich grass, studded with the clustering heads of myriads of snowy Daisies,[1] varied profusely by blue-eyed Violets[2] and yellow Buttercups,[3] stretched far and away in every direction, until the eye reached the hills and hedgerows that limited the view. Here and there an ancient Oak[4] spread his broad arms over the smiling sward, and occasionally a ponderous Elm[5] was seen displaying the rich fresh greenery of his young foliage to the sunshine, and contrasting the bright colour of his leaves with the still brighter hue of the grass beneath.

Hundreds of Swallows[6] were on the wing, darting hither and thither in their tireless flight, and pursuing the insects which had been but newly wakened

[1] Common Daisy—*Bellis Perennis.*

[2] Dog Violet—*Viola Canina;* and Sweet-scented Violet—*Viola Odorata.*

[3] Buttercup—*Ranunculus Acris.*

[4] Common British Oak—*Quercus Pedunculata.*

[5] Common English Elm—*Ulmus Campestris.*

[6] Common Swallow—*Hirundo Rustica.*

into life, while scores of Skylarks[1] rendered the whole air vocal with their melodious songs, as they soared upwards through the soft blue ether, each one seemingly endeavouring to rise higher than his fellow.

It was on such a morning, and in such a scene, that I took my first lesson in the lordly sport of Heron-Hawking.[2] My cousin and I had ridden with a couple of ladies from Hildon Hall, where there was a small heronry, in the early morning, and had reached the spot I have denoted—a distance of some five or six miles, about seven o'clock, in the expectation of meeting the birds as they returned from their morning meal, which they were accustomed to take at a place some three miles further down the river, where the stream wound through some marshy meadows, and afforded good feeding to the long-legged wanderers.

Our party was an unusually small one, and our expedition entirely private, for, although the possessor of some well-trained hawks, and a great admirer of the noble sport of Falconry, my cousin was very fond of his herons, and rarely ran the risk of injuring them, even to indulge himself or his friends with an aerial chase.

[1] Skylark—*Alauda Arvensis.*

[2] "The Heron has, at all times, been considered the most noble quarry at which the falconer could test the qualities of his favourite birds; the height to which it will rise in the air when pursued, together with the powerful weapon of defence it carries, being such as to try to the utmost the courage and endurance of the boldest falcon."—SALVIN *and* BRODRICK, *Falconry in the British Isles.*

The falconer and some few attendants having preceded us on foot, we left the Hall about day-break—my cousin mounted on a powerful roan hunter, the ladies upon beautiful grey Barbs, and I bestriding my favourite Irish horse Black Selim, on whose back I had witnessed many a good run in the Emerald Isle.

As we rode along quietly towards the place I have attempted to describe, the conversation naturally enough turned upon hawking, and I expressed surprise that my cousin went out so very rarely.

"The chief reason," said he, "is that my heronry is very small as yet, and for a few years I wish to disturb the birds as little as possible; besides, though I keep falcons, and, generally speaking, well-trained ones, I am not so enthusiastically attached to the sport as you imagine. I infinitely prefer shooting or fishing, and it is only now and then that I give my hawks a flight: moreover, although it is a species of heresy to say so, I think that the pursuit of Herons is inferior to that of other birds: to my mind the chief attraction of the sport is the falcon's stoop, and in heron-hawking you are generally too distant from the birds to see this well."

"I am rather inclined to think you are right," I answered, "but as yet I have never seen hawks flown at higher game than rooks or pigeons, so I cannot judge: how many falcons have you brought this morning?"[1]

[1] These hawks were Peregrines—*Falco Peregrinus*—the handsomest and bravest, in my opinion, of the whole race. They are slowly but surely becoming extinct in England from the con-

"Only two—indeed they are all our establishment can boast of at present, for the rest of my hawks are tiercels,[1] and most of them untrained. Kate," he continued, addressing one of the ladies, "I'll stake my Shetland pony against a pair of Barbary doves, that Diana binds[2] before your favourite this morning."

"Agreed," exclaimed his sister, laughing; "and you may consider the wager as already won and lost, for my peerless Maude would die ere she allowed herself to be vanquished by that little creature;" and,

stant war waged against them by game-keepers, and bird and egg-collectors. Would that Colonel Hamilton's eloquent appeal might find its way to those who are doing their utmost to destroy this royal bird, and that it might fall on no unheeding ears!

"Spare the eyrie, samphire-gatherer, spare the eggs, sea-boy; but above all, by whatever name you may call him—'blue-hawk,' 'partridge-hawk,' 'pigeon-hawk,' 'great hawk,' when he visits your stony hills, your chalky downs, even if in his passage he should strike down a partridge before your very face, O keeper, O game-preserver, spare the noble Peregrine. Believe me you may, with very little damage to yourself. At home among his own preserves, the gull and the sea-fowl I have said are his—inland, the rook; abroad on his forage, he will not, he cannot hurt you much. The pheasant is at all times perfectly safe from his stoops; he cannot enter a cover. He is pre-eminently the lord of open wolds; he must have scope for his long strong wing, and even the partridge is comparatively safe, for he can only strike his game when on the wing."—COLONEL HAMILTON'S *Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman.*

[1] "In all raptorial birds, the female is larger and more powerful than the male, and in this species is styled *the falcon*, par excellence; the male, *the tiercel*."—KNOX'S *Game Birds and Wild Fowls.*

[2] Bind—to fasten on the quarry whilst in the air.—SALVIN *and* BRODRICK.

as she spoke, she caressed the splendid bird, which seemed conscious of her voice and hand, if not of the substance of her speech.

My cousin had by this time relieved the falconer of the other hawk, and he and Kate rode on quietly with the hooded falcons on their wrists, as knight and lady would have done in "the brave days of old."

For a short time nothing more was said, when presently my cousin exclaimed, "Here comes a Heron,[1] and a large one too: I wonder what makes him fly so low!" As he spoke, all eyes were turned in the direction which he indicated, and we plainly saw the bird winging his slow and heavy flight in our direction. As he approached us, he rose higher into the air, though he did not alter his course, and by the aid of our glasses, we could see that his pouch was full of food. Some distance behind came another, and then another, all flying slowly towards the heronry.

My cousin had been attentively examining the leading bird through his glass for some moments, and, just as we were expecting to hear him give the signal to cast off the falcons, he exclaimed, "Let this one pass, and we will send the hawks after the next."

The devoted quarry came on steadily, but to our impatient minds very slowly, until at last the signal was given, and both hawks were flown together. The Heron saw them instantly, and his

[1] Common Heron—*Ardea Cinerea*.

hoarse cry of "crake, crake," denoted his alarm; while, as he rose upwards, by a circular flight, he disgorged the contents of his stomach, and a shower of small fish came rapidly down to earth. It was most exciting and interesting to watch the manœuvres of the three birds as they ascended rapidly through the air, the wily Heron being evidently well aware that his greatest danger lay in allowing the hawks to get above him. Upward—still upward they all went; but, presently, the superior power of flight on the part of the falcons told visibly, and we could see that they were both getting rapidly above the terrified quarry, who continued rising in the air, while he made the best of his way homeward at the same time.

It was good riding ground all along to the Hall, so we had no difficulty in keeping the chase in view. Every eye was strained heavenward, and the horses were left entirely to their own judgment as to their movements. Presently one of the hawks stooped with lightning speed, but the Heron was wide awake, and his enemy missed her stroke, the impetus with which she descended carrying her some distance below the game. She rapidly resumed her upward flight, however, and next moment the other falcon also stooped, and failed in the same manner.

The hawks dashed downwards with such velocity, that after every unsuccessful attempt they descended far below the quarry before they could recover themselves, and the knowing old Heron was not slow to profit by this occurrence; more par-

ticularly as it so happened that both falcons stooped within a moment or two of each other. Four several times the two peregrines struck at the devoted Heron without touching him, and the chase had got so far above us, that we could scarcely see their movements distinctly. It seemed to me that the Heron would surely escape, and I was beginning to feel a sort of sympathy for the poor bird, and to hope that he would make good his retreat in safety, when a shout from my cousin announced that one of the falcons had at last succeeded. It proved to be Diana, the smaller bird of the two, and presently down began to come Heron and hawk together, the other falcon "binding" also during the descent. We put our horses to a gallop, and reached the ground before the birds,—a very necessary part of the performance by the way, for, powerless to do harm as the Heron is while on the wing, he becomes a formidable adversary to the hawks when prostrate on the ground; so that unless the falconer be rapid in his movements, or his falcons particularly well trained and experienced, they run much risk from the long bill of the quarry, which he uses with great force and accuracy.

Diana, the older hawk of the two, unbound some few feet before they reached the earth, and next moment the other followed her example. At this crisis we arrived, and my cousin, springing off his horse, put his foot upon the Heron's neck, and carefully examined him, while the falcons were

"waiting on"[1] overhead, to ascertain if he had received any serious injury; but such was not the case, the grasp of the hawks having only slightly wounded the stately bird, and displaced some of his thick coat of feathers. He was not permitted to continue his flight homewards, however, until the falcons were lured and re-hooded, when my cousin released him, and sent him off much more frightened than hurt. He was doubtless, however, not a little glad to get away so easily, if one might judge by the precipitancy of his departure, and the pace at which he flew.

[1] In hawking parlance, this means the falcons are soaring in circles above the head of the falconer, in expectation of the game being sprung.—SALVIN *and* BRODRICK.

CHAPTER XIX.

HENDRICK'S STORY.

"Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The mountain-bull comes thundering on.
SIR WALTER SCOTT—*Cadyow Castle.*

IT was during the hot season of 1854, that Duncan and I were out for two months' shooting on the banks of the Taptee River, not far from Burhampore, in the Bombay Presidency. The heat was intense, and the fierce sun poured down his fervid beams upon our devoted heads with most fearful power; yet, some way or other, we thought not of it, but day after day were in the jungles, getting good sport amongst the Sambur[1] and Cheetul or

[1] "The Sambur, or Black Rusa Deer—*Cervus Aristotelis.* He is a noble animal, nearly as large as the elk, and indeed is generally so called by European sportsmen in the Madras Presidency. He is found all over India, and in the jungles of the Low Country is said to grow to the height of sixteen hands. This I can believe to be the case, from the immense size of some heads I have seen, although I have never met with a specimen myself, either on the hills or in the Low Country, that exceeded fourteen

Spotted Deer,[1] and every now and then becoming victors in an exciting conflict with the fierce and lordly Bison.[2]

hands and a half in height. The horns are as large in proportion to the size of the animal, as those of the common red deer, and are nearly of the same form, differing only in this respect, that although they increase annually in size, they never acquire more than two antlers, the brow antler and another near the top of the beam. The neck and shoulders of the male are covered with long shaggy hair, susceptible of being raised like the mane of the lion, which gives the animal a very grand appearance when excited. The stag is very strong and vicious, and stands resolutely at bay when wounded and unable to escape. The natives declare that he frequently attacks the bison, and that they have witnessed desperate encounters between them."—*The Old Forest Ranger.*

[1] "The Cheetul or Spotted Deer—*Axis.* The spotted axis, in size and form, nearly resembles the fallow-deer. It is found in India and the larger islands of the Indian Archipelago, and is very abundant in Bengal and on the banks of the Ganges. It haunts the thick jungles in the vicinity of water and reeds at night. It is timid, indolent, and mild, excepting when the females have young, and then the male is bold and fierce. It is easily domesticated, and has been kept with success in menageries and open parks, to both of which, its form and colour make it an elegant ornament."—*Penny Cyclopædia.*

[2] "The Gour, according to Captain Rogers, occurs in several mountainous parts of Central India, but is chiefly found in Myn Pât or Mine Paut, a high insulated mountain with a tabular summit, in the province of Sergojah, in South Bahar. This table-land, is about thirty-six miles in breadth, by twenty-four or twenty-five miles in medial breadth, and rises above the neighbouring plains probably two thousand feet. The sides of the mountain slope with considerable steepness, and are furrowed by streams, that water narrow valleys, the verdant banks of which are the favourite haunts of Gours. On being disturbed, they retreat into the thick jungles of saul-trees, which cover the sides of the whole range. The south-east side of the mountain pre-

Our camp was in the midst of the jungle, on the crest of a beautiful ravine nearly two miles from

sents an extensive mural precipice, from twenty to forty feet high. The rugged slopes at its foot are covered by impenetrable green jungle, and abound with dens formed of fallen blocks of rock, the suitable retreats of tigers, bears, and hyenas. The western slopes are less rugged, but the soil is parched, and the forests seem withered by excess of heat. The summit of the mountain presents a mixture of open lawns and woods. There were once twenty-five villages on Myn Pât, but these have been long deserted, on account of the numbers and ferocity of the beasts of prey. On this mountain, however, the Gour maintains his seat. The Indians assert that even the tiger has no chance in combat with the full-grown Gour, though he may occasionally succeed in carrying off an unprotected calf. The wild buffalo abounds in the plains below the mountains, but he so much dreads the Gour, according to the natives, that he rarely attempts to invade its haunts."—KNIGHT'S *Cyclopædia of Natural History.*

"The scent of the Bison is very keen; and it requires all a hunter's cunning and knowledge of wood-craft, to get near a herd in jungles where they have been fired at. They have been killed in the Courg country, as I have been positively and credibly informed, of the great height of twenty-two hands. The largest I myself have killed was about eighteen hands or six feet at the shoulder."—CAPTAIN SHAKESPEAR'S *Wild Sports of India.*

"The great forest which extends along the western coast of the Peninsula of India, being the only part of the world in which that rare animal, the Indian Bison, has hitherto been found, and the extreme wildness of the animal, together with the unhealthy nature of the jungle which he inhabits, rendering the pursuit of him a work of considerable difficulty and even of danger, his name has not till of late years found its way into the pages of natural history; and even now the animal is only known by name to the naturalists of Europe; no perfect specimen having ever been brought to this country.

"The Indian Bison, *Gaour*, or Jungle Koolgha (*Bos Gaurus*), is the largest known animal of the genus *Bos*. The following

the bank of the river, a lovely crystal stream of almost two hundred yards in breadth. A noble Ban-

are the accurate dimensions of two specimens, male and female which I have just killed. The measurements were taken immediately after death, and without following the curve of the body. The length was taken with the tape, between two upright sticks, one placed at the nose, and the other at the insertion of the tail; the height was measured in like manner, from the spurious hoof of the fore-leg to the top of the shoulder, the length of the foot being omitted to allow for the diminution of the length of the limb, which would be occasioned by the weight of the animal when standing:—

	ft.	in.		ft.	in.
Height at the shoulder.....Bull	6	1	Cow	5	5
Height to top of dorsal ridge	5	5		5	10
Length from nose to insertion to tail.	9	0		8	5
Girth of body behind shoulder	8	0			
Girth of fore-leg above the knee ...	2	6		2	0
Girth of neck	4	3			
Breadth of forehead	1	3½			

"I had no means of weighing the animals, but judging from the weight of the bull's head, which was as much as two men could carry slung between them on a bamboo, it must be enormous.

"The Bison inhabits the heavy forest jungle, along the whole line of the western coast of India. They generally go in herds of from ten to fifteen, and are found in the morning and evening, in the small open glades of the forest, where they feed during the night on the rich grass and tender shoots of the bamboo, which spring up in these spots after the monsoon. They retire for shelter during the heat of the day, to the thickest recesses of the forest, where it is very difficult to find them.

"The bison is naturally a fierce animal, and particularly so when wounded. If not brought down or disabled by the first shot, he almost invariably charges, and I have known instances of his being the first to commence hostilities. They are much dreaded by native hunters, more so even than the tiger—indeed

yan [1] sheltered the tent from the burning rays of the sun, and round us were clustered hundreds of Date-palms [2] and other trees, in whose branches myriads of green parrots chattered and screamed throughout the day; while, at night the cries of the hyenas,[3] and the prolonged "ooh-oohs" of the spotted deer, roused the echoes of the jungle, and reminded us of the life which swarmed about us. The country in the

there are few except the *Seedees*,* who will venture to attack them on foot; and I have met with many who refused even to act as guides in those parts of the forest which they frequent."—*The Old Forest Ranger.*

[1] "The Banian, or Burr Tree—*Ficus Indica* of Linnæus, is one of the most curious and beautiful of Nature's productions in that genial climate, where she sports with so much profusion and variety. Each tree is in itself a grove, and some of them are of an amazing size; as they are continually increasing, and, contrary to most other animals and vegetable productions, seem to be exempted from decay; for every branch from the main body throws out its own roots, at first in small tender fibres, several yards from the ground, which continually grow thicker; until, by a gradual descent they reach its surface; where striking in, they increase to a large trunk, and become a parent tree, throwing out new branches from the top. These in time suspend their roots, and receiving nourishment from the earth, swell into trunks, and shoot forth other branches; thus continuing in a state of progression so long as the first parent of them all supplies her sustenance."—FORBES' *Oriental Memoirs.*

[2] East Indian Date—*Phœnix Acaulis.*

[3] Striped Hyena—*Hyæna Striata.*

* "The Seedees are a wild race, who inhabit the jungles on the western coast of India. They are evidently of African origin, and are said to be descendants of African slaves, who fled from the early Portuguese settlers at Goa, and took refuge in the jungles. They are fine bold fellows, and the only *Shikarees* I have met with who care to attack the bison."—*The Old Forest Ranger.*

neighbourhood was undulating, and intersected with numerous deep ravines; while a range of hills of considerable height and size rose about two or three miles away. The jungle extended everywhere; high rank grass thickly sprinkled with the trees of those latitudes; amongst which were conspicuous the Peepul,[1] the Baubul,[2] and the Mauha.[3] Game was plentiful and various; and the brawling brooklets, which in almost every case wound their noisy way at the bottom of the ravines, afforded us a sure find for both species of deer, which flocked to their waters to drink. The ruins of various deserted villages met us frequently in our rambles, but we could not conjecture their history: they were utterly solitary and desolate.

Although the thermometer rose almost daily to the height of 110° in the shade, the nights were cool and pleasant, enabling us to sleep comfortably, and to rise each morning refreshed, and ready to renew

[1] "*Ficus Religiosa* — the sacred Peepul-tree of the Hindoos, who hold it in superstitious veneration, because their deity Vishnoo is fabled to have been born under its branches. The leaves are heart-shaped, long, pointed, wavy at the edge, not unlike those of some poplars, and, as the footstalks are long and slender, the leaves actually tremble like those of the aspen."—KNIGHT'S *Cyclopædia of Natural History.*

[2] Baubul—*Acacia Arabica.*

[3] "*Bassia Latifolia.* A mountain tree, the petals of which have a sweet odour, and contain a saccharine substance, from which the natives distil a very intoxicating spirit. The nuts of this tree contain a great deal of oil, which is used as butter, and in the manufacture of candles, soap," &c.—HONIGBERGER'S *Thirty-five Years in the East.*

with unabated vigour our pursuit of the game around us.

We wore jackets and trousers of American brown drill, ordinary walking shoes, and leather helmets, which afford the only really safe protection for the head against an Indian sun.

Both Duncan and I shot without beaters, and unattended, except by a single shikaree, who occasionally carried a second gun or rifle. Sometimes we went out together, but, more frequently would part company early in the day, and not see one another again, until we met at the camp in the evening.

On the morning of my story we had breakfast about eight o'clock, and immediately afterwards, I started on my Deccanee pony,[1] attended by the horse-keeper, and by my shikaree, for a regular long day's sport. My rifle was out of order, so I contented myself with a smooth-bore, and the shikaree, as frequently happened, was entirely unarmed. The day, as usual, was intensely hot, but my leather hat was so thoroughly sun-proof, that I felt no inconvenience from the fiery beams of the great luminary; and I rode on, if not sanguine of good sport, at all events unsuspicious of the ill-luck which was in store for me.

[1] "I have bred horses for many years in the Deccan: and if I had chosen to sell my colts, when I had sometimes high offers for them, I might have carried on a lucrative trade; for I am quite convinced that no foreign horse that is imported into India—except the Arab, which comes from a hot climate—can work in the sun, and in all weathers, like the horse bred in the Deccan."—CAPTAIN SHAKESPEAR'S. *Wild Sports of India.*

The river was, as I have said, about two miles from our camp, and I struck directly for it: my way, of course, lying wholly through the jungle.

The jungles and forests of the East are never entirely still, though during the great heat of the day they are more silent and apparently more deserted than at any other time. It is true that the harsh music of the cicada[1] is almost always to be heard, and the noon-day wanderer will frequently behold gorgeous butterflies upon the wing, or startle some lazy lizard from the log on which he may be resting; but, comparatively speaking, the woods seem almost solitary and untenanted, though in reality the multitudes of living beings which swarm in these tropical forests are almost beyond credibility. I moved on my way quietly, crossed the Taptee, and had gained about four miles' distance from the camp, without disturbing the slumbering world of organic life around me, when I dismounted, and, having left my pony with the horse-keeper, I proceeded on foot, followed by the shikaree. We had gone on for several miles through grassy plains interspersed with trees without starting a single head of game; when I suddenly discovered some Cheetul in a beautiful ravine, clothed with Peepul, Banyan, and Mauha trees. I managed to get within a hundred yards of them; but there ended my success. I missed with both barrels, and had the mortification of seeing my herd of Cheetul take to their heels and rapidly disappear from view. After this exploit, I thought I

[1] An insect belonging to the sub-order *Homoptera*, which has the power of producing a loud, chirping noise.

would have a drink of water, and down I went to quench my thirst in the beautiful Taptee. The river was thereabouts nearly one hundred and fifty yards in width, but it was rather shallow, and near the margin, its surface was broken by numerous stones, which, at the time I speak of, were projecting some inches above the water-mark. I jumped carelessly from stone to stone, and nearly reached a spot where the water seemed particularly clear and tempting, when, as ill-luck would have it, my foot slipped, and in I went, gun, ammunition, and all. I scrambled out, however, almost as rapidly as I had tumbled in; and, fortunately, upon examination, I found my powder had escaped the wetting, which I had got so thoroughly. My caps, though, were not so lucky, and I was obliged to expose them to the sun, to dry them; a process, to which I also submitted my clothes at the same time. When the greater portion of the superfluous moisture had disappeared from my garments, and I had got my shooting apparatus in working order once more, I resumed my walk and had accomplished some two miles further, when I observed a herd of Bison feeding on a gentle hill, about eight hundred yards away. I was by this time in the bottom of the ravine, and the Bison were on the slope above me. I saw that they had not discovered me, and that with care I had every chance of getting within range; so I tossed up some light leaves to find the direction of the wind, and then, getting dead to leeward of the herd, I began my approach with the shikaree at my heels. In order to avoid being seen, we were obliged to

advance very stealthily and cautiously; and it was somewhere about half-an-hour afterwards, that, by dint of stooping and creeping, I found myself within about forty yards of a large Bull-Bison—which I suddenly discovered lying down behind a bush,—and, without waiting for him to rise, I fired. In an instant he was on his legs, and the next moment the herd which I had been in pursuit of, consisting of about twenty in number, rushed out of the nullah, and scampered up-wind, as hard as they could tear; followed by the bull that I had fired at. After they had gone about two hundred yards, I observed the bull separate from the herd, and then I knew that my bullet had hit him. I followed as quietly as possible, after reloading; and when I had gone about five hundred yards further, having lost and gained sight of the Bison several times during the chase I discovered him lying down in the grass, about two hundred yards away. I kept on quietly, hoping to get much closer to him; but he was on the look-out for me, and before I could arrive within shot, he jumped up and continued his flight, running about three hundred yards further, and then lying down again. I still kept on, and this time he waited for me, and when I had got within forty or fifty yards of him, he jumped up again and charged straight at me. I lowered my gun as he approached, and fired at his head, but seemingly without any result. He was then close upon me, and it flashed through my mind that I would spring out of his way and fire at him as he passed me, instead of trying to check his onset with my remaining bullet. With this inten-

tion I waited until he had come within three or four yards, and then darted behind a tree that was close by. I made certain that he would pass me in his charge, and that I should get a good side shot at him; but this was not to be. As I moved, he turned after me, and came straight at the tree. I still thought I must be safe, as the trunk of the tree was between us, but somehow or other his horn caught me and sent me sprawling. Like lightning he was upon me, and before I had time to think of my danger, and the little chance I had of escape, he tossed me twice about four or five feet in the air, and then sent me spinning up about twelve feet. After this exploit he left me, and I at once scrambled up into the tree as well as I could.

As soon as I had got into the tree I began to look around me, and saw the Bison watching me about three hundred yards away. I could not imagine why he had left me, nor to this day do I know the reason of his retreat, which, however, saved my life. I speedily began to feel faint, and, thinking it was caused by the sun on my unprotected head, for I had lost my hat, I endeavoured to screw myself behind the stem of the tree: I succeeded literally in doing this, and soon recovered from my faintness. My enemy was, however, still watching me, and I began to wonder how long I should have to sit perched up there like a bird amongst the branches, or what would be the end of the whole affair, when I heard a tree violently shaken not far from me, and the next moment the Bison put up his tail and made off at full speed. When he was gone,

I got down from the tree, and my shikaree then made his appearance. He had climbed up into another tree which stood close by, and had frightened away the Bison by shaking the branches violently. I felt more thirsty than faint or wounded, and, having sent my attendant for some water—which he brought me in my hat from a neighbouring pool—I drank a large quantity with immense relief. I then began to think of moving towards the camp, and the shikaree having collected all my scattered property, I got up to start, when I happened to put my hand behind me, and, to my surprise, I found a wound there as large as my clenched fist, from which the blood was fast trickling. I immediately took off my jacket, and, having bound it round my body to stop the bleeding, I put on my shoes and began to walk towards the camp, leaning on my shikaree. After going about half a mile, I felt my shoulder paining me, and, upon examination, I discovered another wound. I had still nearly three miles to walk before I came to my horse, but this was accomplished after a time, and, having mounted, I made my horse-keeper lead the pony into camp, where I arrived a little after sunset.

When I reached our temporary home, my butler, or head-servant, stripped me and dressed my wounds, which were rather severe. In addition to the two already mentioned, we discovered another behind the ear, besides numerous scratches and bruises; in fact, I was pretty well battered all over, and hence, I suppose, the reason why I did not feel the severer wounds so much.

Duncan was still away when I arrived, and by ten o'clock, I was beginning to be alarmed, lest he should have met with some accident. I sent out the shikaree to fire signal-shots, but it was of no use: they were not even replied to, and I felt almost certain that something serious had occurred: however, about midnight, my friend returned, after a pretty long day's hunt.

He, too, had met a huge Bison, and had attacked him, but with a more satisfactory result than that in my case; he had fallen in with the brute upon the open plain, had been charged, but, having successfully sprung out of the way, he waited for the Bison to charge again, and then quietly bowled him over. When measured, the huge animal proved to be seven feet in height.

He had shot him towards the evening, and had been detained denuding him of his skin and getting him brought into camp.

Duncan sent to the officer commanding at Burhampore for assistance and conveyance, and two days afterwards a cart was sent which took me safely to the cantonment; where I remained a month and a half. It was twice that length of time, however, before I was fit for anything again, and more than a year ere I recovered from my adventure with the Bison.

CHAPTER XX.

AN INDIAN SUMMER DAY.

"There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And from a beaker, full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods."

LONGFELLOW—*Autumn.*

To my mind, one of the most lovely water-fowl in the world is the Summer Duck—otherwise the Wood Duck—of North America. His exquisite plumage, though displaying no brighter colours than glossy green and lustrous purple, is the most perfect combination of richness and delicate beauty that can be imagined;[1] and he is a fitting denizen of those bright and matchless rivers,[2] which streak the wil-

[1] This bird is the *Anas Sponsa* of Linnæus, and the *Dendronessa Sponsa* of Swainson.

[2] "The most renowned of our English rivers dwindle into muddy rills when compared with the sublimity of the Canadian waters. No language can adequately express the solemn grandeur of her lake and river scenery; the glorious islands that float, like visions from fairy-land, upon the bosom of these azure mirrors of her cloudless skies. No dreary breadth of marshes, covered with flags, hides from our gaze the expanse of heaven-tinted waters; no foul mud-banks spread their unwholesome ex-

dernesses of Canada and the United States with long lines of dancing silver.

Although by no means a shy duck — comparatively speaking — he frequents the most secluded forest-streams and lakes, and hence he is but seldom found congregating amongst the myriads of other birds of this tribe, which give life and animation to the vast inland waters of the western continent.

Generally speaking, the Wood-Duck affords most excellent eating,[1] rivalling, in my estimation, the famed Canvass-Back; but he is by no means so plentiful as that celebrated bird; and, as the flavour of Wild Ducks is so much influenced by their food,[2] it is very probable that what is true of one locality is not equally so of another; and that my experience on this point has been unusually favourable to the reputation of the Summer Duck.

halations around. The rocky shores are crowned with the cedar, the birch, the alder, and soft maple, that dip their long tresses in the pure stream; from every crevice in the limestone the harebell and Canadian rose wave their graceful blossoms. The fiercest droughts of summer may diminish the volume and power of these romantic streams; but it never leaves their rocky channels bare, nor checks the mournful music of their dancing waves."—Mrs. Moodie's *Roughing it in the Bush.*

[1] "The Summer Duck, the loveliest in plumage of the genus, and the best, too, *me judice*, excepting only the inimitable Canvass-back."— *The Warwick Woodlands,* by H. W. Herbert.

[2] "The diet of ducks makes all the difference in their quality. What renders the Canvass-back of the waters of the Chesapeake the very best bird that flies; while here, in Long Island Sound, or on the Jersey shore, he is, at the best, but a fourth-rate duck? The wild celery — *Zostera Valisneria* — which he eats there, and which he cannot get here for his life."— *My Shooting-Box,* by H. W. Herbert.

In a certain wild district of Western Canada—a good many miles from towns and settlements—flows a bright and joyous river, which is bordered so densely by the primeval forest, that the stream seems literally to run through the centre of a bed of living verdure—unbroken by rock or naked sand-bank—for almost its entire course. Of very circumscribed lateral dimensions, this beauteous rivulet is, however, five or six feet in depth in many places; and nowhere is it so shallow, that a large canoe cannot navigate its crystal waters. Its greatest breadth may, perhaps, be about twenty feet; and, though it rarely exceeds ten or twelve, it never decreases to less than six; so that in most places a small boat of a fathom in length can turn with ease.

The source of this river, which I shall call Odahmin,[1] is a forest lakelet, of most clear and delicious water, supplied by numerous cool and never-failing springs, and for its entire distance of perhaps ten or twelve miles, the stream itself is characterised by the same exquisite purity and brightness. The banks in some places are high, and everywhere they are covered with deciduous trees—or "hardwoods," as they are designated by the Canadian settlers—which bend over the river, until in many instances the branches dip themselves into the cool, glassy element; while, from the loftiness of their position and growth, these verdant groves of Nature's planting cast a dense shadow over the waters during the entire time that the forest is in full leaf.

[1] See Longfellow's *Hiawatha.*

Eccentric and winding in its course, the Odahmin presents endless combinations of beauty and perpetually changing vistas of loveliness, so wild, so exquisite, and so enchanting, that I have often thought it unsurpassed on earth.

It so happened that a friend and I had planned a trip to this little sparkling river, in search of Wood Duck, which we knew were tolerably plentiful, amidst its fairy nooks and shadowy little bays, and that the month in which our expedition took place was that dearest of all to a sportsman's heart—the rich, glorious harvest month of "brown October." The Indian summer was early during the year I speak of,—

"That beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the landscape
Lay, as if new-created, in all the freshness of childhood;
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whirr of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,—
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours around him;
While, arrayed in its robes of russet, and scarlet, and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree, the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels."

It was on one of those soft, lustrous days which characterise this strange and most glorious season,

that my friend De Ribaut and I paddled our canoe through the mouth of the Odahmin, and moved quietly up its silent and glittering stream. The canoe was somewhat broader than usual, having been hewn out of a gigantic pine-tree,[1] and was fitted with outriggers, so that it could be propelled with oars when necessary, but at the present these appendages were unshipped, and the little bark glided along quietly under the influence of two cherry-wood paddles,[2] constructed specially for us by an Indian chief, who, abjuring the deadly "fire-water" of the whites, was still the noblest personification of physical manhood I had ever seen.

De Ribaut sat in the bow of the canoe whilst I occupied the stern; and so noiseless was our progress through the water, that I felt as if I was under the influence of a sort of spell, and half-imagined that we had been unconsciously transformed into elves of some kind, and were then on our way to visit Oberon and Titania at their court in Fairy-Land;

[1] Many of the tribes of North-American Indians employ wooden canoes, which are frequently designated "dug-outs." They are generally made from the trunks of large pines or cedars, and are in common use amongst the Canadians.

Mayne Reid says some of the Western tribes construct their canoes out of Tulip-trees—*Liriodendron Tulipifera*—whenever they can get them of sufficient size, in consequence of the wood being extremely light and soft, weighing only twenty-six pounds to the cubic foot.—MAYNE REID, *The Desert Home*.

[2] The most favourite wood for the manufacture of paddles amongst the Indians appears to be that of the Wild Cherry—*Cerasus Canadensis*. In beauty of design and superiority of workmanship, the paddles of the Red men far exceed those made by the white colonists.

and, certainly, the scenery around us was suggestive of even something infinitely grander and more gorgeous than the domains of the Elfin monarch. Not a leaf of the forest had yet fallen; but still a marvellous change had come over the appearance of the trees, — a change so astonishing, so unutterably beautiful, that, enthusiast as I may be on this subject, I am perfectly convinced nothing earthly could have surpassed its wondrous glory. The woods were made up of rolling masses of gorgeous colours, of such infinite variety and softness, that none were out of place, none obtrusive, and seemingly none wanting to constitute the most harmonious loveliness that my eye ever gazed upon. The silent waters of the stream were positively lit up by the blaze of bright hues, and their wonted gloom had for a season disappeared, as they wandered on with a rapid but noiseless flow between those tinted groves of matchless splendour.[1]

[1] I cannot refrain from quoting the following vivid and glowing description of American wood-scenery in autumn, from Mr. N. A. Woods' celebrated book:—

"The winter was closing in fast upon the sombre glory of the forests, and they stood in such glowing tints, such deep, rich scarlets, as if the leaves were steeped in blood; such piles of glittering yellows, of pinks, and quiet-faded mellow hues, that you gazed, lost in admiration, as hill after hill opened out in sheets of burning colour, like the last grand shower of Nature's pyrotechnics, before they closed in frost, and snow, and darkness for the winter. Cropsey and other artists may paint an American autumn—but who can describe it? Look at the monstrous pine that was barked last year, and which, all dead and white, seems to spread its lean, shrivelled arms abroad, like fleshless bones, trying to stay its fall. Over the trunk a creeper comes, which, turned to pink, to purple,

It was a true Indian summer day—soft, dreamy, and breathless, with a light golden haze pervading the quivering atmosphere; and De Ribaut and I felt that existence under such circumstances was even in itself a joy.[1]

Denuded of coats and waistcoats, we plied our paddles quietly, and made good progress up the

gold, and scarlet, by a few nights' frost, droops in festoons of colour, like ragged, brilliant drapery, but so bright, so wild, and graceful in its quiet curves, that it seems at once—both more and less than natural—the work of a decorator, in its arrangement, in tints, such as only Nature's colours ever yield. In the foreground stands a clump of trees, clustering round in piles of gold, intermixed with wild sycamores, of light, quick green, red, purple, crimson, and almost black. Behind are trees of every shade of autumn glory, from faded gold to almost blue; while above towers the massive deep-green pine, unchangeable in its solemn features as Canada itself, with a host of umbrageous deserters round it, in wrinkled brown, and faded leaves of all hues, rustling to the wind with a sharp, dry crackle as the 'fall' comes nearer and nearer on them. Let any reader, who can, from such a poor description, imagine miles upon miles of this forest-scenery bathed in all the tints of a stormy sunset, with hill and vale, mountain and river-bank, deep swathed in gorgeous robes of hues like these, and he can then form a faint—though but a faint—idea of what North American scenery is during the Indian summer—that bright, quiet, treacherous forerunner of the severest winter in the world." —WOODS, *The Prince of Wales in Canada.*

[1] "The Indian summer almost uniformly commences and terminates in the month of November, when the weather is delightfully mild and serene, with a misty, hazy atmosphere, though the haze is dry and soft, appearing to rest chiefly on the horizon. In the evenings the sun generally goes down with a crimson flush in the western heavens: the temperature is exceedingly grateful, and the feathered tribes, who instinctively seek a southern region on the approach of the rigorous winter of the north, avail themselves of this delightful season to prosecute their journey."—MONTGOMERY MARTIN'S *Canada.*

river; but it was some time before we saw any game. Fully an hour must have sped before the first shot was fired by De Ribaut at a flock of Wood Duck, from which he obtained a bird with each barrel.

After this we landed—one upon either bank of the stream—and, having fastened the canoe, and drawn it up under the branches of a magnificent White Elm,[1] we pushed on our way as quietly as possible through the forest, within view of the river.

For such sport as duck-shooting, this mode of proceeding would, in my opinion, have been utterly fruitless, if we had worn ordinary boots; for the stillness of the day was so great, that the creaking or snapping of a rotten branch could have been heard at a long distance; but our feet were clad in Indian mocassins, and we were thereby enabled to move along almost without noise.

As I have said, the river was singularly winding in its course; so that no lengthened view of its waters could be had from any one point,—a peculiarity in shape that rendered us not a little assistance, inasmuch as our shots only created a sort of local disturbance, which rarely frightened more birds than were actually within sight. At the first bend of the stream, above where we had left the canoe, I had direct proof of this; for, having killed a pair of Blue-winged Teal[2] close to the shore, I found that my

[1] The White Elm—*Ulmus Americana.*

[2] "*Boschas Discors.*—About the end of September, and thenceforth through October and the next ensuing month, according to the variations of the seasons, and the longer or shorter endurance of that delicious time, the most delicious and most gorgeous of the

shots had not in the least alarmed a group of Wood Duck, about two hundred yards further up, which De Ribaut presently gave a good account of.

We picked up a few more birds during the course of the next hour, and then had a little adventure with an Otter.[1] It was at one of the broadest parts of the river, where the water was as smooth as a mirror, and so clear, that we fancied we could almost see the bottom: the trees on the banks were principally Birches,[2] and they bent right over, almost into the stream; while just behind them, there was a tolerably open space of some ten or twelve yards in extent, almost destitute of even underbrush. I had formed some idea of making a short halt at this place, and had approached the margin of the river to communicate my thoughts upon the subject to De Ribaut, when I spied a black object in the water, swimming up towards me, and leaving such a wake after it, that I knew at once it was an Otter. The lower branches of the Birch-trees that I have men-

whole American year, known throughout this continent as Indian summer, the Mallard, the Green-winged Teal, and the Blue-winged Teal, begin to make their appearance on the little lakes of the interior, and in the various streams and rivers which fall into them, and thence downward to the Atlantic seaboard."—*Teal and Teal-Shooting in North America*, by H. W. HERBERT.

[1] The Canada Otter—*Lutra Canadensis* of Sabine. This animal is considerably larger than the European species.

[2] There are several species of Birch found in Canada. The most common are the Paper or Canoe Birch—*Betula Papyracea;* the Yellow Birch—*Betula Excelsa;* and the Cherry or Sweet Birch—*Betula Lenta.*

tioned were covered with creepers of several kinds; and the beautiful Virginian Ivy[1]—now changed from its wonted green into a brilliant scarlet by the autumn frosts—had woven itself into such a perfect screen of glittering foliage, that I was entirely hidden from view, and enabled to approach the very edge of the bank without alarming the object of my pursuit. Fortunately, for my purpose, my left barrel contained a green wire-cartridge of No. 2 shot, and, having gently thrust the muzzle through the leaves, I fired at the advancing Otter, which was then scarcely fifteen yards away. He sank instantly, but, in the absence of the canoe, I had no means of judging whether I had killed the brute or not; so, for the present, I was obliged to leave him alone. After waiting some little time, in case he might reappear, I kept on my course, De Ribaut being a considerable distance in front of me. This alteration in the relative movements of my friend and myself, I at first thought, would have spoilt my shooting entirely; but the result proved that it was just the best thing that could have happened, as every flock of birds which he started came down the river, and I actually had better shooting than fell to his lot, as I got a double chance each time, and killed all my trophies on the wing.

After the lapse of some fifteen or twenty minutes

[1] "*Ampelopsis Quinquefolia*—Virginia Creeper, or American Ivy, is a great ornament to the protruding rocks over which it creeps."—*Appendix to* Sir John Richardson's *Arctic Searching Expedition.*

the birds ceased coming down the river, so I judged that De Ribaut had missed me, and had quietly sat down to await my arrival; and so it turned out, for I presently came up to him, though on the opposite side of the stream. The water being shallower than common a little above this spot, I was enabled to cross over to him, by taking off my socks and mocassins, and we compared bags. We had each killed a fair proportion of birds, though I had beaten him by two.

After a smoke and about an hour's rest on a beautiful grassy knoll, under the shadow of a noble Beech-Tree,[1] we turned our faces towards the spot where we had left the canoe, and were upon the point of starting, when I caught sight of a small object on the water, about seventy or eighty yards away, which I at first thought was some description of duck. After most careful manœuvring I succeeded in getting within shot, and bagged a beautiful specimen of the Lesser Grebe, or Dabchick.[2]

In due course of time we reached the canoe, and paddled up to the place where I had fired at the Otter. At first we could find no traces of the animal; but, after a careful inspection of the bottom of the stream, we spied him lying amongst a patch of weeds, whence we soon fished him up with a small boat-hook, and added him to our collection of trophies.

Nothing occurred worthy of record during the

[1] American Beech — *Fagus Sylvestris.*

[2] The Little Grebe — *Podiceps Minor.*

voyage home to our camp, excepting that De Ribaut nearly upset the canoe, by turning round suddenly to fire at a passing flock of Pigeons,[1] out of which he knocked five birds.

[1] Passenger Pigeon—*Ectopistes Migratorius.*

CHAPTER XXI.

A RAMBLE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

"There sucks the bee, for the richest flowers
Are all your own through the summer hours;
There the proud stag his fair image knows,
Traced on your glass beneath alder boughs;
And the halcyon's breast, like the skies array'd,
Gleams through the willow shade."

Mrs. HEMANS—*The Streams.*

THE Keiskàma[1] is the most beautiful river I have seen in Southern Africa. The water is clear and bright as crystal, and its winding stream flows between picturesque and charmingly wooded banks almost throughout its course. Rising in the Doorn Bergen range of the Amatolas,[2] it is speedily joined by the Gwilli-Gwilli, the Umtwaku, and the Gulu, —all of which are mountain rivulets, flowing from the different hills which enclose its infant waters. The Wolf, Amatola, Incwasi, and Kabula, feed it

[1] I cannot ascertain the meaning of the word Keiskama, or to what language it belongs; it is popularly supposed to mean "Sweet Water," and if so, the name is appropriate enough.

[2] Amatola is Kaffir, and is said to mean "many calves."

between Keiskama Hoek[1] and Middle Drift, and the Chumie falls into it about six miles below the latter place; thence it pursues a southerly course until it reaches the sea. During its journey between Keiskama Hoek and Middle Drift, it winds though the celebrated Booma Pass, and runs close to Burns' Hill Mission Station and Fort Cox.

The military port of Middle Drift lies in the valley of the rivers, about seventeen miles to the south-westward of Keiskama Hoek; it is within four hundred yards of the water, and takes its name from a drift[2] across the stream, which is as nearly as possible half way between King William's Town and Beaufort, the former place being twenty-eight miles, and the latter twenty-seven miles distant. The fort is a small square redoubt; the officers' quarters and guard-room are constructed of brick, and the remainder of the barracks of "wattle-and-daub."[3] It was built about the end of 1852 or beginning of 1853, by a company of the 2nd or Queen's Regiment, and a party of the Royal Engineers. There is accommodation for about eighty men, and the garrison at present[4] consists of a company of the 2nd Battalion, 10th Regiment, and a few Cape Mounted Riflemen, who are principally

[1] "Hoek" is Dutch for bend or turn. Keiskama Hoek is a bend of the Keiskama.

[2] "Drift" means a ford.

[3] "Wattle and daub," is a sort of wicker-work of small branches plastered over with mud.

[4] March, 1863.

employed as post-riders between the different frontier stations.

The country in the immediate neighbourhood is not remarkable for beauty of any kind, if we except the river; but about seven miles away, on the road to Keiskama Hoek, near the ruins of Fort Cox, which are perched upon a small hill at the mouth of the "Amatola Basin,"[1] there is some really fine and striking scenery. Here commences the magnificent mountain ranges of the Amatolas, which bound the view to the northward, eastward, and southward, by a series of wild and picturesque craggy peaks; the principal of which are Gaika's Kop, the Seven-Kloof Mountain, the Hog's Back, the Thomas Mountain, the Kabousie, and the Tabandoda.[2]

There are but four or five houses in the vicinity of Middle Drift; and no town or village nearer than Alice, which is distant about nine miles as the crow flies.

In the neighbourhood of the port, the Keiskama averages about twenty yards across, with banks presenting considerable variety of appearance, though, generally speaking, high and precipitous. In some places they are characterised by lofty and steep

[1] "Amatola Basin" is a spacious valley at the foot of the Hog's Back.

[2] The altitude of the Hog's Back was determined during the recent Trigonometrical Survey of British Kaffraria, to be rather over 6372 feet above the level of the sea; I do not know if the heights of any of the others have ever been correctly ascertained.

Krantzes,[1] in others they sink into gentle slopes, covered with grass and low bushes. The course of the river is very winding, and its breadth is very variable. Many little rapids and cataracts mark its progress, and everywhere it runs over a rocky bed, in some places of considerable depth, in others of great shallowness. In the latter case, the black, wet, and water-worn stones, often appear above the surface, and, interrupting the progress of the stream, they cause it to throw off long lines of creamy foam as it sweeps over the obstructing rocks.

There is, strictly speaking, no shooting to be had in this part of the country, though occasionally a few ducks may be picked up on the river, or perhaps a buck[2] of some kind in the coverts on its banks.[3] There are, however, many beautifully plumaged birds, which, in the absence of legitimate game, used to entice me out with my gun for the purpose of collecting specimens. A true sportsman is always, in my opinion, a lover of nature, and, to a certain extent, he must be a practical naturalist; the following account then of a ramble by the banks of the beautiful Keiskama may not prove

[1] "Krantz" is a precipitous crag.

[2] "Buck" is a term commonly applied by the colonists to the various kinds of antelope which are found on the plains or in the forests of South Africa.

[3] I have introduced this and the following chapters, not as chronicles of "successful days," but to show the average shooting, so to speak, of the country in the neighbourhood of Keiskama Hoek and Middle Drift. The details are literally correct, excepting that the incidents of Chapter XXI. were the result of twenty-four hours' rambling instead of twelve.

wholly uninteresting, albeit, on the occasion I allude to, game was very scarce, and my "bag" consequently particularly small.

It was about nine o'clock, on a fine bright summer morning, about the beginning of January, that I left the barracks with my gun, and started off for a ramble along the river. The day, though sufficiently warm, was not disagreeably so, and the clear, bright atmosphere was particularly pleasant after the heavy thunder-storm which had visited us on the previous night. All nature seemed revived by the grateful rain; and in spite of the heat, there were a good many birds upon the move, and a few splendid butterflies.

After a short time I arrived at a place where the river was struggling over a reef of broken rocks, and making almost a little waterfall in its course—the water hissing and foaming as it rolled noisily along. It was truly a lovely spot, and I sat down upon the bank under the shade of a clump of bushes. The stream was perhaps twenty-five yards, or thereabouts, in width, with a sloping grassy bank covered with various kinds of thorn-trees[1] on the left side; and on the right, a level bit of sward, thickly grown with weeping Willows,[2] stretched from the water for about ten or twelve yards to the foot of a huge krantz, which shot up behind the willows for a con-

[1] Various species of *Acacia*.

[2] These beautiful trees—*Salix Gariepiana*—are common in the country. Backhouse says the banks of the Gariep, or Great Orange River, are lined with them for upwards of a thousand miles.

siderable height. The krantz was plentifully ornamented with that most strange and striking-looking tree, the Giant Euphorbia,[1] while overhead, there were numbers of scarlet Aloes,[2] showing their splendid blossoms to the warm sun. Other trees, whose names I do not know, grew amongst the Euphorbias, and a lovely white fragrant Jessamine[3] twined itself in and out amidst the branches, and relieved the bright rich green with its snowy flowers. Turtle-doves[4] were cooing all round me, and every now and then a little Sugar Bird[5] would shoot past like a gleam of light—his scarlet breast showing distinctly at a considerable distance. The whole place was wonderfully wild and quiet, not a sound breaking the stillness, save the gurgling of the river, and the notes of the various birds, which, attracted most probably by the proximity of the water and the shadow of the euphorbia grove, were more upon the move than is usual during the heat of the day.

As I sat perfectly still, many birds came close to me, and I had ample opportunity of making a large addition to my ornithological collection; however, as most of those which I saw were comparatively common and easily procured, I cared not to break

[1] *Euphorbia Grandidens.*

[2] According to Sir Joseph Paxton, there are more than forty species of this showy plant found at the Cape of Good Hope.

[3] *Jasminum Capense.*

[4] There are two species — *Turtur Risorius* and *Turtur Erythropus.*

[5] A species of Sun bird—*Cinnyris Afra.*

the charming silence of the scene, and I left them all in peace.

I had not been sitting in this beautiful spot very long, when an elegant little Duiker-Buck[2] swam across the river just below me, and disappeared amongst the bushes on the opposite side. He evidently was unaware of my presence, and I could easily have killed him had my gun been loaded with an Eley's cartridge of AAA shot, but my charges of No. 5 would only have hurt the beautiful little creature for no purpose, and, though I instinctively raised my gun, and aimed at him as he swam through the bright water, I had no intention, under the circumstances, of harming him.

The next animal that made its appearance, however, would not have got off so easily had I been aware of its approach, and I should have paid it out for the start it gave me. I was watching a pair of Sugar-birds, and admiring their graceful movements, as they hovered about amongst the blossoms of the aloes, when a huge object shot right over my head,

[1] I am indebted to the kindness of E. L. Layard, Esq., the curator of the South African Museum at Cape Town, for the scientific names of the birds and reptiles mentioned in this and the succeeding chapter.

[2] "*Cephalopus Grimmia*—The Duyker-Boc, or Diving Goat,—so called by the Dutch of South Africa from its habit of plunging under the bushes in its passage through the woods, instead of leaping over them, like the generality of other antelopes,—is a common animal in Kaffraria, and in all parts of the Cape Colony which abound in forest and underwood, from the cover of which it seldom ventures, unless occasionally at night to steal into a neighbouring garden."—KNIGHT'S *Cyclopædia of Natural History.*

and plunged with a tremendous splash into the river. For the moment I could not think what it was, and, I must confess, I was somewhat alarmed; however, it turned out that it was only a huge Iguana,[1] whose presence in the trees above me I had not observed. Doubtless he had been waiting patiently for me to get out of his way, and, at last, finding I was still there, he was driven to make a flying leap over my head into the water, where he disappeared so rapidly that I was unable to get a shot at him. He must have been more than four feet in length, though he possibly looked larger than he really was. I have heard of these creatures being six feet in length in this river, and I have myself shot one that measured rather more than five. After this exploit on the part of the Iguana, I got up and continued my walk along the bank, which everywhere was clothed with bushes of various kinds.

After wandering some distance without seeing anything excepting a pair of giant King-fishers,[2] I suddenly spied what I at first thought was a water-snake, swimming in the midst of a stream, and it was some four or five minutes before I discovered that it was actually a bird. Nothing was visible but a long head and neck, and the movement of these through the water so much resembled that of a serpent, that if it had not been for the long pointed bill, I should never have known that my first impression was not the correct one. I was well screened from view by the bushes on the bank, and,

[1] *Iguana tuberculata.* [2] *Alcedo Gigantea.*

as soon as I discovered the real nature of this curious creature, I prepared to fire at it without showing myself. It was fortunate that I was so careful, for I afterwards learnt how very wary and quick in its movements this bird always is. I quietly poked the muzzle of my gun through the branches, and fired at the head of the creature, which was then scarcely twenty yards distant, and I had the satisfaction of seeing, when the smoke cleared away, that my shot had been instantaneously fatal. After a little trouble I fished my trophy out of the stream, and found it to be a species of Darter.[1]

It must have been fully three hours afterwards that I caught sight of a little flock of ducks in a dark shady nook of the river: they were close to

[1] "South African Darter—*Plotus Levaillantii.* These extraordinary birds are well described by Buffon, when he says, 'The Antringa offers us a reptile grafted on the body of a bird.' Those who have seen the long neck, and that only, issuing from the water, twisting about among the herbage and among the foliage, say that a casual observer might well take it for a snake. Vaillant states that the neck of the species seen by him in Africa was always in oscillation when the bird was perched; and that any one who saw its tortuous movements among the foliage, the body being concealed, would take it for one of the tree serpents. The form, indeed, was considered by the older voyagers as a monster partaking of the nature of the snake and the duck; and Wilson states that in some ancient charts which he had seen, the creature was delineated with all the extravagance of fiction. * * * Le Vaillant describes the South African species as most difficult of approach, especially when swimming, and when nothing but the head is to be seen; the instant the flint struck the steel the bird dived, and often when it was looked for a-head it had doubled back in its diving, and then took wing far behind the sportsman."—KNIGHT'S *Cyclopædia of Natural History.*

the bank, almost hidden by the vegetation, which grew down to the edge of the water, and bent over it for several inches. I was directly above them, and placed awkwardly for shooting, so I had to retrace my steps for a short distance, until I reached a more favourable spot. The bank was very steep and high where they were, but a little point projected sufficiently far to enable me to command their position satisfactorily. I killed one in the water with my first barrel, and another as they rose: the remaining two escaped. I had now to scramble down the bank for the recovery of my birds, which were floating away on the surface of the stream. Just as I got near the first one, I was amazed to see him bobbing up and down upon the water, though quite dead; and next moment I observed that something was tugging at him from underneath. I peered over into the clear stream, and beheld an impudent River-Turtle[1] making vigorous drags at the bird, and evidently endeavouring to appropriate it to his own use. I frightened away the reptile by shying a clod of earth at him, and then bagged both my ducks.[2] There are a great many of these turtles in the river, and I once saw a whitish-coloured one upon a floating branch of a tree, but I could not get near enough to fire at him.

The sun was by this time rapidly approaching the western horizon, so I turned my steps homeward. For some distance I followed the river, but without seeing anything more strange than a stray

[1] *Emys Capensis.*

[2] Brown Duck—*Nyroca Brunnea* of Eyton.

Hammer Kop,[1] which I shot and bagged; but, as it was quickly growing dark, I took a more direct way to the post than the course of the river afforded, and struck straight across country. In the midst of a patch of Mimosa-forest,[2] I suddenly came upon a large male Bosche-bok,[3] lying dead with his throat all torn open by some wild animal, and, on searching carefully in the neighbourhood, I discovered the fresh spoor of a Leopard,[4]—or Tiger, as the colonists call it,—whom probably I had interrupted at his feast. I left the ill-fated Bosche-bok where he was, and pushed on, arriving at the barracks about an hour after sunset.

Where the gorgeous aloes grow;
Cold and pure as molten snow,
There the hidden sources flow,
Of the sweet Keiskama.

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[1] A bird of the heron tribe—*Scopus Umbretta*. "Kop" means a head in Dutch, and, indeed, the bird is often called Hammer-head: probably from the resemblance which its crested head bears to a hammer.

[2] *Acacia Horrida* of Wildenow.

[3] "*Tragelaphus Sylvatica*—The Bosche-boc, or Bush Goat, as its colonial name implies, resides in the woods, which it never quits but during the bright moonlight nights, or early in the morning, when it comes out to graze on the border of the forest or to make incursions into the neighbouring gardens and corn-fields. Its voice resembles the barking of a dog, and its deceitful tone sometimes leads the benighted traveller into the most remote and lonely depths of the forests, in the vain search after some human habitation, which he is all the time leaving behind him."—KNIGHT'S *Cyclopædia of Natural History*.

[4] This is the Common Leopard—*Felis Leopardus* of Linnæus. South Africa does not possess a tiger.

Where the halcyon[1] builds her nest,
'Neath the fern-tree's[2] nodding crest:
Kiss'd by breezes from the west,
Flows the sweet Keiskama.

Where the Amatolas stand,
Guardians grim of Kaffir-land:
Gurgling o'er its silver sand,
Flows the bright Keiskama.

Winding 'mid mimosa-glens,
Rocky banks and reedy fens,
By the tigers' hidden dens,
Glides the pure Keiskama.

Where the furious torrents dash
O'er the rocks, with deaf'ning crash;
Ever onward, wild and rash,
Rolls the bright Keiskama.

Where the willow-branches bend,
And to earth their shadows lend,
There its crystal waters wend:
Beautiful Keiskama.

Through long valleys, soft and green,
Glittering in its silver sheen,
'Neath a cloudless heaven[3] serene,
Flows the clear Keiskama.

Where the rugged rocks protrude,
And disturb its placid mood;
'Neath the shadowy yellow-wood[4]
Breaks the pure Keiskama.

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[1] South Africa boasts some lovely king-fishers, of which one little crested species, *Alcedo Cristata*, is surpassingly beautiful.

[2] Common Tree Fern of the Cape—*Hemitelia Capensis.*

[3] The skies of Southern Africa are peculiarly bright and cloudless.

[4] *Podocarpus Elongatus.* This is a splendid tree, allied to the English yew, which it resembles in some degree. It often grows to a great size, and is common in the forests of the Amatolas.

Where the river-horses[1] splash,
And the foaming breakers dash
'Gainst the rocks with mighty crash,
Sweeps the bright Keiskama.

Here, though sinking fast away,—
For its waters may not stay,—
Lovely, as throughout its way,
Is the bright Keiskama.

Then, at last, its journey o'er,
Where it seeks the wild sea-shore,
'Midst the mighty ocean's roar,
Dies the sweet Keiskama.

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[1] The Hippopotamus—*Hippopotamus Amphibius*. There are a few still remaining near the mouth of the river.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE AMATOLA MOUNTAIN.

"Ye wilds that look eternal! and thou cave,
Which seem'st unfathomable! and ye mountains,
So varied and so terrible in beauty!
Here in your rugged majesty of rocks,
And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone
In perpendicular places, where the foot
Of man would tremble, could he reach them,—yes,
Ye look eternal!"

LORD BYRON—*Heaven and Earth.*

Camp, "Kabousie Nek,"
About 7 P.M., 13th May, 1862.

HARGOOD,[1] having received intimation a few days since that partridges[2] were to be found in the neighbourhood of the Toise River, invited me to join him in an expedition to that portion of the

[1] It is a sorrowful task to revise this chapter. He, who was my companion during the short expedition described—my kind and noble-hearted friend, Lieutenant H. T. Snooke, of the 10th Regiment, now sleeps in his cold grave at Bloemfontein, a victim to typhoid fever, which carried him off during a sporting trip to the Orange Free State.

[2] There are no partridges, properly speaking, in South Africa. The birds so-called in Cape Colony are two species of Francolin. *Francolinus Afer* and *Francolinus Levaillantii.*

country, so that we might personally test the accuracy of the intelligence: and, as the prospect of a few days of gipsy life was more than pleasing to me at the moment, I assented readily to the proposition.

Our arrangements were speedily consummated, and about noon to-day we started from Keiskama Hoek in a two-horse cart, well laden with all necessaries for three days' shooting amongst the mountains. We were accompanied by Hargood's servant, mounted on his master's shooting-pony, and a pointer that rejoiced in the name of Bonté.

Our intention was to have crossed the Amatolas[1] at the Kabousie Nek,[2] where a sort of wild road leads over a dip in the hills between the Thomas and Kabousie mountains, and to have encamped near the river above mentioned, from which we should have been able to make daily excursions in pursuit of game; but our best-laid plans are often thwarted by circumstances over which we have no control, and such proved to have been the fate in store for us to-day. The distance between the Hoek and the Toise river is somewhat under twenty miles, over an average kind of road, which ascends for about twelve miles to the Kabousie Nek, and then, having crossed the mountain, descends again slightly to the valley of the river.

We travelled along gaily for the greater portion of our journey, with great hopes of being able to make the passage of the Nek, but we were doomed

[1] Meaning "many calves."

[2] A Dutch word meaning *neck*.

to considerable disappointment, as will be seen presently.

About eight or nine miles from Keiskama Hoek are the remains of the old Kabousie Post, and in its vicinity we *out-spanned*[1] for about an hour. It was getting towards evening when we reached the foot of the mountain and began the ascent to the Nek, over a decidedly bad and very steep road, characterised strongly by rocks, deep ruts, and considerable quantities of loose stones. We had accomplished about half the distance to the summit, when the horses gave in, and either would not, or could not, pull any further. Every attempt was made to get them on, but even severe castigation failed to advance us a single yard, and, *nolentes volentes*, we were obliged to submit to circumstances and encamp where Fate had thrown us. As luck would have it, the place was particularly unsuitable for our purpose, as the road itself was hard and rocky, and the grassy slopes on either side were so steep, and covered with such rank vegetation, that for some short time we were undecided whether to award preference to the Queen's highway or the long grass beside it: at length the sinking sun having warned us to expedite our operations, we decided in favour of the road; and here we are, encamped upon the public thoroughfare, with a very remote chance, however, of being disturbed by travellers of any kind.

The horses, having been knee-haltered,[2] were

[1] From the Dutch verb "spannen," *to put horses to.*

[2] Knee-haltering is the colonial method of securing a horse when turned out to graze: a leathern thong attached to the neck, is passed round the knee and tied.—HARRIS.

turned adrift to amuse themselves as best they could, and we, at once, devoted our physical and mental energies to the preparation of a good fire, and a luxurious dinner, for which Hargood, with admirable forethought, had amply provided.

The lower slopes of all the neighbouring hills are covered with a thin growth of Sugar Bush,[1] and we found that the black and contorted branches of these trees furnished splendid firewood, burning well and brightly, with but little smoke. Very fortunately for us, a beautiful stream of crystal water tumbles down an adjacent hill, and runs across the road close to where we are encamped, so that we are plentifully provided with this most necessary element. We have also the advantage of bright moonlight, which, in this unfamiliar neighbourhood, is decidedly gratifying.

8 P.M. A Fingo has just passed us, and has promised to send a *span* of oxen[2] by daylight to-morrow, to enable us to effect the transit over the Nek. Our game to-day consisted of a solitary plover, which Hargood bagged at Kabousie Post.

14th May, 6 P.M.

We were early afoot this morning, and, after breakfast, the promised oxen not being visible anywhere, we *inspanned* our horses, and made another attempt to ascend the remainder of the hill, but it was all to no purpose, so we have been forced to

[1] *Protea Mellifera.*

[2] Twelve oxen generally constitute a "span" in South Africa.

make the best of circumstances, and remain quietly where fortune has cast us. We have, however, removed our camp to the grass on the right of the road, where we have beaten down the vegetation, and obtained a very tolerable place for the tent.

Two Cape-corps orderlies passed us this morning, on their way to Windvogelberg[1]—a small outpost about twenty-six miles distant, with the military mail-bag.

Before breakfast, or rather whilst it was being got ready, Hargood and I had a ramble over the neighbouring hills with our guns, but the expectation was fruitless, as we never disturbed a feather. Hargood, however, saw a few Springbok[2] in the distance, as he was returning to camp.

About nine or ten o'clock, I started on foot—not being the happy possessor of a shooting horse—and, accompanied by the dog Bonté, proceeded to explore the mountain to the right, while Hargood, armed with a trusty Whitworth, mounted his pony, and went in search of Springbok.

I found the country to the eastward, as I attained the highest portion of the Nek, to be a series of grassy undulations, gradually rising until they reached the base of a rocky peak, about two miles away, denominated Kabousie Mountain, whence the descent to the valley on the other side appeared tolerably abrupt. The southern slopes of the whole range in our vicinity are steep, and covered with

[1] Swallow Mountain—literally "Wind Bird Mountain."

[2] *Antidorcas Euchore* of Gray.

long grass, which, at present, is very slippery and unpleasant to walk through. The slopes are broken at intervals, by small and—at a distance—scarcely perceptible kloofs,[1] which, as they reach the plains below, are generally ornamented with picturesque patches of dense forest, consisting of gigantic Yellow Wood[2] and other large trees.

Directly to the westward of "the nek," is Thomas Mountain, which rises suddenly to a considerable height, while, to the northward there stretches a series of rolling hills on a gradual descent from the Amatolas, forming a sort of intermediate group between this range and the peculiar flat-topped Windvogelberg, the summit of which is a striking object in the distance. To the south-eastward of the Kabousie Peak, there appears to be an almost endless extent of grassy country, denominated the Dohne Flats, which, however, are not perfectly level, but rather a series of gentle undulations, without tree or bush of any description.

My shooting proved most unsuccessful, for after several hours of patient walking over most trying ground, I was compelled to return empty-handed, having only got one shot at a small covey of red-winged Partridges,[3] which rose wildly as I surmounted one of the highest hills below the level of the peak.

On my return to camp, I found that Hargood had arrived before me, having been as unfortunate as myself; for although he had seen some Rheebok[4]

[1] Ravines.
[2] *Podocarpus Elongatus.*
[3] *Francolinus Levaillantii.*
[4] *Pelea Capreola* of Gray.

about eight hundred yards off, and had used his Whitworth rifle in their behalf, his efforts were unsuccessful.

I was struck to-day by the number of beautiful wild flowers which I saw upon the hills and in the valleys that I crossed; two or three species of Everlastings were very plentiful, and one bright yellow kind studded the ground with multitudes of little golden stars.[1]

15th of May, 8 P.M.

We have had no dew at night, owing probably to the wind, which has been almost constant since our arrival, and a single blanket has proved a sufficient protection against the cold, which in these elevated regions is sometimes considerable towards morning. We have despatched Stretton to the old post to purchase meal, and other such articles of food as may be procurable at the lonely farm-house.

10 P.M.—On Stretton's return this morning from his foraging expedition, Hargood and I proceeded to the ground which had yesterday proved so niggard of its game, he on his shooting pony, and I riding as usual Shanks' mare. We walked over all the southerly spurs of the mountain, and then descended to the valley at their feet, returning through the low land to our camp, just as it was getting dark. A harder day's walking I have rarely had, and certainly I have never explored a thoroughly wild country that seems so barren of game of all kinds. The grass, which on the summits of the hill is comparatively short, attains a

[1] *Elichrysum Herbaceum.*

considerable length upon the slopes, and, in the valley below, is positively above one's knees, and most trying stuff to walk through, particularly as the ground is far from level, and consists of a succession of undulations throughout. Some of the patches of forest that we saw to-day were as gloomy and dense as a tropical jungle; the gigantic trees towered up to the skies above the matted and tangled underbrush, and almost completely shut out the light of day with their dark foliage. Ferns of many kinds were most luxuriant and abundant; and amongst them, some arborescent forms[1] lifted their graceful crowns of verdant plumes above the lower herbage, that almost choked the pathway of the little rills of ice-cold water, whose presence gave life and strength to the noble trees around them.

We disturbed a number of large Wood Pigeons[2] and Parrots[3] from their forest-homes, and once a Bushbuck[4] dashed past me in the thick brushwood. Hargood killed one partridge, the only trophy of the day.

16th of May, 8 P.M.

Hargood started off early to-day to the Toise River, taking both shooting pony and dog, and I was fain to amuse myself in any way that might present itself. During his absence I descended to the valley, and explored one of the patches of forest

[1] *Hemitelia Capensis.*
[2] *Columba Guineæ* and *Columba Æquatrix.*
[3] *Psittacus Levaillantii.*
[4] *Tragelaphus Sylvatica.*

that adorn its surface, with a view to the destruction of wood-pigeons or such other living creatures as might be appropriately made use of as food for man; but with the exception of hordes of mosquitoes, the forest seemed uninhabited, and I scrambled up the hill to camp again without much loss of time. Towards sunset, Hargood returned with a brace of partridges and a Rock Rabbit,[1] having slain as well two monstrous Puff Adders[2] and a Cobra di Capella.[3]

[1] *Hyrax Capensis.*

[2] Puff Adder—*Clotho Arietans.* One of the most venomous of all the serpent tribe. It is a native of Africa, and seems to be a widely distributed inhabitant, the specimens from the Cape of Good Hope and from Egypt all evidently belonging to the same species. The name Puff Adder is derived from a habit which this deadly serpent has of inflating itself and puffing when provoked, a habit which may easily be seen in the Reptile House of the Zoological Gardens in London. The colour of this creature so closely resembles that of the sandy and stony places which it frequents, that it is difficult to notice it, especially as it flattens itself against the ground when not in an excited state. Dr. Burchell says, that the venom of this species takes effect so rapidly, as to leave the person who is bitten no chance of saving his life, but by instantly cutting out the flesh surrounding the wound. The same traveller informs us of a peculiarity which renders it more dangerous, and which it would be well for those to know who are likely to fall in with it. Unlike most snakes, which dart forward when irritated, this species, it is said, throws itself backwards, so that those ignorant of its habits would place themselves in the very direction of death when they thought they were escaping the danger. The natives, Dr. Burchell says, by keeping always in front, are enabled to destroy the Puff Adder without much risk.—MAUNDER'S *Treasury of Natural History.*

[3] *Naia Haje.*

17th May, 2 P.M.

Time being up to-day, we *inspanned* after breakfast and started homewards, Hargood driving, and I on foot. Near the bottom of the hill, Bonté snuffed some taint of game, and shortly came to a dead point amongst the long grass. Having one barrel loaded with No. 6 shot, I walked up to the dog, and flushed a covey of seven partridges, missing them beautifully as they rose. We marked them down, however, and Hargood having joined me, we bagged three of them, and then returned in safety to Keiskama Hoek, arriving at the barracks early in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BONTEBOK FLATS.

"And forward! forward! on they go;
High snorts the straining steed;
Thick pants the rider's labouring breath!
As headlong on they speed."
SIR WALTER SCOTT — *William and Helen.*

THE Bontebok Flats[1] lie to the northward of the main range of the far-famed Amatola mountains. They are by no means level, as the name would seem to import, but consist mainly of a succession of grassy undulations, some of which are of sufficient magnitude to constitute hills and valleys of respectable dimensions. The grass is for the most part short, though, generally speaking, it is longer on the low-land than on the high. On the summits of many of the elevations are ponds, or vleis,[2] as they are called here—surrounded by sedge and rushes, in which wild-fowl are often to be found. Not a tree or bush breaks the monotony of the everlasting grass, and for miles in every direction there is

[1] So called from the Bontebok—*Damalis Pygarga*—which was at one time abundant in this part of the country.

[2] Probably a corruption of the Dutch word "vliet," a rill or brook. The colonial term seems to be applied principally to ponds.

nothing but the same rolling, prairie-like country, relieved only in the distance by the singular forms of the mountain-ranges, which bound the view on every side.

Upon these so-called flats, there are herds of Springbok,[1] a good many Hartebeest,[2] some few Rheebok,[3] and three or four Ostriches.[4] Hyænas[5]

[1] "*Antidorcas Euchore.* This animal is perhaps the most graceful in its proportions, and beautifully varied in its colours, of all the Antelope tribe. Imagination cannot conceive a quadruped more light and airy in form, more delicate in its proportions, or whose movements are executed with more natural ease and grace than the Spring-Bok, or, as the English colonists now universally denominate it, Spring-Buck. * * * The most remarkable and distinctive character of this species consists in two longitudinal foldings or duplications of the skin on the croup, which commence above the loins, or about the middle of the back, and run in a straight line from thence to the tail. The interior of these folds is lined with long hair of nine or ten inches in length, and of the most brilliant and snowy whiteness; they are likewise under the complete command of the animal's volition, and are opened and shut at pleasure. When closed, which they always are when the animal is at rest, their lips form a narrow line along the top of the loins and croup, which, being covered by the long cinnamon-red hair of the back and hips, is scarcely distinguishable, or only as a narrow white streak; but when the animal leaps or runs, these folds are expanded, and form a broad circular mark of the purest white, which extends over the whole croup and hips, and produces a most remarkable and pleasing effect. The Spring-Buck is so called from its remarkable habit of jumping almost perpendicularly upwards, apparently without any other motive than for its own amusement."—KNIGHT'S *Cyclopædia of Natural History.*

[2] *Alcephalus Caama.*

[3] *Pelea Capreola.*

[4] *Struthio Camelus* of Linnæus.

[5] The Spotted Hyæna—*Hyæna Maculata*—and the Strand-wolf—*Hyæna Villosa.*

of several kinds are also found there, as well as the common Leopard, or Cape Tiger, and droves of a strange animal—the Wilde Honde of the Dutch, which is partly wolf, partly dog, and partly hyæna.[1]

Some short time since I was encamped out upon those flats for a few days, looking after Springbok and Hartebeest, but more particularly the latter, which is one of the largest of the antelope tribe. I had started from my camp with the first light of morning, carrying a favourite single-barrelled rifle, on my solitary hunt. As usual in this part of the country, I was mounted, for the great extent of ground over which the sportsman is compelled to pass in pursuit of the larger game, renders this mode of travelling almost a necessity, and, moreover, the heat of the sun on most days in the year soon fatigues the pedestrian, and most materially lessens his enjoyment.

[1] Hyæna Dog—an animal found in the South of Africa, more especially the Cape. In size and form it is smaller and more slender than either the hyæna or the wolf. It is the Wild Dog of the settlers at the Cape. M. Temminck first described it as a Hyæna—*Hyæna Picta*—but subsequently regarded it as a species of dog. Demarest considered it a species of *Canis*, and recorded it as *Canis Pictus*. Brookes gave it the generic appellation of *Lycaon*; and Fischer, in his "Addenda et Emendanda," quotes it as *Canis Lycaon*, and, in his "Index Nominum," refers to it as *Lycaon Tricolor* of Brookes. Cuvier places it among the dogs. Dr. J. E. Gray places it among the *Canina* in his order *Felidæ*. He calls it *Lycaon Venaticus*, and gives the following synonyms in addition to the above: *Canis Aureus*, Thunberg; *Canis Hyænoides*, Cuvier; *Hyæna Venatica*, Burchell; *Kynos Pictus*, Rüppell; *Lycaon Typicus*, A. Smith. In the number and form

After riding for some two miles or so over the lonely, treeless undulations—misnamed flats—I at last discovered a fine bull Hartebeest on the slope of an opposite hill, and I proceeded forthwith to make my approaches with the same care which I should have exercised in a red-deer forest at home. I tossed a few dry blades of grass into the air to learn the direction of the wind, which was so light and gentle that otherwise I could not have distinguished exactly which way it blew; and, having satisfied my uncertainty on this point, I turned my horse's head to leeward, and, putting him into a canter, made the best of my way to the back of the hill, upon which the object of pursuit was taking his morning meal. He was fully a thousand yards distant, and I did not contemplate getting any nearer to him until I could do so under cover of some of the deep undulations, which lay to leeward of his position.

It took some little time for me to accomplish the circuit of the hill, and then I began my approach carefully, though I still kept my horse going at a fair rate of speed. Just before I reached the summit of the hill or rise, on the other side of which I expected to find my friend the Hartebeest within easy

of its teeth, the Hyæna Dog agrees with the dogs, as well as in its general osteological structure, which presents a remarkable difference from that of the hyæna. Externally, it is distinguishable from both the hyænas and the dogs in the proportional length of its legs, and the form and proportions of the body. There is no mane as in the hyænas, and the tail resembles that of some dogs. The head is hyæna-like, and, like the hyænas, it has only four toes to each foot.—KNIGHT'S *Cyclopædia of Natural History.*

rifle-shot, I caused my horse to slacken his pace, and prepared for action. In a few moments I was at the top of the eminence, and, as I hastily scanned the country in front of me, I saw to my chagrin that the knowing old Hartebeest, having taken alarm in some way, was already far out of range, and rapidly increasing the distance between him and me. There was nothing now to be done excepting to note his direction, if possible mark the spot where he would stop, and then resume the stalking process. Fortunately, he was still to windward of me, so that, if the country was only favourable, there was a chance of my being able to approach him almost in a direct line.

I remained perfectly still, and watched the retreating quarry until he disappeared over the top of an elevation about a mile or so distant, and then I proceeded to get across the intervening country as quickly as possible. During the morning I had seen a good many Springbok, but they kept at a respectful distance from me, and I did not care to trouble myself about them while there were Hartebeest to be got; neither did I condescend to fire at Rheebok, of which I saw several small herds.

In due course of time I arrived at the summit of the hill over which I had watched the Hartebeest take his course, and then I paused to look round for him. But he had either gone on further than I had anticipated at first, or else he had, as before, seen or heard me as I approached him, and he was now out of sight entirely.

I was not a little provoked at this second failure,

and was deliberating whether I should continue my hunt after the brute, or content myself with the pursuit of the lesser kinds of antelope, which were sufficiently numerous to afford me some hope of success. A sportsman, like a soldier, should be speedy in his decisions, and I was not long in making up my mind; however, just as I was about to renew my search after the Hartebeest, an incident occurred which entirely changed the current of my ideas, and upset my plans completely. During the few minutes' pause which I made upon the slope of the hill, a sound struck upon my ear that at once arrested the whole of my attention: it was that of some animal coming apparently at full speed upon my right hand, and, as I turned my gaze in that direction, I beheld a Springbok going at the top of his speed, and about a hundred yards behind him, a strange fierce-looking animal—one of the Wild Dogs I have spoken of.

Springbok, when chased by ordinary domesticated dogs, as a general rule, get away easily, and it is commonly said that on such occasions they bound along leisurely, often apparently amusing themselves by permitting their pursuers to approach quite close to them, and then springing out of the way, bounding first on one side and then on the other, of the dog, who soon gets bewildered at the capricious manœuvres of this active and graceful animal. But on the occasion I speak of, there was no "proncking"[1]

[1] When playing—or "proncking," as the Dutch call it—these beautiful animals bound along in a very peculiar manner, making a number of consecutive springs high in the air. The lightness and grace of these movements, and the beautiful feathery appear-

or playfulness displayed on the part of the beautiful antelope—no ordinary flight from an ordinary pursuer, but one hard life-and-death gallop—one last silent effort of such marvellous speed, as could only have been drawn forth by the agony of extreme terror! It seemed as if the unhappy Springbok knew the necessity for such prodigious exertions, as if instinct had taught him that it was no common pursuer which followed hard and fast, with an unrelenting and untiring rapidity, upon his tracks; that, though fleet as the very wind himself, his fearful enemy was still fleeter, and that his most stupendous efforts were but a last, hopeless, and despairing struggle for dear life.

Wonderful as was the speed of the terrified antelope, that strange Wild Dog was perceptibly gaining on it, as they both all but flew past me over the soft, wavy grass, in utter silence, and with a rapidity that seemed quite unearthly in its character.

It can easily be imagined how excited I became at this startling interruption to my buck-stalking, and how readily I forgot all about the Hartebeest, put spurs into my good steed, and followed this wondrous chase. Away we went helter-skelter, over upland, through valleys, over rocks, and over

ance of the long white hair on their backs, give them a strong resemblance, at some distance, to birds. When pressed, the Spring-bok is exceedingly swift, and able to leave most greyhounds behind him, though instances have occurred where dogs have run them down.—S. E. Orr's *Rough Notes of a Shooting Expedition to the Orange Free State*.

grass; and yet withal as silently as ever sped the demon huntsman and his satanic hounds. Rapid and exciting beyond anything that I had ever seen before, this remarkable chase was, however, fast drawing to an end. Pursuer and pursued soon left me and my horse behind, but I could see that the unfortunate Springbok's moments were rapidly being numbered. With the same unchanging, weird-like speed, the Wild Dog was gaining on his victim at every stride, and it was but too evident that a few short minutes would decide the fate of the doomed antelope.

As the crisis approached, I urged on my horse, hoping to avenge the Springbok by destroying his enemy, but I was not so fortunate. As I galloped on, I kept my eyes upon the chase, and while I was yet some six or eight hundred yards away, the Wild Dog had overtaken his quarry and the Springbok was dead. Before I could get close enough for a shot the brute escaped, leaving his prey behind him. The Springbok was not much damaged, so I slung him over my saddle, and returned to camp.

I am told that such hunts are not uncommon on the Flats, and that the Springbok invariably falls a victim to its fleeter foe; indeed the Dutchman declare that this curious hyæna-footed dog can run down anything on earth, a statement which I believe to be most perfectly true. They often hunt in droves, and are then dangerous enemies to man himself. The farmers complain that they kill their cattle and horses, and from their numbers and fierceness, they are perhaps the most destructive of the wild animals of South Africa.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAPTAIN MORGAN'S JOURNAL.[1]

"A young high-soul'd boy,
And beautiful as a sculptor's dream, with brow
That wears amidst its dark rich curls, the stamp
Of inborn nobleness. In truth, he is
A glorious creature."

MRS. HEMANS—*The Vespers of Palermo.*

SOME few years ago, I was staying for a day or two at Dover, and had taken up my residence at the Lord Warden Hotel. On the morning after my arrival, I had descended to the coffee-room somewhat early, and, whilst my breakfast was being got ready, I took a letter from my pocket, and began to read it. I had returned but two months before from India on leave of absence, and the letter which occupied my attention at the moment was an invitation from a distant cousin of mine, who resided in Canada, to go and spend the ensuing autumn with him, and enjoy some of the wild shooting and fishing which that country affords. He added, in

[1] The names of the principal characters mentioned in "Captain Morgan's Journal," and of the localities of the thirtieth, thirty-first, and thirty-second chapters, are fictitious.

a postscript to his letter, that two other friends had promised to join his party for the season. Whilst I was pondering over my cousin's note, and considering whether I could avail myself of the tempting invitation which it contained, two gentlemen entered the coffee-room, and seated themselves at the table next to mine. One of them was a magnificent, soldier-like-looking man, with jet-black hair, and dark whiskers and moustache; he was nearly six feet in height, and built with the proportions of a Hercules. His eyes were dark hazel, and his face was bronzed by exposure to the hot sun of some foreign clime. His hands were small and well formed, though their tanned appearance showed that he was not over partial to the use of gloves. His forehead was broad and ample, and the expression of his face on the whole was good and noble, though at times there seemed to flit across it some evidences of an impatient disposition. His companion was a youth of between fifteen and sixteen years of age, small and slightly built, but possessing rare beauty of face and form. To say that the lad was handsome is not enough—he was eminently beautiful—so much so, that all the occupants of the coffee-room gazed at him as he passed them in surprise and admiration. I am a bad hand at portrait-painting, but I must endeavour to describe the handsome boy whose advent I have just recorded. He was, as I have said, small and slightly built, but his proportions were faultlessly perfect, and his movements replete with a natural grace that one rarely meets with. His features were beauti-

fully cut, his eyes rather large, but of the deepest and purest blue, and his hair was soft and golden. His teeth were white and even, adorning a small mouth, surmounted by a pair of ruby lips that many a lady would have resigned half her life to be possessed of. His forehead was high and intellectual, and the whole expression of his face was joyous, and beaming with health and youthful happiness. Exposure to the sun had somewhat injured the beauty of his complexion, but still the peach-like bloom of boyhood was present, and the scorching rays that had slightly bronzed his cheek, had scarcely marred his splendid beauty. His hands were burnt almost to the colour of mahogany by exposure to the elements, but they were small and most perfect in their formation.

The two new comers discussed their breakfast in silence, or spoke in such low tones that they scarcely disturbed the stillness of the room, and then they rose and went away together. As they left the apartment, I summoned a waiter, and asked the names of the two strangers, but the man could not tell, he said that they had only arrived that morning by train from London. I confess to have had my curiosity aroused by the appearance of the two unknown. It is not often that I take the trouble to inquire the names of my fellow-travellers, but in this case, I certainly broke through my custom, and once more calling in the aid of the waiter, I intimated that half-a-crown would be forthcoming if by dinner-time that evening he had obtained the required information. I then took my hat, and

sauntered out into the town. I had not gone many yards, when my steps were arrested by a tap on the shoulder. I stopped and turned round, and the next moment I was shaking my old friend and school-fellow, Jack Spencer, by the hand. The usual greetings and expressions of astonishment at our unexpectedly stumbling upon one another being over, I took Jack's arm, and we strolled down together to the Marine Parade. It appeared that my old chum had come into a fortune very recently, by the death of an uncle, and, preferring a life of idleness and pleasure to the learned profession for which he had been preparing, he had suddenly resigned all his visions of celebrity and eminence, with his gloomy lodgings in the smokiest part of Westminster, and had come down to Dover for the present.

"And now," said he, after telling me all about his plans and prospects, "from what part of the sky did you fall?"

"Well," answered I, "although I have been in some high places, I never yet attained to the altitude you speak of; but I returned a short time since from India, on two years' leave of absence, and I came down here with some friends who were on their way to Paris."

Jack remained silent for a moment or two, and then asked me if I would go on a fishing tour with him to the west of Ireland. Jack was a very old friend of mine, and the proposition, moreover, jumped with my humour at the moment, so I assented willingly; and almost in a shorter time than I take

to write it, we arranged preliminaries. Neither of us having anything further to detain us at Dover, we agreed to return to town the next morning, and then start without delay for Connemara; which was the particular portion of the "Green isle" that we had determined to visit.

Jack and I dined together at the Lord Warden that evening; but I saw no more of the two strangers, whose appearance had so much roused my curiosity in the morning, and the waiter told me that he had been quite unable to learn anything concerning them, they had not given their names, their portmanteaux were without marks, and they had both gone back to town that afternoon.

The next morning, according to our agreement, Spencer and I took our seats in the train for town, and in due course of time, were deposited at London Bridge. Thence we took a cab, and drove to the Golden Cross Hotel, which Jack declared was a house of "long standing and immense respectability."

That evening an accident occurred, which laid up my friend for nearly a fortnight, and consequently delayed our expedition considerably. It was a trifling affair, however, and I only mention it to account for our unexpected stay in town. Jack saw, or fancied he saw, an old acquaintance whom he had not met for months, when we were driving down the Strand, and, with his usual impetuosity, he endeavoured to spring out of the hansom before it had fairly stopped, an adventure which ended in a sprained ankle, and the loss of his supposed friend,

who turned round some corner and disappeared. Somewhat crest-fallen and suffering pain, Jack hobbled back into the cab, and we returned to the hotel, where we were destined to remain for fully a fortnight, ere my friend's ankle was well enough to move.

CHAPTER XXV.

CAPTAIN MORGAN'S JOURNAL — *continued.*

"Rocks upon rocks incumbent hung,
And torrents down the gullies flung,
Joined the rude river that brawled on;
Recoiling now from crag and stone,
Now diving deep from human ken,
And raving down its darksome glen."
SIR WALTER SCOTT.—*The Bridal of Triermain.*

IN process of time the damaged limb was once more fit for service, and we were fairly started on our journey to the wild West,—that land of lakes and mountains and desolate moorland scenery. About seven o'clock on the evening of the 15th June we left Dublin, by train, for Galway, and towards midnight were rapidly approaching the capital of western Ireland. My occasional peeps through the window of the railway carriage during the latter part of the journey showed me nothing but dark, dreary-looking bogs, which seemed dismally black in the solemn gloom of the moonless night. The whole country appeared to be one vast expanse of moorland, divided occasionally by low, turf-built

walls, adorned here and there with scraggy bits of stunted gorse.

We reached our destination about one o'clock in the morning, and took up our quarters at the Railway Hotel, which far exceeded our expectations in the way of accommodation: we had no idea that there was such a capital house in that remote part of the country.

Early next morning, contenting ourselves with five hours' sleep for once, Jack and I wandered out, encased in waterproofs, to explore the city. A more unpropitious day could scarcely be imagined, but our choice was Hobson's, and we were fain to be content. Since the first peep of dawn it had been raining fast, and every moment fresh masses of heavy mist rolled in from the ocean, and swept along the drenched and dreary-looking streets in thick, close showers of driving rain.

Galway is a fine town, and the newer portion of it—in the vicinity of the railway station—promises great things for the future city. The Queen's College and the Hotel are magnificent buildings, and there is a fine railway bridge across Loch Athalia, an arm of the sea to the eastward of the town.

But the more ancient portion of the "City of the Tribes" had greater attractions for us than these fine specimens of modern architecture; and we soon found ourselves in that part of the town where are still to be seen some of the quaint Spanish houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In olden times there was much trade and communication between

Spain and Galway, and the manners and customs of the sunny south yet remain to a certain extent, and remind one forcibly of the past.[1] The house in Lombard Street where James Lynch-Fitzstephen, mayor of Galway in 1493, used to live, is perhaps the most interesting of all the ancient structures, from the fact of its having been the scene of the startling incident which furnished the subject for the drama of "The Warden of Galway." The story goes that the son of James Lynch-Fitzstephen, having committed a murder, was condemned, and sentenced, with the sternest Roman justice, to death by his own father; who even went so far as to perform the office of executioner when the numerous friends of the criminal attempted to rescue him by force of arms.[2]

The church of Saint Nicholas, dating back from the fourteenth century, next drew our attention, and then, after a hasty peep at the remainder of the strange old houses, we returned to the hotel.

The principal curiosity, however, of Galway, is the suburb village of the Claddagh, which is inhabited by a people who are entirely distinct from their neighbours of the town. They have their own

[1] An interesting account of Galway appeared in *Once a Week* for October 1861. Therein it is stated that, so ancient was the first foundation of the place, even Ptolemy mentioned it in his writings.

[2] The murdered man was a young Spaniard named Gomez, who was a guest in James Lynch-Fitzstephen's house, and he was slain in a fit of jealousy by the only son of the latter, Walter Lynch-Fitzstephen.—*Once a Week.*

peculiar laws and customs, and have been from time immemorial ruled by one of themselves, who formerly was a king, but who now boasts no higher title than that of mayor. They are all fishermen, not even excepting their monarch, whose boat is said to be distinguished from that of the others by a white sail and colours at the mast-head.

The dresses of the female portion of the peasantry in this part of the country are very picturesque, and their red petticoats and blue cloaks enliven the streets with their gay and brilliant appearance.

We left Galway in the public car—one of those peculiar vehicles with which the name of Bianconi is inseparably connected—at ten o'clock, in the midst of heavy rain, which came down with a constancy I have never seen surpassed throughout our drive; and, although I was tolerably dry, my companion suffered not a little from the incessant downpour in spite of his macintosh, though which the water had completely penetrated.

The road between Galway and Oughterard,—which is the first stopping-place—runs for some distance parallel to the River Corrib, and the lake of that name is visible nearly throughout the journey. The scenery is wild but uninteresting, and until we approached Oughterard it could scarcely be called picturesque. With the exception of occasional well-timbered demesnes—which afforded a most striking contrast to the rest of the naked and craggy country—there was hardly anything to relieve the eye, the

[1] The distance is about eighteen English miles.

greater portion being moorland, totally destitute of trees, and almost all other vegetation, excepting heather and stunted gorse. The hills were low, bleak, and dreary; and the numerous little lakes and rivulets, lonely and desolate-looking, excepting in a few instances, where the latter, flowing through the wooded demesnes above mentioned, were rendered beautiful enough by the presence of trees. There are only two lakes of any size; those of Ballycuirke and Ross, the latter of which is very handsome. The Loughkip river is the only stream of importance.

After leaving Galway about a mile or so behind us, we passed through a most desolate-looking bit of country,—a perfect wilderness of roofless cabins and dilapidated stone walls. There was not a living creature of any description to be seen, and it was difficult to believe that we were scarcely a league from a large and populous town, so dreary and deserted was the scene before us. The whole place seemed made up of limestone. The cabins had all been built of it, the almost numberless walls were of the same material, and even the very land itself showed more rock than soil. It appeared, upon inquiry, that the occupants of these most miserable villages had been ejected by unroofing their cabins, a process not unfrequently resorted to in Ireland, to dispossess a non-paying tenantry.

Ruins of various kinds were scattered about, and our attention was forcibly drawn to the old and time-worn gateways, some of which, even in their decay, were fine, and spoke of former magnificence.

Oughterard is a pretty village situated on the

charming little river Feogh, which dances through it between curious projecting ledges of limestone, topped by graceful and luxuriant trees of various kinds. It is altogether a delightful spot of green in the brown and gloomy picture which this part of the country presents. There is a cottage here known as Martin's Gate-house, and from this to Ballynahinch Castle, twenty-five miles further, the road passes through what was once the property of this celebrated individual, of whom Moore, in one of his humorous poems, said,—

"Oh! place me 'midst O'Rourkes, O'Tooles,
The ragged royal blood of Tara;
Or place me where Dick Martin rules
The houseless wilds of Connemara."

Having left Oughterard behind us we saw no more trees for a good many miles. The scenery increased in wildness as we advanced, and its desolate character was even more striking than before. The hills were higher, the lakes larger, the inhabitants fewer, and every feature of the scene partook of the same unvarying, gloomy brown. The scattered cabins of the peasantry were the most wretched we had yet seen in Ireland; they were built almost entirely of mud, and they seemed scarcely high enough to admit of a person standing upright within their walls.

An almost continuous chain of lakes stretches from Oughterard to Clifden,[1] and, indeed, the whole of this part of the country is so broken with them,

[1] The distance between these two places is about thirty-three English miles.

that I think their extent of surface must approach to nearly one half that of the land: I suppose there is hardly another spot of the same size in the world where there are so many lakes as in this portion of Galway; and, if report speaks truly, the whole district must be a perfect paradise for the angler.

At Flynn's "Half-way House," which is somewhere about eleven miles from Oughterard, we passed from Iar-Connaught into Connemara proper.[1] Although it is rather a miserable specimen of an inn, yet we greeted it warmly for the sake of three beautiful wooded islands, which adorn the dark bosom of Lough Shindilla, near which the house stands. Their verdure was quite refreshing after the long stretch of brown moor and mountain.

About seven or eight miles beyond Flynn's we arrived at the "Recess Hotel," on the north shore of Lough Glendalough, and nestling at the foot of a huge hill called Lesoughter. It was a beautiful spot, owing to the luxuriance of the trees in the immediate vicinity, and, like the neighbourhood of Flynn's, peculiarly attractive from the contrast which it presented to the scenery all around.

After leaving the Recess, the features of the country assumed a grander and still wilder appearance as we got amongst the mountains; and we felt that, at last, we were fairly in the Connemara Highlands. Many of the hills in this district are partly composed of glittering quartz, and at a distance they seemed as if they were clad in eternal snow: the contrast

[1] Connemara is said to mean "The Bays of the Sea."

between their appearance and that of the sombre-looking plains and valleys was very striking.

In due time we reached Clifden,[1] which is most beautifully situated at the head of one of the tongues of Ardbear Bay, a narrow inlet of the sea. It is walled in by picturesque and rugged mountains, excepting on the side next the ocean, where, in stormy weather, the turbulent Atlantic breaks with an almost deafening roar upon the rocks outside.

We stayed at Clifden for dinner, and then, though it still continued to rain fast and heavily, we jumped into an "outside car," and started for Kylemore, a distance of twelve miles farther. The scenery of our drive was still wilder and grander than before, though, perhaps, the increasing gloom heightened the effect a little; for it was nearly sunset when we reached our destination. The mountains that rose round us on all sides were very bold, and the noble range of the Benna-Beola, or Twelve Pins,[2] stood out from the leaden sky lofty and grand, like the presiding deities of this wild and almost deserted land. We passed, at the head of Ballinakill Bay, a small settlement — presenting an air of neatness and freshness, which seemed quite foreign to the scene — but otherwise the country appeared to be totally uninhabited. Still the same scarcity of trees prevailed

[1] The distance between the Recess and Clifden is considered about fifteen English miles.

[2] The group of the Benna-Beola consists of a schistose quartz of a greyish-brown colour, large sheets of which are exposed on the precipitous sides of all the chief eminences. The average height of these mountains is about 2000 feet, but some rise to 2400 feet."—*Penny Cyclopædia.*

as between Galway and Clifden, and bog and mountain still characterized the face of nature. Towards the end of our drive we crossed the wild and beautiful Dawrus River, which rushes down from the Pins through a magnificent glen to the ocean; and shortly afterwards, leaving the pretty lake of Poulacappul on our right, we entered the Pass of Kylemore. Here the scenery was really enchanting, and surpassed anything that we had yet seen during our tour. Rocky and precipitous hills fairly walled in the road, and glittering torrents were dashing down their furrowed sides at the moment that we passed, and casting showers of spray on all around. On the hills to the left of the road were a few trees, the remains of the Kylemore, or "Great Wood," from which the place takes its name; and our driver pointed out a cave, half-way up one of these wooded mountains, which he affirmed was formerly a stronghold of the great robber, Johnny Gibbons. It was a wild-looking spot, and appeared of difficult access. The lake of Kylemore is charming, but it is of small extent, and destitute of islands; it owes its beauty solely to its mountain shores. The situation of the little inn — seemingly the only dwelling for miles around — was romantic and picturesque in the extreme; and we could not help congratulating ourselves upon the lovely spot, which we had chosen as our temporary home. The inn stood upon the lake-shore within twenty yards of the water, and it seemed as if trees and an Italian sky were only wanting to make the place a perfect paradise of beauty.

We soon transferred ourselves and our portmanteaux from the conveyance to the interior of two comfortable-looking bedrooms, within the hospitable walls of the isolated little inn, and, having speedily changed our apparel, we ordered tea, and descended to the apartment which did duty as coffee-room of the establishment. We found it almost in total gloom, the flickering glare of the turf-fire in the grate being the only relief to the darkness. But although not illuminated, the apartment was not unoccupied, for two figures were seated at the fire; and, as we entered, they rose, and one of them requested the other to ring for lights. The speaker then turned to us, and said, in a half-apologetic tone, that they had nearly fallen asleep over the fire, and had not thought of candles until our arrival had suggested their necessity. It was much too dark for us to distinguish the features of our new acquaintances, but I could see that one of them was a large, tall man, and the other a slight, boyish-looking personage. We talked on commonplace subjects for a moment or two, and presently the lights arrived, disclosing to my rather astonished view the two mysterious visitors who had so excited my curiosity at Dover. The tea speedily followed the candles, and we all drew our chairs round the table to partake of the fragrant cups

"That cheer, but not inebriate."

Our acquaintance with the strangers—or rather I should say, the stranger, for the beautiful boy said nothing—ripened fast, and we soon had planned

a joint fishing expedition for the morrow. Our new friend informed us that he and his brother, which it appeared was the degree of relationship that existed between him and the handsome lad, were making a hasty trip through the west of Ireland, and that the beauty of Kylemore had induced them to spend a longer time upon its shores than they had hitherto allotted to any other place during their tour.

About ten o'clock we adjourned to our respective apartments, Jack and I wondering not a little who our fellow-travellers were.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAPTAIN MORGAN'S JOURNAL—*continued.*

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlour wall;
Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more."

LONGFELLOW—*Footsteps of Angels.*

ABOUT seven o'clock next morning, having pulled my lazy friend Jack out of bed, I descended to the coffee-room, with a view to hastening the appearance of breakfast, as the day promised well for our intended excursion. I found the apartment tenanted solely by the younger of my two new acquaintances, who shyly wished me good morning, and then continued his employment of reeling up a long salmon line which had been drawn out to dry round the backs of a couple of chairs.

"Ah," said I, "I see that you are preparing for work to-day."

The boy smiled, and answered, "Yes, this is Richard's rod and line, he asked me to come down and get them ready for him;" and then, as if he thought he ought in some way to account for his brother's absence, he continued, "He is up-stairs, picking out flies, and will be here in a few minutes."

"Are you fond of fishing?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" eagerly replied my young companion, "but I think I like shooting better."

The door opened at this moment, and in walked the stranger and Jack Spencer, seemingly on the highest terms of intimacy. Our greetings over, the former turned to me, and said, "Your friend here has been betraying to me this morning your and his curiosity to know our names; and as Henry and I must plead guilty to the same charge with reference to you, I think we had better make an end of the mystery, and introduce ourselves at once. My own name is Richard Raymond, and this young gentleman," continued he, as he pressed the hair back from the boy's forehead affectionately, "is my half-brother, Henry Raymond, who, shy as he appears at present, is as full of mischief as you can possibly imagine."

The boy looked up at us, and smiled, while I hastily asked, "Are you connected with the Raymonds of Eagles' Park?"

"Yes," replied my new friend, sadly, "the late Sir Maurice was my father, and I am now the possessor of the title and estates."

"How very, very odd," I exclaimed, "that we

should meet in this way. I am Everard Morgan, your first cousin, just returned from India on leave of absence."

Sir Richard's eyes looked his astonishment as he grasped my hand warmly, and said, "I am so glad to see you, and I hope those unhappy differences which have hitherto existed between your family and mine will find their end to-day. It always grieved me that you and I should be estranged, for Heaven knows we had nothing to do with the quarrel, and cared less about the wretched cause of it. I would willingly have given up the whole miserable farm if it had rested with me, rather than fight about it; and I am ready even now to make good my words, and hand you over the title-deeds as soon as I can write to my agent for them."

"My dear Raymond," answered I, "I have not a shadow of claim to the farm, and never had, so I must decline your generous offer in that respect; but as for the other part of your proposition, nothing will give me greater happiness than to see the old friendship established again; and if we had not met in this way, I meant to have gone down to Eagles' Park and proposed it myself."

We once more shook hands heartily, and then Jack broke in, "Well, gentlemen, although their can be no objection to your being civil to one another, yet I do not see why I should be taken no notice of, and left to introduce myself in this way."

"My dear Jack," said I, "I beg your pardon;"

but he interrupted me with, "No, no, Captain Morgan, you have had your opportunity and did not profit by it; I shall introduce myself now. Sir Richard Raymond," continued he, "you see before you one John Spencer of Deerbrook, late an embryo barrister, with—to use a mild expression—embarrassed means, and eight hours' work out of the twelve, but now a landed proprietor, with two thousand a-year, and nothing to do, which is a very pleasing change, as far as I can see at present."

Having delivered himself of this piece of eloquence, Jack laid his hand upon his heart, and made a profound brow, which unfortunately had not the impressive effect intended, as at this instant I happened to lean rather heavily on the table, and a huge book that had been resting dangerously near the edge fell over on Jack's toes with a tremendous crash, and set us all laughing heartily, not even excepting the victim, who, although he did mutter something very like an oath at the shock, speedily recovered his good-humour. Just then the breakfast was brought in, and we sat down at once to discuss it, though we began to fear that after all the fair promises of the early morning, the day would not prove so favourable as we had hoped for fishing; and so it turned out, for before we were ready to start, the sky was shrouded in thick heavy clouds, and the wind was fast rising to a gale. Under these circumstances we resolved to postpone our expedition, and see what sport the lake itself would afford us. Acting upon this idea,

we inquired for a boat, and found that our host possessed but one, which was away at the moment, but would be brought back in about half-an-hour. After a time our vessel arrived, and we embarked and pushed out into the lake, which was now heaving like a young ocean. The wind was so strong and the water so rough, that our host said fishing was out of the question; however, as there was little else to be done, we determined to try. We tied on our most killing flies, and took two trolling-rods with us, for casting in such a wind was simply an impossibility; but after a couple of hours' hard work, during which we all got thoroughly wetted by the waves that broke against the bow of the boat, we returned with a solitary White Trout,[1] which Richard caught within a few minutes of our starting.

It now became a question as to how we were to pass the remainder of the day, as the weather was much too stormy and threatening for us to continue our journey to Achil, whither we had agreed to go together; but Jack solved the difficulty as far as he was concerned, by saying that as I had disturbed his slumbers in the middle of the night, he intended forthwith to go to sleep, and make up for lost time, while he strongly recommended us to do the same. Raymond laughed, whispered a word or two to his brother, who left us immediately, and then drawing his chair closer to the fire, and putting more turf into the grate, he said, "Everard, I know you would ask me some questions

[1] The Sea Trout—*Salmo Trutta.*

about myself and Henry, but if you will come here and make yourself comfortable, I will anticipate your queries, and give you a short sketch of my life and his.

"You know that my mother, Clara Morgan, died when I was an infant, and that, thenceforth, owing chiefly to the lawsuit about that Welsh farm, the intercourse between your family and mine entirely ceased; but further than that, I suspect you have had no information, for we lived a lonely life in my father's house, and the world outside knew little of our history. When I was about eleven years of age, a gentleman arrived at the park one afternoon, in company with a most lovely girl, whose bewitching beauty impressed even my young imagination so strongly, that her appearance, on that occasion, is as distinct in my recollection as if the whole thing happened yesterday. That evening I was introduced to Colonel Herbert and his charming daughter, who could not have been more than seventeen years of age. At first it seemed very odd to me that we should have visitors, but I soon became accustomed to them, for they never left the house afterwards. It appeared, subsequently, that Colonel Herbert and my father had served together in their youth, and had been bosom friends. On the return of the former to England, after a long residence in Italy, Sir Maurice begged of him to make Eagles' Park his home, affirming—what was no doubt the truth—that he was sadly in want of some companion, and that the society of his old friend would be most grateful in every way. What other inducements my

father offered I know not, but the result was that Colonel Herbert and the lovely Ellen became members of our household at the Park. Although we received such an accession to our circle, our habits did not become a whit more sociable than they had been; however, every one seemed happy, and even Miss Herbert did not appear to want the companionship of her own sex. It is difficult to say how long this state of things might have lasted, but, as Fate would have it, about two years after his arrival, Colonel Herbert was thrown from his horse, and suffered such internal injury, that he died soon afterwards. I was too young to be very observing at the time, but three days before his death Ellen Herbert became Lady Raymond. She was a most gentle, loveable being, and her kindness to me has fixed itself indelibly upon my heart. After our sorrow for the Colonel had softened somewhat, we fell back into the quiet, serene existence which had before characterized our house; and nothing disturbed the "even tenor" of our life, until, about fifteen months after Henry was born, my step-mother burst a blood-vessel, and in a week Eagles' Park was again a place of mourning. This melancholy event completely broke my father's spirit, and, from that time until I left home to join my regiment, I hardly ever saw him smile. You know, I think, that I embarked for India within two years after my appointment, and I only returned the other day when I left the service.

"On my departure my darling brother was a child of five years of age, and when I came back, I found him grown into the beauteous boy that you

have seen. My heart yearned towards him—for he is the image of his mother, to whom I owe such a deep debt of gratitude—and his gentle and affectionate yet manly disposition has strengthened the bond of love between us to such an extent, that I greatly fear he occupies a place in my affections which should be accorded to no earthly being."

My cousin paused a moment or two, and then he continued: "But you would like to know what my views are for the future. My soldiering has engendered a sort of vagrant disposition, and for a time, at least, I shall not be able to settle down as a stay-at-home country gentleman: moreover, Henry is curious about the outer world, and for the next year or two, I mean that we should travel. My affairs at Eagles' Park, meantime, will be managed by my father's old friend and agent Stephen Murray, who is well known and deservedly beloved by all my tenants. I have not thought of any other future for Henry than what I have mentioned. It will be the dark day of my life when we are separated, and, as he is possessed of ample means, there is no need of his ever quitting England, or adopting any profession."

We sat chatting over the fire about old friends and times until the shades of evening fell around the place, and my cousin's deep-toned and melodious voice had grown soft and sad, as the recollections of the past stole over him. Just then the door opened, and Henry Raymond peeped into the room, but, seeing how it was occupied, he was about to withdraw again, when his brother said, "Come in, my

boy, and sit with us ; we are both growing melancholy over this fitful blaze, and want you to cheer us."

My young cousin came forward, and seated himself upon the hearth-rug at his brother's feet, who bent over, and, parting the thick clustering masses of the boy's magnificent hair, with a look of unutterable affection, kissed him on the brow.

No one spoke for nearly ten minutes, when my vivacious friend Jack opened the door and disturbed our reveries by exclaiming, "Upon my honour, Sir Richard, you seem particularly fond of darkness ! This is the second time I have tumbled into this room, and found it as gloomy as a dilapidated grave, with you half sleeping over an expiring fire ; do let us have some lights !"

The Baronet laughed, and said that his fondness for a dark room showed he had a good and easy conscience ; but Jack would by no means admit the correctness of this deduction, and he was about to argue the point in true lawyer-like style, when in came dinner and the lights, and Jack's ideas and argument all flew away at the sight of the smoking meal. The dinner passed away without incident, and we separated soon afterwards for the night.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CAPTAIN MORGAN'S JOURNAL—*continued.*

"I've traced many a mountain-strand,
Abroad and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led;
Thus, many a waste I've wander'd o'er,
Clombe many a crag, cross'd many a moor,
But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where'er I happed to roam."
SIR WALTER SCOTT—"*The Lord of the Isles.*"

By dawn, on the following morning, the weather had changed considerably for the better. The wind, after singing all kinds of strange and weird melodies during the night, had fairly blown itself out; and the lake, though still showing signs of the previous day's agitation, was fast settling down to its usual placidity of surface. The sky, too, was perfectly cloudless, and the atmosphere so clear, that the sharp conical summits of the neighbouring mountains seemed at least half a mile nearer to us than they had been.

We breakfasted about seven, and soon afterwards stowed ourselves away in the only car which the establishment possessed. What between our luggage and ourselves, there was not much room to spare: however, the morning was chilly, and tight-packing, consequently, not uncomfortable. Our destination was Westport; but we had arranged to stop for luncheon at Leenane, six miles away. The drive took us through some fine mountain-scenery, and afforded us peeps at various secluded lakes, as well as the beauties of Killery Harbour,[1] and the huge mountain called Muilrea.[2] Leenane then consisted of three or four cabins, at the foot of a high green mountain, and the best of these places — the quondam residence of Big Jack Joyce, the giant of the gigantic race of Joyces[3] — proved to be the

[1] The scenery of the Great Killery is much admired, and considered to approach nearest to the Norwegian *fiords* of any in these islands.

[2] Muilrea mountain is the highest ground in Mayo, and is 2682 feet in height.—*Penny Cyclopædia.*

[3] "The Joyce country derives its name from the ancient settlers who have been time out of mind described as men of giant forms and herculean prowess. The idea, however, is little less than fabulous; there are 'big' men among the Joyces, and no doubt there always have been, but as a race they are little above the common standard. The chiefs of the Joyces are, now-a-days, no more than small farmers, barely that. According to the Reverend Cæsar Otway, 'the Joyces were a troop or band that came over from Wales, or the west of England, with Bermingham of Atherny, in the reign of Edward I. Their names was Joyes or Jorse, and they were said to be descended from ancient British princes. O'Flaherty also says they were so called from a Welsh family of Yoes, Joas, or Shoyes.'"—Mr. *and* Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Connemara and the West of Ireland.*

King's Hotel. We lunched on bacon and eggs—the only fare the place afforded — and then resumed our journey to Westport. Westport is said to be seventeen miles from Leenane—at least they charged us for that distance in the posting-bill—and towards evening we entered the town.

As we passed the boundary between the counties of Galway and Mayo, it seemed to me that we had entered a better country; the mountains appeared higher, but greener, and the lowlands did not present that unvarying, weary waste, which is so much the character of Connemara. We passed lakes, and rivers, and mountain-torrents, as usual, but very few trees, until we got pretty close to Westport. Near the town we drove through a place, which surpassed even the outskirts of Galway for stones: it seemed as if they had been gathered by somebody for some special purpose from all the country round. Westport proved to be a clean-looking town, with wide streets, and a small river running through it. We took up our residence at Daley's Hotel, and soon after our arrival the two Raymonds went out together, leaving Jack and myself to our own devices. As it was a pleasant evening, we strolled down through the fine, old demesne of the Marquis of Sligo, towards the sea. The place appeared dilapidated and neglected, and impressed me strongly with the idea of decay. There is an artificial lake close to the house, and the grounds possess some of the finest and oldest trees I have seen in Ireland. We were particularly struck with the beauty of the little chapel, some short distance

from the mansion, close to which were some monuments, of the most pure and beautiful Italian marble. When we had passed completely through the demesne we found a sort of wall, communicating between the quay and an island in the bay, and, proceeding to the latter, we were rewarded by a very fair look at this portion of the far-famed Clew Bay.[1] We were both much disappointed, however, at the naked, treeless appearance which the numerous islands presented; and, to our minds, the reality of the place fell far short of all the descriptions which we had read of it. Upon our left the noble mountain of Croagh Patrick, or the Reek,[2] as it is more frequently called, hid its lofty head amongst the clouds, and added much to the beauty of a scene, which, though inferior to our expectations, was still wild and grand.

Jack and I, having explored to our hearts' content, returned to the hotel, and soon were courting

[1] "Clew Bay is a capacious inlet of the Atlantic, which runs inland to a distance of fifteen miles, and is from seven to eight miles in width. From Westport to Newport the head of Clew Bay is studded over with green pasturable islands, varying in size from a few acres to half a mile in length, and in number amounting to one hundred and seventy. The shore along the Bay is also good arable land, and is worn into numerous peninsulas and low promontories, many of them wooded, which greatly increases the picturesque effect. The whole scenery of this district is remarkably striking. The beauty of the head of Clew Bay, with its labyrinth of islands in particular, would appear to have been generally known from an early period, as they are distinguished as the 'Fortunate Islands,' in an Italian map of the sixteenth century."—*Penny Cyclopædia.*

[2] 2510 feet above the level of the sea, according to the Ordnance Survey.

the society of the drowsy god. We saw no more of the Raymonds for that evening; but it had been previously arranged that we should leave Westport by the mail-car the next day for Achil.

We were early afoot, as the car was to leave at half-past nine, and were sorry to find that the morning did not hold out hopes of a very fine day. Soon after breakfast the car came round, and we were not a little amused at the heterogeneous assortment of articles which had been stowed away in its innermost recesses. There were two tin-dishes, a broom, the mail-bag, with the letters; then our own peculiar traps; then various articles of horse-gear, some hay, a bag of oats; and last, not least, a band-box, the property of an old lady, who, it appeared, was to be our fellow-passenger as far as Newport. We found considerable difficulty yesterday in stowing away five people in a car of similar size at Kylemore; but now it appeared that it was incumbent upon us to provide for six. This being a matter requiring intense thought, and most careful adaptation of the means at our disposal, occupied us, at least, half-an-hour; however, by the end of that time, we were satisfactorily under way, the process of stowage having been consummated with mathematical precision and accuracy. The baggage was suspended fantastically by sundry pieces of cord, that appeared rather the worse for age and wear, under the body of the vehicle; the old lady and I were deposited on one seat, Richard Raymond and Spencer on the other; while Henry perched himself up amongst the band-boxes which were packed away in that portion of

the car, usually, I believe, denominated "the well." We soon accomplished the six miles between Westport and Newport, and arrived safely at the latter place, where we stopped to change our single horse. The village, or town, whichever it may be called, is small and unattractive, excepting, perhaps, for the fine view of the larger portion of Clew Bay which it affords. A monotonous-looking river flows through it, which the driver assured me was full of trout and salmon. The old lady, who had accompanied us from Westport, removed herself and her band-box from the car at Newport, and we were accordingly accommodated with a little more space than had hitherto been allotted to us. Time, indeed, that it was so; for Henry Raymond was dispossessed of his perch to make room for some bags of bread, which, the good people informed us, were intended for Achil, as that benighted locality did not rejoice in a baker of any kind.

The clouds of the morning had become more and more portentous as we advanced, and we had scarcely left Newport, when down came the rain with a quiet, provoking steadiness, that seemed to intimate its intention of continuing throughout the day. The distance between Newport and Achil Sound, which separates the island from the main shore, is said to be about seventeen English miles, and for two-thirds of the way, at least, it almost skirts the ocean, taking the traveller through most wild and desolate scenery, which, without ocular proof of the fact, it is difficult to believe can exist

within the limits of the British Isles. Inhabitants there appeared to be literally none; and mountain moors and ocean seemed almost to make up the entire world. We changed our horses twice between Newport and the Sound, however, thus setting beyond dispute the fact that, after all, we were not the only inhabitants of that portion of the wild county of Mayo. Our first stopping-place, the driver said, was Tierna: it consisted of one solitary cabin, which, with the utmost stretch of conscience, I could hardly call a village, though, considering the apparent dearth of population in the district, it might, comparatively speaking, pass for a city of some importance. The next evidence of humanity in our track was, what Maxwell calls, the "clachan" of Mulranney, a small hamlet of some half-dozen wretched cabins.

About one o'clock we reached the Sound, after the wildest and most desolate drive that any of us had ever experienced. We found a comfortable little inn here, kept by a Scotchman, as well as a few cabins. The Sound is about a quarter of a mile across; and we and our belongings were intrusted to the guardianship of about a dozen of the wildest-looking white men I ever saw. They laughed, shouted, and chattered incessantly in Irish; and it seemed to me that we should never get across the channel, as every one pulled his own way, apparently without considering whether it was the right one or not. It was much too wet for our party to render any assistance; so we left these demon-like creatures

to their own way of doing things, and, after a time, were duly landed on the opposite shore. Here another horse and car awaited us, in which we soon started for Achil Colony, nine miles further on. The village, which bears this rather remarkable title, is, in fact, a Protestant missionary settlement, situated at the north-west end of the island, and was established in 1833 by some zealous divines of the Church of England. The island is about sixteen miles in length, by seven or eight in breadth; and it is wilder, if possible, than even the country we had already passed through. The same scarcity of trees that had been so remarkable throughout our tour prevailed, and the whole face of nature seemed wrapped in a mantle of dark-brown heath. The greater portion of the island is covered with bog; but there are a few lakes, and some streams, and several lofty hills.[1] Houses were "few and far between," and the only one possessing anything like respectable dimensions that we saw during our drive was the residence of a Mr. Pike. We reached the village between three and four o'clock, and were agreeably surprised to find it a snug, clean-looking group of white houses, nestling cosily in a narrow valley, between Slieve

[1] "The surface of Achil Island is extremely mountainous, and its shores are, perhaps, more precipitous than any equal extent of coast in the British Islands. At Minaun, on the south side of the island, the cliffs, which are slightly overhanging, have an altitude of 1000 feet, and upwards; and at Keem Head, which terminates the island westward, the whole side of the mountain, which appears to have been rent asunder by some convulsion of nature, constitutes one shelving precipice of 2222 feet, springing immediately from the water's edge."—*Penny Cyclopædia.*

More, or the "Big Mountain,"[1] and Finsheen, another, but much less lofty hill. We were not sorry to see a pleasant hotel, nor to receive the greetings of a most civil and obliging host, after our wet and dreary journey. Dinner was served almost immediately on our arrival, and then Jack, suddenly conceiving a taste for "poteen"—now that we were fairly in the wild West—disappeared to consult the landlord as to the possibility of procuring this contraband beverage; while Henry went to sleep upon the sofa, leaving Richard and myself to discuss the merits of liquor that had paid duty to the Queen. Later in the evening the weather began to brighten, and my cousin and I—Henry being still asleep, and Jack still absent—went out to explore the village. The rain came on again ere we had gone many yards, and we were forced to return, having ascertained, however, by ocular demonstration, that the place was literally alive with hares.

It seemed to me that I had got about two hours' sleep, or thereabouts, when my cousin Richard came into my room, and said, "Everard, get up: it is a splendidly clear morning, and we must not lose this opportunity of seeing the cliffs. I have ordered breakfast, and sent for guides and ponies, so that there will be no delay; dress as quickly as you can, while I go and rouse the poteen-hunter from his slumbers." Richard left the room as he spoke, and I lost no time in making ready for the road.

[1] The summit of Slieve More, according to the Ordnance Survey maps, is 2204 feet above the level of the sea; and, according to the *Penny Cyclopædia*, it is 432 feet over the land at its foot.

In about an hour afterwards we were mounted and equipped; and, under the guardianship of two urchins, who professed themselves excellent guides, we started for Croaghaun,[1] one of the highest summits on the island. Our road took us through a wild, treeless country, with here and there a field of rye or potatoes, and, occasionally, a solitary cabin. About two miles from the Colony, we passed upon our left a sheet of water, called Lough Keel, and, further on, rode through two villages, composed entirely of low cabins, of a most wretched description, which looked, at a distance, more like huge ant-hills than anything else I can think of. These villages were called respectively Keel and Dooagh. From the latter a crowd of boys issued as we passed, and followed us up the mountain, which we were gradually ascending. The road, thereabouts, wound round the summit of the cliffs, which shot down almost perpendicularly for three or four hundred feet into the green and angry ocean, now breaking in foam and spray upon the pointed and jagged rocks below. It was a grand and glorious sight, and we paused a good five minutes to contemplate its savage beauty. We presently approached the mountain-farm of Keim, where we saw, for the first time in Ireland, flocks of the real Highland sheep. In a quarter of an hour more we had crossed the end of the island, and were fairly upon the mountain, though not on its highest summit. A sort of huge gully, piled with gigantic boulders, inclined

[1] Croaghaun is 2192 feet above the level of the sea, according to the Ordnance Survey.

outwards to the sea, and, instead of completing the ascent, we scrambled down this tremendous notch in the iron coast, until we found ourselves upon the sands below. We were then at the foot of those stupendous cliffs, which rise sheer out of the water, to the dazzling height of more than two thousand feet above the sea-mark. Behind, and on either side of us, were giant precipices, of black and gloomy rock; before us, the angry ocean, in all its wild sublimity. The incessant roar of the storm-lashed breakers, as they dashed in thunder against the mountain-side, after more than eighteen hundred miles of journeying,—the utter loneliness of the place,—the wild sea-birds darting in and out of the crevices of the rocks, amidst the shriek and howl of the ocean-gale,—all combined to make up a scene, surpassing in wild and savage grandeur anything we had ever witnessed before.

We spent as much time as we could spare amongst these cliffs, and then rode back to the hotel, delighted beyond measure at our excursion. We dined, and retired early, to dream of inaccessible cliffs, and the wild and stormy sea,—

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth—dread, fathomless, alone."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CAPTAIN MORGAN'S JOURNAL—*continued.*

"Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken,
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side."
SIR WALTER SCOTT—*The Lord of the Isles.*

I ROSE with the dawn next morning, having in view a fishing expedition, under the guidance of Richard M'Kone, the keeper, as he was called *par excellence*, at the hotel. We contemplated visiting a small lake, and two diminutive rivers, within a pleasant walk of the village, where M'Kone assured me he had often had good sport. He strongly urged upon me, however, the advantage of postponing my trip until a later period of the day, as he said he had never tried those waters so early, and he could not promise any success; but our time was limited, and I did not choose to sacrifice our other amusements even to the "gentle art." My fellow-travellers de-

clined being of the party, and so the keeper and I set out together. I found him most civil and obliging, and we had a long talk about Maxwell, whose "Wild Sports of the West" have invested Slieve More and Ballycroy with an interest which they never otherwise would have earned. His name is well known at Achil; and most of those who can read have conned the pages of his glorious book.

Our errand proved a bootless one: the water was without a ripple, and the fish without curiosity, for they would not be tempted by my most enticing cast of flies. I returned about seven o'clock to the hotel, my solitary capture of one small Trout[1] affording immense amusement to my friends, whom I found preparing for an expedition to Inishbiggle. I had finished my breakfast before the ponies arrived, and, I suppose, it was about nine o'clock when we started. Our host, at the invitation of Sir Richard, made one of the party, and we placed ourselves under his guidance for the day. Mr. Maynard was an Englishman, who had chosen this wild residence for the sake of the sport which the neighbourhood afforded; and, I believe, he kept the hotel more on account of the society it gave him, than for any other reason. We took two rifles with us, one being my cousin's, and the other the property of our host, who said that we might possibly get a shot or two at Seals.[2]

It was a splendid morning, such as we had not seen during our trip before. The gale of the previous day had died completely out, and had carried

[1] The Common River Trout—*Salmo Fario.*

[2] The Common Seal—*Calocephalus Vitulinus.*

every particle of visible vapour along with it. The rugged head of Slieve More stood out clear and sharp from the pure sky, and the long, measured swell of the Atlantic broke slowly on the beach with a soothing murmur, which told that its agitated bosom was fast settling down into the placidity which generally succeeds a storm. The brightness of the day had an enlivening influence upon our feelings also; for, sooth to tell, the weather had sadly tried our patience for nearly the whole of the previous week. Our course lay through Dugort, which, although the post-town of the island, bore a close resemblance to the wretched villages that we passed on our way to Croaghaun. We followed the bend of the coast pretty much, keeping for a considerable portion of the way along the sands, and, in due course of time, arrived at the Bull's Mouth, the sound or inlet which separates the island of Inishbiggle from Achil. The current at this place is like a mill-race for speed, and, in crossing over to Inishbiggle in a boat which we had hired, we were swept down for a considerable distance.[1] Our host and I landed on the island, while the remainder of the party continued in the boat, and pulled up into Ballycroy Bay, with the intention of meeting

[1] "The Bull's Mouth is rarely entered but with flood-water, or a powerful-leading wind; and the southern outlet of the Sound at Achil Beg is similarly circumstanced. These straits are deep and dangerous; for, through them, the waters which flow from Blacksod and Clew Bays, and fill this extensive channel and its surrounding estuaries, rush with amazing violence, and the rapidity with which the tides enter and recede is frightful."—MAXWELL'S *Wild Sports of the West.*

us on the other side of Inishbiggle. It was low water when we landed, and the black, wet rocks, covered with slippery sea-weed, afforded us rather precarious footing, as we had to keep a sharp look-out at the same time for seals. However, Mr. Maynard and I went cautiously to work, and, when we had about half-encircled the island, we spied some seals playing in the water, about three hundred yards away. By dint of exceeding care we managed to lessen the distance between them and us to about a hundred yards, and then we crouched behind two rocks, and waited for a favourable opportunity to fire. We were not kept very long in suspense; for, presently, a huge black fellow scrambled up on a large rock, and seemed to be making preparations for a comfortable nap. I looked round me cautiously, with a view to a nearer approach, but there was not a particle of cover of any kind; and I plainly saw that if I attempted to move, I should not get a shot at all. Mr. Maynard at this moment handed me his rifle,—a splendid Rigby, by the way, carrying an ounce-and-a-quarter conical bullet,—and pointed to the enormous seal. Seeing that my companion was of the same opinion as myself, I hesitated no longer, but raised the rifle carefully, and took deliberate and steady aim at the brute's head. I fired, and the heavy *thud* of the bullet told that I had hit him somewhere; but, sad to relate, he floundered down into the water, and we saw the last of him. Mr. Maynard said he distinctly observed the bullet strike him on the side, but he added, that, though mortally wounded, if strength

enough remained to enable him to dive, we should never see him again. The result proved the truth of Mr. Maynard's assertion; for although, when the boat came round, we searched the place most carefully, there was not a vestige of him to be seen. We pulled about the wild bay for several hours, disturbing quantities of sea-fowl, but without another favourable shot at the seals, and about four o'clock we rode back to the Colony.

The next morning we bade adieu to Achil, and returned to Westport by the mail-car. From Westport we took the coach to Hollymount, passing through the town of Castlebar on our way; then the mail-car conveyed us to Ballinrobe, whence we posted on to Cong, arriving there about eleven at night.

Our route, although interesting enough, by no means presented the fine scenery we had hitherto been passing through; so that we were not sorry when our long and tedious drive, of more than eighty English miles, was at an end, and we were fairly and comfortably domiciled in the hotel at Cong —more particularly as the day had been showery and unpleasant.

Next morning we had a late breakfast, as we were all tired after our long drive of the previous day, and then we sauntered out to have a look at the country.

The neighbourhood of Cong is rich in natural wonders, the examination of which afforded us ample employment for the two days we remained amongst them. A neck of land, about four miles in width,

divides Lough Mask from Lough Corrib, and, at the lowermost edge of this—next to the latter lake—is the village of Cong, which, though of small extent, possesses considerable attractions for the antiquary and the naturalist. The most extraordinary feature of the place is the subterranean connexion between the waters of Lough Mask and those of Lough Corrib, which is visible in several places in and near the village, where the earth has fallen in. We visited several of these caverns, the largest of which is called the Pigeon-Hole, and, by the aid of a bundle of lighted straw, we examined their interiors successfully. There were a few stalactites, which reflected the light dimly; but, otherwise, these caverns were gloomy places. There was no doubt about the water, however; and the impression left upon our minds was, that these were only two or three of a number of subterranean channels, which unite the upper and lower lakes, and that, in fact, the whole place must be a vast filter, through which the waters of Lough Mask percolate into Lough Corrib.

There are at Cong the beautiful ruins of a once beautiful abbey, which are said to contain the remains of Roderick O'Connor, the last of the Irish kings [1] They were shrouded in luxuriant ivy[2] at the time of our visit, which added much to the picturesque appearance of the walls, stained and rounded by the fingers of Old Father Time. It was alto-

[1] "The Abbey at Cong was founded in the seventh century, and re-edified by O'Connor in the twelfth."—*Penny Cyclopædia.*

[2] The Giant Ivy—*Hedera Canariensis*—which is very abundant in Ireland.

gether a very "perfect ruin," as the phrase goes; for many of the carvings, though really of great age, were apparently quite fresh. Cong was once celebrated for its beautiful cross, which, however, is now in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy,[1] having been sold by the priest of the village for a hundred guineas, to raise funds for the repairs of the chapel. It was purchased by the late Professor MacCullagh, and presented by him to the institution above mentioned.

After luncheon we took a more extensive ramble than that which had occupied the forenoon; and, amongst other things, we crossed the boundary between Mayo and Galway. It consists simply of an ordinary stone wall, within a mile, or thereabouts, of the village. I think I never saw such an extraordinary country as that in the neighbourhood of Cong. It seemed to be composed of complete fields of naked limestone, divided at every few yards by

1 "The Cross of Cong, the gem of the Academy collection, affords most striking evidence of the advancement which the Irish artificers had made in several of the arts, and in general manufacturing skill, previous to the arrival of the English. It was made at Roscommon, by native Irishmen, about the year 1123, in the reign of Turlough O'Connor, father of Roderick, the last monarch of Ireland, and contains what was supposed to be a piece of the true cross. The ornaments generally consist of tracery and grotesque animals, fancifully combined, and similar in character to the decorations found upon crosses of stone of about the same period. A large crystal, through which a portion of the wood, which the cross was formed to enshrine, is visible, is set in the centre at the intersection."—WAKEMAN'S *Hand-Book of Irish Antiquities.*

narrow, but deepish crevices, in which small quantities of soil had collected, and where wild roses and ferns were growing luxuriantly. There was hardly a scrap of verdure on the surface, and, indeed, it was not surprising, for the rock was truly and literally naked.

After we had finished our examination of the wonders of Cong we returned to the hotel for dinner; and, as our trip was very near its end, we began to talk over future arrangements. During the conversation I was not a little astonished to find that the Raymonds were the two expected visitors whom my friend in Canada alluded to in his letter when he asked me to go and spend the autumn with him. Of course we arranged to travel together, and invited Spencer to accompany us; but Jack declared he had come to Ireland to fish, and that he should remain until he could return home, and honestly say that he had killed salmon and trout in the wild rivers of the West. So it was agreed that the two Raymonds and I should start for Galway the next afternoon, and leave Jack to destroy the whole finny tribe—if it so pleased him—at his leisure.

At dawn the next morning I tumbled out of bed, and sallied off, with a trolling-rod under my arm, to Lough Corrib,[1] where I fondly hoped to catch some

[1] "Lough Corrib stretches twenty miles to its southern extremity at Galway, where, through a bold, rocky river, it discharges its waters into the Atlantic. Its breadth is very variable, ranging from two to twelve miles. Besides its singular connexion with the Mayo lakes, by the underground channel at Cong, Lough

of the curious Gillaroo Trout,[1] for which this lake is celebrated. As at Achil, none of my fellow-travellers would accompany me, not even that wonderful angler, Jack Spencer, notwithstanding all he had said about fish and fishing on the previous night. A few minutes saw me on the lake-shore, and, the next instant, I jumped on board the little craft, which, with her owner, was waiting for me. The morning promised well, and the water was in splendid order; but, some way or other, it seemed that I was not destined to be successful; for although, when all other devices failed, I tried the deadly "spoon" repeatedly, I never had a run. I, however, enjoyed my pull upon the lake immensely, and my boatman enlivened the time by reciting strange legends of the past, in which the Fairies, *et hoc genus omne*, figured

Corrib produces a rare species of mussel, in which pearls are frequently discovered. Many of them are said to afford beautiful specimens of this valuable gem."—MAXWELL'S *Wild Sports of the West.*

1 "The Gillaroo Trout is common to many of the lakes of Mayo and Galway, but it is seldom caught. Its peculiarity is the possession of a gizzard, and it is thought to exist only in Ireland. It frequently grows to the size of seven or eight pounds' weight. Naturalists are divided in opinion, as to whether its singularity is natural, or the result of some disease. In appearance it differs very little from the common Trout, except that it has more red spots, and a yellow or golden-coloured belly and fins, and is generally a broader and thicker fish. Mr. Bull, a distinguished Irish naturalist, informs us that 'the Gillaroo Trout, so remarkable for its gizzard-like stomach, is usually considered only a variety of the species. How it occurs I have not at all satisfied myself. Whether it be the result of food—whether it be permanent, or temporary, or a form of disease—is not, I think, clearly established.'"—HALL'S *Guide-Book.*

conspicuously. He mentioned a rather singular instance of migration on the part of a colony of rabbits, the truth of which I leave naturalists to determine. He affirmed that, until 1854, High Island, situated in the upper portion of the lake, never possessed a rabbit amongst its varied inhabitants, but that, during the severe winter of that year, when the lake was partly frozen over, a large number of the long-eared gentry made their way across the ice from Inchagoill — a large island, some three or four miles further down — to the place I have mentioned, where they are now to be found in great numbers.

About seven o'clock I returned to the inn, and, after breakfast, the Raymonds and I started for Cross — a small hamlet three miles distant — where we were to meet the Galway car on its downward trip. Jack remained at Cong, in pursuance of his resolution; and I afterwards heard from him that he had been very successful in his sport, and had killed enough salmon and trout to satisfy the longings of the most rapacious angler in the world.

When the public car arrived at Cross it was so full, that the driver thereof chartered the smaller one, in which we had travelled from Cong, to take us and our belongings on to Headfort, where we were accommodated with seats in the legitimate vehicle.

We reached Galway in good time for the train, and about eleven o'clock that night were safely housed at Macken's Hotel in Dawson Street, Dublin.

Next morning there was a large pile of letters

for us at the post-office, and, amongst them, one which slightly changed our previous arrangements. We had intended going from Liverpool to New York by the "Cunard" mail-steamer, but Sir Richard received a communication, which entailed his visiting London before his departure for the western continent; so we made no delay in the Irish metropolis, but left by the early boat the next day for Holyhead.

The lovely Bay of Dublin was sleeping calmly as we passed it; and so soft and beautiful a picture did it present, that we, incontinently, made up our minds to its being fully equal to the Bay of Naples —at least, on that particular morning—although none of us had ever seen the latter. The Irish Channel, for once, was as smooth as a mill-pond; and in about four hours and a half we were landed at Holyhead, whence we took the train for London.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CAPTAIN MORGAN'S JOURNAL—*continued.*

"And, look, how calmly in yon radiant wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden grave.
O mighty river! O ye banks of shade!
Ye matchless scenes, in Nature's morning made."
MOORE—*Letter to Thomas Hume, Esq.*

WE had a carriage entirely to ourselves, and enjoyed our railway journey exceedingly. The day was very splendid; and North Wales, with all its mountain magnificence, was glowing in the sunlight; while the picturesque and fanciful hills stood out, clear and well defined, from the almost cloudless sky. Never do I recollect the serene and placid beauty of "Merry England" having been more striking than on that day, and scarcely anything could exceed in rich verdure the fields and hedge-rows of the part of the country that we passed through.

We reached London safely, and, by two days afterwards, had taken our passages to Quebec in a sailing-ship, which was to start without delay. We put our luggage on board at the docks, and ran down by train, ourselves, to Portsmouth, where the captain of the vessel had agreed to pick us up.

We arrived at the ancient sea-port without mishap, and amused ourselves for two days, whilst we were waiting for our ship, by exploring the dock-yards, arsenals, and fortifications. On the morning of the third day the good barque "Winckleman" arrived from London, and lay to until we joined her in the gallant little pilot-boat, "Flora of Cowes." It was a most lovely morning, with a pleasant and most favourable breeze, when we bade adieu to Portsmouth and Old England; and the prospect from the deck of the vessel was so beautiful, that we could scarcely feel otherwise than sad at leaving it for the monotonous face of the "endless sea." The Isle of Wight looked more than usually lovely, and the Channel was crowded with craft of various kinds. We sailed at ten in the forenoon, and, for nearly three days, kept in sight of the English coast, which, as the weather continued charming, afforded us constant amusement, and our glasses incessant occupation. We scudded along with all sail set before a light and favouring breeze, and time flew easily and pleasantly. About eleven o'clock on the morning after we left Portsmouth we were abreast of Start-Point Lighthouse, and towards evening were off the coast of Devonshire; the village of Salcomb, Start-Point, Bolt Head, and other places being in plain view, and making up a charming panorama. The Channel, as usual, was crowded with craft of all kinds, amongst which the red sails of the Tor-bay fishing-boats were very conspicuous. Next morning, about seven o'clock, the St. Agnes' Light faded

from our view, and with it all trace of the sea-girt shores of England.

Our voyage passed over, as most voyages do, with nothing more exciting than a gale off the Western Islands to relieve the monotony of sea-life. This lasted for nearly three days, during which, for some time, we were making thirteen knots an hour under a close-reefed fore-topsail. Porpoises, whales, and various kinds of gulls, gave animation to the heaving sea; and, altogether, as there was no danger, the gale was a pleasing break in the thirty days, which it took us to run across from London to the Gulf of Saint Lawrence. Once we were becalmed for two days and a half; and, though the sea was as smooth as glass, the vessel rolled with the ground-swell most unpleasantly; the weather was hot, too, and we were not a little rejoiced when the first symptoms of the coming breeze appeared, and filled our flapping sails with its reviving breath. During those three days our principal amusements were reading, and watching the few inhabitants of the great deep, which favoured us with a visit. Perhaps the most elegant and beautiful of these were the little Portuguese Men-of-War,[1] of which we daily saw considerable

[1] "*Physalis Pelagica*—In the warmer regions we have seen it in myriads, studding the calm surface of the glittering deep. Nor is it wholly a stranger to more northern climes, for fleets of these adventurous craft are sometimes driven by the force of Atlantic currents far out of their reckoning, and stranded upon our western shores."

"This singular animal consists of an oblong bladder of clear membrane, surmounted by a thin crest, which runs along its

numbers: they looked like tiny vessels of pink, glittering glass, floating along on the bosom of the waters.

As the breeze sprang up again, Storm Petrels[1] gathered round us plentifully, following in the wake of the ship, and frequently passing within a few inches of our faces in their airy flight, as we stood upon the after-part of the deck; while, occasionally, a shoal of Flying Fish[2] would desert their natural

upper edge, and is capable of being contracted so as to be almost invisible, or of being elevated into a tense and lofty sail. When in the latter condition, the whole forms a beautiful object; the glossy, colourless bladder reflecting the sun's rays, while the upper half of the sail is tinged with a delicate rose colour, and the bottom of the bladder with a rich azure. As the little thing tosses and floats upon the waves, it bears a striking resemblance to a child's toy-ship; and even those most familiar with its appearance gaze upon it with pleasure. We wonder that it never capsizes, but on looking more closely at it, we see depending from its bottom a great bunch of wrinkled strings, some of which are blue, and others crimson; these help to keep it steady. These pendent organs, which differ considerably among themselves in form and appearance, have doubtless diverse functions; but some of them are known to be endowed with a most terrific power of stinging, and are therefore concluded to be prehensile tentacles, whose use is to arrest, benumb, and hold the fleeting prey."—P. H. GOSSE's *Life in its Lower Forms.*

[1] *Thalassidroma Pelagica*—These birds are called "Mother Carey's Chickens," by the sailors, who imagine that their presence indicates the approach of stormy weather.

[2] "*Exocœtus Volitans*—Several hundreds of them rise into the air at the same moment, making a light, fluttering, and wiry sound with their fins; and as they wend their way in a curvated direction for the distance of three and four hundred yards, their silvery brightness, and the delicacy of their aerial forms, beautifully contrasted with the dark blue waters beneath them, and

element, and skim through the air with the rapidity of birds.

On the twenty-seventh day of our voyage we got upon the Banks of Newfoundland,[1] and the weather began to show symptoms of the fogs, which are so generally associated with this part of the world. Luckily, however, they were not very dense, and, by the time that we approached the land, we had hardly anything to complain of, excepting rain. Towards evening, on the thirty-first day, we entered the Straits of Belleisle. This channel, which separates Labrador from Newfoundland, is the northern entrance to the Gulf of Saint Lawrence from the Atlantic, and is seventy-eight miles in length, by an average breadth of about twelve miles. The Island of Bel-

made more vivid and sparkling in appearance as the sun's rays or the pale moonbeams catch their glistening wing-like fins, produce an effect of singular harmony and beauty, and one which seems to partake of the influence of enchantment."—*West India Sketch Book.*

[1] "The Great Bank of Newfoundland is the most extensive submarine elevation that is known to exist in any ocean. It is about six hundred miles long, and in some places two hundred broad. The soundings on it are from twenty-five to ninety-five fathoms. The shallowest parts are the Cape Race, or Virgin Rocks, although there is about four fathoms on the shoalest parts, yet during a heavy sea a ship would be immediately dashed to pieces on them. The temperature of the water on the Great Bank is from ten to twelve degrees colder than that of the surrounding sea; and when it comes into contact with the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, at its southern extremity, the difference amounts to sixteen or eighteen degrees. It is supposed that the fogs which generally hang over the banks, and hover along the coasts of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Newfoundland, are pro-

leisle[1] is situated about the middle of the entrance of the strait, and is a lofty and barren rock, apparently inaccessible. There is a lighthouse on it, and the light-keepers—two men and their wives—we were told, were the only inhabitants. The shores of Newfoundland and Labrador are high and bleak-looking, and, seemingly, almost without trees.

By next morning we were through the straits, and had entered the Gulf of Saint Lawrence,[2] which soon spread its waters so far to the southward, that nothing but the tops of the mountains on the Labrador coast were visible. Thirty-six hours afterwards we were off the northern shore of Anticosti,[3] and fairly in the river, which enters the Gulf

duced by the vapours which arise from the meeting of the warm waters of the Gulf Stream with those which are brought down from the polar regions by the prevailing north-eastern winds."—*Penny Cyclopædia.*

[1] "This island is about seven leagues in circumference. It has a small convenient harbour, called Lark Harbour, at the north-west side, capable of receiving only small vessels, and at the east point is another small harbour, or cove, which will admit only fishing shallops."—*Penny Cyclopædia.*

[2] "Jacques Cartier gave the name of Saint Lawrence to this Gulf in consequence of his having discovered it on the 10th August (1535), the festival of the saint of that name."—WARBURTON'S *Conquest of Canada.*

[3] "This island does not possess a single harbour. Its shore on the north side is high, and the water close to the cliff is deep; on the south the land is low, and the water shoal. Some rocky reefs extend to a considerable distance from the shore, and are the cause of numerous shipwrecks. The surface is covered with white cedar, birch, fir, poplar, and dwarf spruce trees, all of which are stunted in their growth. Bears, foxes, hares and sables, are

at about the foot of this island, where the mighty stream attains to the stupendous width of one hundred and twenty miles.[1] From this point the river gradually narrows, but at the head of Anticosti it is still ninety miles across. After leaving this island behind us, our course seemed to take a more southerly direction, and, about nightfall, the summits of the Labrador coast disappeared from view, and we were out of sight of land entirely, although the evening was tolerably clear. There was a fair breeze of moderate strength, which, however, was sufficient to raise a swell upon the water, and discompose the passengers. Storm Petrels were flying about us in great numbers, and we saw many Whales and Porpoises.[2]

With the earliest streak of light next morning we were all on deck, watching the strange and novel scenery on either side of us. The width of the river

numerous, as well as curlews, plover, and other birds. The interior has never been explored by Europeans, and such Indians as have visited it in search of game describe it as being mostly swampy. The Indian name of the island is Natiscoti, of which its present name is evidently a corruption."—*Penny Cyclopædia.*

[1] "The Saint Lawrence, of which the great lakes may be considered as expansions, has its true source in the Lake-of-the-Woods to the north-west of Lake Superior, and in its course to the sea it traverses a distance of 2000 miles. Considered in all its features it is perhaps the most magnificent river in the world. Its *embouchure* is 120 miles in width; even its tributaries would be considered of the first magnitude in Europe, and several of those which fall into the Ottawa are more considerable than the British Thames."—*Quarterly Review.*

[2] *Balæna Mysticetus* and *Phocæna Communis.*

had decreased more than one-half during our run of the previous night, and the day showed us, for the first time, the iron boundaries of the great Saint Lawrence. About six o'clock, we passed Green Island, upon which stands a lofty lighthouse, and then the beautiful, but wild-looking little village of Kakouna[1] opened to our view. It is on the south side of the stream perched upon the summit of a cliff. The scenery thereabouts is very fine: the northern shores of the river consist entirely of high and rugged granite mountains, apparently destitute of vegetation, while, on the south side, the features of the land, though displaying less loftiness and grandeur, are still bold and romantic. The Saint Lawrence is about twenty miles in width at this point, and its mighty waters are adorned with several groups of islands, all of which partake of the peculiar desolate, but imposing character of the scenery of this region. The southern shores scarcely ever rise above a few hundred feet over the level of the water, but on the northern side, there is an almost continued range of towering capes and headlands, possessing features of striking grandeur, and exceeding, in some places, two thousand feet in height. Our course kept us on the south side of the river, so that we had only a distant glimpse of the tremendous gap in the opposite coast, through which, the weird and awful Saguenay,[2] that noblest tributary

[1] "Cacouna is a rocky peninsula, 350 feet in height, and is connected with the mainland by a marshy isthmus."—*Canadian Guide-Book.*

[2] The Special Correspondent of the "Times," who accompanied

of the peerless Saint Lawrence, pours in its mighty stream.

Ten miles above Kakouna we passed Rivière du

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in his visit to Canada, speaks of the Saguenay as "the most awful-looking of all rivers." In describing their sail through its gloomy waters, he says: "The day was about as wretched and unfavourable as could possibly have chanced for any other trip. The wind was high and rushing in fierce, sharp squalls which drove the rain like small shot in your face. Gloomy black clouds rested on the mountains, and seemed to double their height, pouring over the ragged cliffs in a stream of mist, till, lifting suddenly with the hoarse gusts of wind, they allowed short glimpses into what may almost be called the terrors of the Saguenay scenery. It is on such a day, above all others, that the savage wildness and gloom of this extraordinary river is seen to the greatest advantage. Sunlight and clear skies are out of place over its black waters; anything which recalls the life and smile of nature is not in unison with its huge naked cliffs, raw, cold, and silent as tombs. An Italian spring could effect no change in its deadly, rugged aspect, nor does winter add an iota to its mournful desolation. It is a river which one should see, if only to know what dreadful aspects nature can assume in her wild moods.

"At the mouth of the Saguenay the water varies in depth from ten to sixteen fathoms, but once between the walls of the river and the depth from end to end is never less than a hundred fathoms, generally one hundred and fifty. On either side, at a distance of about a mile apart, the cliffs rise up thin, white, and straight, varying in perpendicular height from 1200 to 1600 feet, and this is the character of the Saguenay from its mouth to its source. On the right bank the cliffs are poorly mantled here and there with stunted pines, but on the left there is scarcely a sign of life or verdure, and the limestone rocks stick up white and bleached in the gloomy air like the bones of an old world.

"At two places, Saint Marguerite, and between Capes Trinity and Eternity, where smaller tributaries pour their contributions into the deep black stream, a breach occurs in the wall of rocks, as if some giant hand had torn them forcibly back, and left them

Loup, where there is a charming little village of white houses, bearing the name of the river upon which it stands. One large building with a red

strewn and baffled of their power in uncouth lumps over the valleys beyond. But these are the only openings, the only means of escape, if they may be so called, from the silent gloom of this dead river.

"Than the two dreadful headlands of Capes Trinity and Eternity, nothing can be imagined more grand or more impressive. For one brief moment the rugged character of the river is partly softened, and, looking back into the deep valley between the Capes, the land has an aspect of life and wild luxuriance which, though not rich, at least seems so in comparison with the previous awful barrenness. Cape Trinity, on the side towards the landward opening, is pretty thickly clothed with fir and birch mingled together in a colour contrast, which is beautiful enough, especially when the rocks show out among them, with their little cascades and waterfalls like strips of silver shining in the sun. But Cape Eternity well becomes its name, and is the very reverse of all this. It seems to frown in gloomy indignation on its brother Cape for the weakness it betrays in allowing anything like life or verdure to shield its wild, uncouth deformity of strength. Cape Eternity certainly shows no sign of relaxing in this respect from its deep savage grandeur. It is one tremendous cliff of limestone, more than 1500 feet high, and inclining forward nearly two hundred feet, brow-beating all beneath it, and making as if at any moment it would fall and overwhelm the deep black stream which flows down so cold, so deep and motionless below. High up on its rough grey brows a few stunted pines show like bristles their scathed white arms giving an awful weird aspect to the mass, blanched here and there by the tempests of ages, stained and discoloured by little waterfalls, in blotchy and decaying spots, but all speaking mutely of a long-gone time when the Saguenay was old, silent, and gloomy, before England was known, or the name of Christianity understood. Unlike Niagara, and all other of God's great works in nature, one does not wish for silence or solitude here. Companionship becomes double necessary in an awful solitude like this, and, though you involuntarily talk in

roof, in the centre of the village, attracted our attention: it was probably some place of worship. We stopped almost immediately afterwards, off a group of three small islands, rejoicing in the singular title of the "Brandy Pots," [1] to take on board a pilot, as the remainder of the navigation to Quebec—still a hundred miles away—was very intricate. Twelve miles higher up the stream, we passed Kamouraska, another village on the south shore, which, as well as Du Loup and Kakouna, is much frequented in the summer by visitors from Quebec and elsewhere, for the sake of the bathing; the water being perfectly salt even at Kamouraska.

subdued tones, still talk you must, if only to relieve your mind of the feeling of loneliness and desolation which seems to weigh on all who venture up this stern, grim, watery chasm."—*The Prince of Wales in Canada, by* N. A. Woods.

"The startling and picturesque features of the Saguenay cannot be beheld without awakening in the heart sensations of wonder, fear, and reverence. The immense mountains which overhang this fathomless river, whose solemn gloom has only lately been cheered by the industry or presence of man, are of stupendous and matchless grandeur. The peaks of some of them rise above it, not only upright as a wall, but hanging over to the height of two thousand feet, while their bases sink beneath the dark waters—the deepest river in the world—into all but unfathomable depths. Language cannot describe the emotions of wonder and fear which affect the spectator as he looks up and beholds this awful display of the Creator's power."—*Salmon-Fishing in Canada.*

[1] "These islands are so called from the number of wells of brown-looking water with which they abound, water, which when viewed in the wells, appears to be of the colour of dark brandy, but which, when transferred to a glass, is sweet to the taste and clear as crystal to the eye."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

From this period in our voyage the granite boundaries of the river on the northern side seemed really more imposing than before. This was owing, no doubt, in a great measure, to their being closer to us, though they are actually the most lofty of the whole range of mountains which stretch in an almost unbroken chain from Quebec to the Saguenay. The highest summit of Les Eboulemens rises to an elevation of 2547 feet above the tide-water of the river.

After leaving the Brandy Pots, the navigation, for a good many miles, is very intricate indeed: shoals stretch out from the southern shore to such an extent that at Isle-aux-Coudres,[1] although the river is thirteen miles in width, the channel does not exceed eighteen hundred yards. This part is called La Traverse, or the Narrows, and the distance between the light-vessel—which is anchored here—and Quebec is about fifty-five miles. Isle-aux-Coudres is a large island, which received its name from Jacques Cartier in 1535, when he found it covered with delicious filberts.

Thirty miles above the light-vessel at La Traverse, is the foot of a large and magnificent island called Orleans, which extends up the river for nearly twenty miles. It was formerly known as Isle de Bacchus, in consequence of the multitudes of wild vines which covered it.[2] Between the Brandy Pots

[1] Filbert Island.

[2] The Isle of Orleans was in 1676, created an Earldom, by the title of Saint Laurent, which, however, has long been extinct.

and Orleans, the shores of the river are thinly settled, and, almost without any exception, the houses are white, many of them with red roofs and shutters. There is only one island of any size between Orleans and Isle-aux-Coudres, and that is Goose Island, near the foot of the former. Close to this is Grosse Isle, which is used as a quarantine station. Contrary to what its name would import, it is a small island, and only called Grosse Isle to distinguish it from the lesser rocks in its vicinity. Near this, La Rivière du Sud falls into the Saint Lawrence, and, at its mouth, stands the village of Saint Thomas. Below the Island of Orleans, the river is about twelve miles across, but at "The Basin,"[1] immediately above, the width is reduced to about one-sixth of that distance.

As we kept the southern channel, Quebec was shut out from our view for a short time after we passed Orleans by the promontory of Point Levi, but about four o'clock in the afternoon, we got our first glimpse of the ancient city. My words are weak, my pen powerless, to describe the startling grandeur of the scene that burst upon our view.[2]

The first Comte de St. Laurent was of the name of Berthelot. —WARBURTON'S "*Conquest of Canada.*"

[1] The wildest part of the river immediately below Quebec is called the "Basin."—WILD'S "*Travels in Canada.*"

[2] Admirably situated for purposes of war or commerce, and completely commanding the navigation of the Great River, it stands the centre of a scene of beauty that can nowhere be surpassed.—WARBURTON'S "*Conquest of Canada.*"

"Queen of the West!—upon thy rocky throne,
In solitary grandeur sternly placed:
In awful majesty thou sitt'st alone,
By Nature's Master-hand supremely graced.
The world has not thy counterpart—thy dower,
Eternal beauty, strength, and matchless power."[1]

We had been led to expect a more than magnificent sight, both by the verbal descriptions we had heard, and the glowing accounts we had read in books, but anything approaching to the reality of Quebec we had not dreamt of. Richard and I—

[1] Mrs. Moodie's *Roughing it in the Bush*. The following account of her first impressions of Quebec and its vicinity, from the pen of this talented authoress, will be doubtless read with interest:—

"On the 22d September, the anchor was weighed, and we bade a long farewell to Grosse Isle. As our vessel struck into mid-channel, I cast a last lingering look at the beautiful shores we were leaving. Cradled in the arms of the Saint Lawrence, and basking in the bright rays of the morning sun, the island and its sister group looked like a second Eden just emerged from the waters of chaos. With what joy could I have spent the rest of the fall in exploring the romantic features of that enchanting scene! But our barque spread her white wings to the favouring breeze, and the fairy vision gradually receded from my sight, to remain for ever on the tablets of memory. The day was warm, and the cloudless heavens of that peculiar azure tint which gives to the Canadian skies and waters a brilliancy unknown in more northern latitudes. The air was pure and elastic, the sun shone out with uncommon splendour, lighting up the changing woods with a rich mellow colouring, composed of a thousand brilliant and vivid dyes. The mighty river rolled flashing and sparkling onward, impelled by a strong breeze, that tipped its short rolling surges with a crest of snowy foam.

"Had there been no other object of interest in the landscape than this majestic river, its vast magnitude, and the depth and

both old travellers—honestly confessed that we had never before beheld any scene, uniting so thoroughly and so harmoniously the elements of grand and glorious beauty as this glittering city, majestically piled upon the sides of the towering Cape, which looks down from a sheer height of nearly three hundred and fifty feet upon the bright and glancing waters of the matchless river. One glimpse of Quebec—as we saw it—under the golden beams of an American summer sun, was worth, in itself, a voyage across the North Atlantic; and we felt

clearness of its waters, and its great importance to the colony, would have been sufficient to have riveted the attention, and claimed the admiration, of every thinking mind. Never shall I forget that short voyage from Grosse Isle to Quebec. I love to recall, after the lapse of so many years every object that awoke in my heart emotions of astonishment and delight. What wonderful combinations of beauty, and grandeur, and power, at every winding of that noble river! How the mind expands with the sublimity of the spectacle, and soars upward in gratitude and adoration to the Author of all being, to thank Him for having made this lower world so wondrously fair—a living temple heaven-arched, and capable of receiving the homage of all worshippers.

"Every perception of my mind became absorbed into the one sense of seeing, when, upon rounding Point Levi, we cast anchor before Quebec. What a scene! Can the world produce such another? Edinburgh had been the *beau ideal* to me of all that was beautiful in Nature—a vision of the northern Highlands had haunted my dreams across the Atlantic; but all these past recollections faded before the *present* of Quebec.

"Nature has lavished all her grandest elements to form this astonishing panorama. There frowns the cloud-capped mountain, and, below, the cataract foams and thunders; wood, and rock, and river, combine to lend their aid in making the picture perfect, and worthy of its divine Originator."

that our thirty days of "sea and sky" were amply repaid by the splendid scene which lay before us.

Soon after the Winckleman cast anchor, we procured a boat, and, having wished our kind and obliging skipper good-bye, the Raymonds and I left the vessel for the shore. On landing, we were met by my friend, Howard Ashbrook, who had been expecting us for some days past, and we all went to Russell's Hotel, in Palace Street, together.

We dined at the *table d'hôte*, and were much amused by the singular habits and nasal twang of the Americans, with whom at the time I speak of Quebec was crowded. We found the heat rather oppressive, for we missed the breeze which we generally enjoyed on board ship, but the weather, nevertheless, was very fine, and the sky perfectly free from clouds of any kind.

The day after our arrival was devoted, exclusively, to the exploration of the "City of Cannon"—as the Indians used to call Quebec in years gone by—and Ashbrook proved himself an accomplished guide both to the picturesque old town and its romantic history.

Quebec is built upon the extremity of a sort of triangular promontory, formed by the confluence of the Saint Lawrence and Saint Charles River.[1]

[1] "The Saint Charles River received this name according to La Potherie, in compliment to Charles des Boües, Grand Vicar of Pontoise, founder of the first mission of Recollets, in New France. The River Saint Charles was called Coubal Coubat by the natives, from its windings and meanderings."—SMITH quoted in WARBURTON'S *Conquest of Canada*.

The elevation of this promontory is considerable, and at the summit of Cape Diamond,[1] where the citadel is perched, it is somewhat less than three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Saint Lawrence. The descent on the side nearest the great river is nearly an abrupt precipice, but on that next the Saint Charles the slope is much more gradual. A portion of the city known as the Lower Town is built at the foot of the cliff, and the remainder called the Upper Town upon the sloping ground above it. The communication between the two is either by a steep, narrow, and winding street, appropriately called Mountain Street, or else by a flight of steps popularly nominated "Break-neck Stairs." The widest part of the ridge of land upon which the city stands, is rather over a mile, and the breadth of the Saint Lawrence, opposite the town, is 1314 yards, though at the "basin," formed by the conjunction of the two rivers, it is more than double that distance across.

The Upper Town is completely and strongly fortified, and the citadel, which occupies about forty acres in extent, crowns the whole of the splendid works. The circuit of the fortifications, which enclose the Upper Town with an almost complete girdle of masonry, is two miles and three quarters, and there are five gates which communicate with the country, the suburbs, and the Lower Town.

The interior of Quebec does not realise the

[1] So called from the quartz crystals found there, which sparkle like diamonds in the dark rock.

expectations formed by the first glimpse of it from the waters. The streets are narrow, and exceedingly eccentric with regard to their relative directions; the shops and houses are generally unpretending and irregular, and the whole place has a quaint and somewhat untidy look.

The curious mixture of French and English, in everything about the city, is very remarkable, and the peculiar grey dresses of the "*habitants*,"[1] or French farmers, with their red woollen sashes, and red or blue woollen caps, catch the eye of a stranger immediately. The chief description of vehicle in use, is a curious kind of gig, called a *calèche* It consists of a semicircular sort of box, perched up between two high wheels, and swinging upon broad leathern straps, which are fastened to springs before and behind. It generally holds two persons besides the driver, who has a small seat in front; and it is withal a most pleasant kind of conveyance.

The view from the summit of Cape Diamond is hardly to be surpassed on earth. It takes in nearly fifty miles of the magnificent river, and embraces a vast expanse of mountain, city, forest, water, plain, and valley, grouped in scenes of unrivalled beauty. It was a gloriously bright day when we ascended to the citadel, and we spent a considerable time in gazing on the splendid *coup d'œil.*

On returning to the hotel that evening, Ash-

[1] Meaning simply *resident* or *inhabitant*, through the French Canadians apply it as we would "peasant," or the French "paysan."

brook received some letters, which entailed his proceeding to New York at once; and as neither of the Raymonds nor I had ever been in the United States, we agreed to accompany him, leaving our examination of the beautiful country about Quebec until some future time. Previously to departure, however, Ashbrook made all arrangements for refitting his little yacht of twelve tons, "The Fairy Queen," so that she should be ready for our use when we got back.

CHAPTER XXX.

CAPTAIN MORGAN'S JOURNAL—*continued.*

"Here rise no cliffs the vale to shade;
But, skirting every sunny glade,
In fair variety of green
The woodland lends its sylvan screen.
Hoary, yet haughty, frowns the oak,
Its boughs by weight of ages broke;
And towers erect, in sable spire,
The pine-tree scathed by lightning fire;
The drooping ash and birch, between,
Hang their fair tresses o'er the green,
And all beneath, at random grow,
Each coppice dwarf of varied show,
Or, round the stems profusely twined,
Fling summer odours on the wind."

SIR WALTER SCOTT—*Rokeby.*

IT is impossible for any mere verbal description to do justice to the enchanting loveliness of the scene of our first camp in the North American woods. The pencil of a Calcott, or a Turner, might possibly convey to an imaginative mind a tolerably faithful picture of the beauties of that spot, but it requires all the accessories of a be-

witching climate, the silence[1] and loneliness of the vast forests that encompassed us, the brilliant sunlight softened by the "thin golden haze of an American autumn," and the pure and cloudless skies in all the intensity of their deepest and richest blue, combined with that feeling of elasticity and lightheartedness, which seems invariably to wait upon

[1] "The American forest exhibits in the highest degree the grandeur of repose. As nature never does violence to its own laws, the soil throws out the plant which it is best qualified to support, and the eye is not often disappointed by a sickly vegetation. There ever seems a generous emulation in the trees, which is not to be found among others of different families, when left to pursue their quiet existence in the solitude of the fields. Each struggles towards the light, and an equality in bulk and a similarity in form are thus produced, which scarce belong to their distinctive characters. The effect may easily be imagined. The vaulted arches beneath are filled with thousands of high unbroken columns, which sustain one vast and trembling canopy of leaves. A pleasant gloom and an imposing silence have their interminable reign below, while an outer and another atmosphere seems to rest on the cloud of foliage."

"While the light plays on the varying surface of the treetops, one sombre and little varied hue colours the earth. Dead and moss-covered logs; mounds covered with decomposed vegetable substances, the graves of long-past generations of trees; cavities left by the fall of some uprooted trunk; dark fungi that flourish around the decayed roots of those about to lose their hold, with a few slender and delicate plants of a minor growth, and which best succeed in the shade, form the accompaniments to the lower scene. The whole is tempered, and in summer rendered grateful, by a freshness which equals that of the subterranean vault, without possessing any of its chilling dampness. In the midst of this gloomy solitude the foot of man is rarely heard. An occasional glimpse of the bounding deer, or trotting moose, is almost the only interruption on the earth itself, while the heavy bear, or leaping panther, is at long intervals met seated on the branches of some venerable tree.

the wanderer in those regions,[1] ere one can realise the full beauty of Lake Minnè-wawa,[2] and its woodland shores, in—

> "That season, when the tempered ray
> Of lingering sunshine yet makes bright
> Each tinted leaf with roseate light;
> When seeming ne'er of life more full,
> So fair, yet sadly beautiful,
> Departing summer stays to take
> One transient look, and then to make
> That hectic but delusive ray—
> The sad precursor of decay."

The lake was nearly circular in shape, of about a mile and a quarter in circumference, and thickly wooded to its edge, excepting in one spot, where for a few yards a patch of grassy sward took the place of the luxuriant forest that walled in its lonely and secluded waters.

There are moments, too, when troops of hungry wolves are found hunting on the trail of the deer, but these are seen rather as exceptions to the stillness of the place, than as accessories that should properly be introduced into the picture. Even the birds are in common mute, or when they do break the silence, it is in a discordance that suits the character of their wild abode."—COOPER'S *Wept of Wish-ton-wish.*

[1] "The lover of nature in the Old World cannot realise the delightful, soothing, and exhilarating feelings, caused by a residence in the woods during the freshness of spring, the warmth and fragrance of summer, or the gorgeous colouring of autumn; particularly during that season called the 'Indian Summer,' when stern winter, which lately has been drawing on apace, seems to relent, and all nature appears lost in a dreamy reverie."—Captain HARDY'S *Sporting Adventures in the New World.*

[2] Minnewawa—meaning "A pleasant sound, as of the wind in the trees."—*Vide* LONGFELLOW'S *Hiawatha.*

Minnewawa was the smallest of a chain of five lakes, all of which lay within a circuit of about thirty miles to the westward of the Wabunannung River, whose pellucid waters kept them ever brimful of purity and loveliness. It was connected with another lying to the eastward, of nearly three times its size, by a narrow but deep channel, through which the waters of the larger lake rushed into the smaller with great rapidity. At the foot of Lake Minnewawa, again, another river rattled over a ledge of rocks in a beautiful cascade, scattering its snowy spray in misty showers upon everything around, and then wandering away quietly through shady woodland dells, and tangled brakes of White Cedar, to pay its tribute to some larger stream below :—

> "Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
> The waters are sparkling in grove and glen."

The curious little strait, which I have mentioned as uniting Lake Minnewawa with the larger sheet of water to the eastward, ran between two high and abrupt rocky banks, and the entrance to it on either side was so screened by trees and bushes, that when the forest was in full leaf, a stranger might easily pass it without observation. Although so narrow and concealed, this channel was, however, deep and free from rocks, so that our little yacht had passed through in safety, by lowering her top-mast and other lofty gear.

[1] Wabunannung—meaning "The Star of the East," or "The Morning Star."—*Vide* LONGFELLOW'S *Hiawatha.*

The forest to the south and west of us was principally of that description, known as "hard wood," consisting of maples,[1] beeches, oaks, and other deciduous trees; but to the north and east, the pine-tribe[2] preponderated, and the dark deep evergreen of their foliage afforded a magnificent contrast to the lighter hues of the others, which still retained their brilliant summer leaves.

Upon the little patch of sward that I have alluded to, our tents were pitched, within a yard or two of the narrow silver fringe of white sand, which seemed to form the inner setting of the gem-like little lake, whose waters were now sleeping

[1] "The maple is one of the most variable and beautiful of all the forest trees, and is adopted as the emblem of Canadian nationality."—WARBURTON'S *Conquest of Canada.*

[2] "*Pinus Strobus* grows in the Eastern parts of the United States of North America, especially on the east of the Mississippi; but it is found again in the Rocky Mountains from the sources of the Columbia to Mount Hood, or from 43° to 54° N. Lat. It is called in Europe the Weymouth Pine, and in North America the White Pine; its ordinary height does not exceed 160 to 192 English feet, but several trees of 250 to 260 English feet have been seen in New Hampshire."—HUMBOLDT'S *Aspects of Nature.*

"The most beautiful of all the evergreens, however, is the Hemlock Spruce—*Abies Canadensis.* It is one of the largest timber trees of America, though, except for its bark, which is coarse, and of a reddish colour, and used for tanning, seldom touched by the timber merchant. This tree sometimes grows to the height of a hundred feet, and for nearly two-thirds of its height, does not throw out a single branch; then long fantastic arms thickly diverge from the massive and even trunk, and covered with graceful foliage, not unlike that of the yew, shade the ground for a great distance around its roots with a dense canopy."—Captain HARDY'S *Sporting Adventures.*

calmly and placidly as if they had been chiselled out of solid crystal. Close to the tents, round a bright and cheerful fire, were grouped, at the time I speak of, the forms of Sir Richard and Henry Raymond, Ashbrook, and myself; while, a little further off, at a second fire, might be seen the recumbent figures of our guides and boatmen.

We were indebted to Ashbrook for our visit to this beautiful spot: he had discovered it during one of his fishing expeditions, and on two occasions afterwards he had encamped for upwards of a month upon its shores, getting famous sport both in the woods and waters all around.

My friend Ashbrook and Sir Richard Raymond had been playfellows during their childhood, for the former was born within ten miles of Eagles' Park. When he was still young, his father went to reside on the Continent, and, though Howard had been educated in England, he had spent a considerable portion of his youth amongst the wild mountain scenery of Interlachen and Chamouni, where he had imbibed the spirit of adventure, and acquired the steady nerves and the true eye of an accomplished chamois-hunter. At eighteen, he was gazetted to a regiment of infantry, which was then serving in North America. He joined without delay, and, in less than two years obtained his promotion to the rank of lieutenant. In those two years, however, he had become tired of the routine and monotony of barrack-life, and a longing for the free, wild existence which he used to lead in his younger days, so frequently stole over him, that at last he retired

from the service, and started upon an expedition to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. His father dying about this time, he succeeded to a considerable property in England which brought him in nearly two thousand a-year, and, after his return from the Far West, he purchased a beautiful estate near Quebec, where he usually resided. He was tall and rather thin, but wiry and powerful; with ruddy cheeks and a profusion of yellow hair.

At the second fire there were two dark-skinned Canadians, a still darker-looking half-breed, who always attended Ashbrook in his sporting expeditions, and a florid, sailor-looking Englishman, who answered to the name of Harding. The last-mentioned was the skipper of Ashbrook's "Fairy Queen," and the two Canadians were "voyageurs"[1] whom

[1] "The voyageurs, or canoe-men, are a very unique and strongly-marked race of beings. Descended from the old *coureur de bois*,* they have retained some traits derived from the intimate association of their fathers with the Indian tribes, and the wild and fierce life which they led, but under the controlling influence of the Hudson's Bay Company they have lost all the ferocious and sanguinary traits which once disgraced them. Their dress is semi-barbarous. They usually wear a surcoat made of a Mackinaw blanket of blue, red, or green colour, a striped cotton or calico shirt, stuff trousers, and sometimes leather leggings, mo-

* "*Coureurs de bois*, *i.e.*, forest-rangers, are French or Canadese; so called from employing their whole life in the rough exercise of transporting merchandise goods to the lakes of Canada, and to all the other nations of the Continent, in order to trade with the savages."—LA HONTAN, quoted in STREET'S *Frontenac*.

"They exchanged their goods for beaver-skins, and ran in canoes hundreds of leagues up the rivers and lakes of the country."—STREET'S *Frontenac*.

we had hired at Quebec for the season. They were good-tempered, cheerful fellows, capable of any amount of endurance, and first-rate canoe-men. We

cassins of deer or buffalo-skin shod with raw hide, and a belt of bright colour, from which they suspend a tobacco-pouch and other implements. Their language is piebald lingo, the ground of which is a French patois embroidered with English, Scotch, and Indian phrases.

"The whole lives of these voyageurs are consumed in wild and extensive rovings, sometimes far into the Arctic Circle, where food and raiment are alike difficult to obtain, and then over the great mountain-chain of the north-west, and down as far as the Pacific Ocean, and again along the coasts of winding streams, inlets, bays, and lakes, exposed to every inclemency of the most inhospitable climate in the world. A few days of association with civilized communities uniformly disgust and weary them. They cannot rest when fettered by the institutions and habits of civilization. The only truly happy time they experience is when upon long and toilsome expeditions up rivers, around portages, and across lakes, encamping at night in the open air and chatting round their evening fires. Then the meal of meats (if they have them) is roasted upon the wood-fire, the pipe is passed round, the story of hazardous adventure is told, and the joyous song is borne upon the bosom of the still and quiet lake. Then it is that all the hereditary gaiety of the French race is exhibited. They are most skilful canoe-men, vigorous and adroit with the paddle, and they will move on from one day's end to another, only relieving their labours with their songs and their jests. Murmuring or quarrelling rarely occurs amongst them. The language employed in their intercourse is uniformly kind and affectionate; and although they have their full share of the intense egotism and elevation of self in the French character, it is softened and disguised by the politeness and apparent cordiality of their demeanour. Nothing can be more romantic or more pleasing than to repose upon the banks of one of those quiet lakes when the skies are clear, the air balmy, and the waters moving in glittering ripples, and listen to the sweet chaunts which have been preserved by tradition, and which are sung by these voyageurs as they steadily ply the oar to their cadence."— *Salmon-Fishing in Canada.*

had brought a small stoutly-built skiff along with us, as well as two bark canoes,[1] and provisions and ammunition for a month's sojourn in the wilderness, so that we were quite independent of towns or

[1] The birchen canoe is made of a framework of light tough wood, over which the papery bark of the birch is stretched: the pieces being sewed together with sinews, and the seams smeared with turpentine. It is water-tight, and so light that a man can carry it on his head; a white man would, on getting into one, tip it over, but the Indians manage them with great dexterity, and sometimes load them down to within an inch of the water.—GOSSE'S *Canadian Naturalist.*

"The great value of the bark of the Paper or Canoe Birch—*Betula Papyracea*—is for making canoes. For the purpose of obtaining pieces sufficiently large for such a purpose, we are informed by Michaux that the largest and smoothest barked trees are selected. In the spring two circular incisions at the distance of several feet are made, and a longitudinal incision on each side; then by introducing a wedge of wood between the trunk and bark, the latter is easily detached. With threads prepared from the fibrous roots of the White Spruce Fir—*Abies Alba*—the pieces of bark are sewn together, over a slight frame-work of wood,* and the seams are caulked with the resin of the Balm-of-Gilead Fir—*Abies Balsamea.* Canoes of this sort are so light as to be easily transported on the shoulders of men. It is said that one capable of carrying four persons and their baggage, only weighs from forty to fifty pounds."—KNIGHT'S *Cyclopædia of Natural History.*

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* In Canada, the Sweet Cedar—*Cupressus Thyoides*—is much used for the lining of bark canoes, being a straight-grained light wood; but in more northern districts, the White Spruce—*Abies Alba*—supplies its place."—Sir John RICHARDSON'S *Arctic Searching Expedition.*

"The Indians of 'the Upper Little Dalle Rapids' on the Columbia River, make their canoes of Pine Bark, being the only Indians who use this material for the purpose."—KANE'S *Wanderings of an Artist.*

settlements. Our camp consisted of two bell-shaped tents, one of which we reserved for our special use, while the other was devoted to our followers.

We had but recently arrived at the little lake, three hours having hardly elapsed since we had made the passage of Harding's Strait—as Ashbrook had named the little channel I have mentioned as connecting Minnewawa with the larger sheet of water beyond.

As soon as breakfast was over Ashbrook started up, and, intimating his intention of leaving us for an hour or two, he summoned Pierre, the half-breed, and they went away together in the direction of the Upper Lake. Presently Richard Raymond took his gun, and wandered off into the forest behind us, while Harding returned to the Fairy Queen, and the two Canadians went fast asleep, leaving Henry and myself, to all intents and purposes, alone. My young companion had too much of the restlessness of youth about him to remain quiet very long, so he soon sprang to his feet, and suggested that we should go out fishing. It was a dreamy kind of placid day, seemingly quite unsuited to any more active exertion than that which he had proposed, so I responded willingly to his appeal, and presently we started. Ashbrook had told us all about the little river at the foot of the lake, where he said we should be able to get some trout, so thither we bent our footsteps. There was no path, and we had to scramble through the thick bushes that fringed the lake for nearly the whole way; however, the distance was little more than half-a-mile, and in a

short time we had reached the cascade, which I have already mentioned, and which we could plainly hear, even at our camp, as it clattered over the rocks with a roar and a dash worthy of a much greater stream. A short distance below the ledge of limestone, over which the water broke in silver spray, there was a most promising-looking pool; and farther down, screened almost entirely from the sun by the massive woods on every side, the Leaping River—as Ashbrook had named it—wandered on in a series of mimic rapids and eddies that held out great attraction to the eye of an angler. Our rods were speedily at work, but, though we fished the most tempting places with the utmost care, we had, literally, no sport for a considerable time. We had been using the gaudiest flies in our possession, as we had been told that we could scarcely exceed in that particular for these wild and unfrequented waters, but it was all to no purpose: the fish would not rise, and we were on the point of returning to the camp, when Henry's tail fly caught in the projecting branches of a White Cedar,[1] and, after several vain attempts to release it, he was obliged to use main force, and leave the refractory fly, with the

[1] Two different trees go by this name in America—the *Cupressus Thyoides* or Sweet Cedar, and the *Thuja Occidentalis* or American Arbor Vitæ. In speaking of the latter Mr. Gosse says:—

"Cedar rails may be exposed to every vicissitude of weather for a man's lifetime, without manifesting any symptom of decay, except the separation of the bark. It chiefly grows in marshes, and so densely as to render them almost impenetrable."—*Canadian Naturalist.*

greater portion of his casting-line, where, most probably, no casting-line had been before. I had quite given up all idea of fishing any longer, but Henry said, he would just try once again before he returned, and, replacing his gaudy flies with a more soberly-dressed cast, he set to work. For five or six minutes his efforts were quite fruitless, but about the end of that time, a beautiful silvery-looking trout of nearly a pound in weight shot upwards through the water as young Raymond swept his flies over the pool that I have mentioned, and, next instant, the fish was securely hooked, and struggling for its life. The fly that it had taken was what is generally called the Whirling Dun; and with that, and a Red Palmer, Henry began to fill his basket so quickly, that I was tempted to recommence, and, profiting by my companion's experience, I discarded my brilliant bits of gold and feathers, and was soon enjoying excellent sport with the little sombre-coloured flies I had brought from Ireland. We wandered downwards with the little river, getting very tolerable sport all the way, and returned to the camp shortly before sunset, with four dozen of beautiful Speckled Trout,[1] averaging over half a pound in weight.

When we arrived at the patch of grassy sward, where our tents were standing, we found Richard busily endeavouring to revive the almost extinguished fire; but otherwise the camp was quite deserted, though we heard Harding at work on

[1] *Salmo Fario.*

board the Fairy Queen, and saw the two Canadians coming down the lake with a canoe-full of green branches, while they chanted some song to which the paddles kept time. Richard turned as we approached, and a smile of welcome lit up his face, as he inquired what sport we had got.

"Very fair, indeed," I answered; "we have not overloaded ourselves with captives certainly, but we have brought back a good basket-full of splendid trout. And you," I continued, "where have you been all day?"

"Well," replied my cousin, "I have been exploring, but my discoveries will, I fear, advance the ends of science but little: I have been two or three miles back into the woods, but have literally seen nothing excepting some squirrels, a couple of woodpeckers, and those grouse-like-looking creatures."

As he spoke, he pointed to three handsome dark-plumaged birds, which were hanging to the branch of a tree close to the tent. They were, apparently, some kind of grouse, for their legs were completely feathered to the ankles, and over each eye there was a bright crimson, naked membrane. I knew not what species they were, however, and we were fain to wait until Ashbrook returned to learn their names. The Canadians had arrived by this time with hundreds of small branches of Balsam Fir,[1] which, they declared, were for us to sleep upon; and fragrant,

[1] *Abies Balsamifera.* It is *Le Sapin* of the voyageurs, who prefer its spray to that of any other tree for laying the floor of a tent or winter bivouack.—*Appendix to* Sir John Richardson's "*Arctic Searching Expedition.*"

delicious beds they subsequently made. Both these men at once recognised Richard's trophies, and asserted that they were Black Partridges. They described them to us as inhabitants of the deepest woods, and said that they were very shy birds, and rarely found near settlements.

Twilight was fast deepening into night before Ashbrook returned, and then he came so noiselessly that we scarcely heard the dip of his paddle in the water, though the night was wonderfully still and calm. The bow of the frail bark gently grated on the silver strand, and, next instant, our friend and his half-breed henchman stood before us. Ere we had time to speak, the former said,—

"Well, I suppose you thought I had either been devoured by some ravenous creature of the woods, or that I had deserted you entirely; but the truth is, I was delayed very much longer than I expected: those woods," continued he, pointing to the head of the lake, "are usually full of Moose[1] at this season of

[1] This animal, *Alces Americanus*, is the largest of the deer species, being higher at the shoulders than a horse, and weighing sometimes upwards of twelve hundred pounds. The horns alone occasionally weigh fifty pounds.

Dr. Richardson says:—"The Moose-Deer has the sense of hearing in very great perfection, and is the most shy and wary of all the deer species; and on this account, the art of Moose-hunting is looked upon as the greatest of Indian acquirements, particularly by the Crees, who take to themselves the credit of being able to instruct the hunters of every other tribe." It is called in their language *Mousöa*, and in that of the Algonquins *Mongsoa*.

Hearne says they seem particularly partial to Red-willows—*Cornus Alba*—and Lewis and Clark state that to the eastward of the Rocky Mountains, the evergreen leaves of the *Gualtheria*

the year; and, as the moon is now nearly at the full, I contemplated showing you a description of deer-shooting, which you may have read of, but which you can never have witnessed before. Pierre and I found our expectations realised as regards the Moose, which are numerous enough in our neighbourhood, and we have been making arrangements for some sport this evening."

"Sport this evening!" exclaimed Richard; "why we were just thinking of turning in, and I am by no means certain that Henry is not fast asleep already."

"Not quite," responded Henry from the tent, and next instant he came out with his blanket round him, and joined us at the fire. Ashbrook went on without heeding these interruptions, and, summoning Pierre once more, he said,—

"We will just have some dinner first, and by the

Shallon form a favourite part of their food.—*Penny Cyclopædia.*

"When at liberty, and under no special disadvantage, the Moose is one of the noblest objects of a sportsman's ambition, at least among the herbivorous races. His habits are essentially solitary. He moves about not like the elk, in roving gangs, but stalks in lonely majesty through his leafy domains; and, when disturbed by the hunter, instead of bounding away like his congeners, he trots off at a gait which, though faster than that of the fleetest horse, is so easy and careless in its motions, that it seems to cost him no exertion. But, though retreating thus when pursued, he is one of the most terrible beasts of the forest when wounded and at bay; and the Indians of the north-west, among some tribes, celebrate the death of a bull-moose, when they are so fortunate as to kill one, with all the songs of triumph that they would raise over a conquered warrior."—HOFFMAN'S *Forest and Prairie*, quoted in GOSSE'S "*Romance of Natural History.*"

time it is over the moon will begin to show herself. Hollo!" he added, "where did you get the grouse?"

"So they are grouse," said I; "I thought they were, but was not quite sure."

"Most undoubtedly they are grouse," replied Ashbrook, "the Canada Grouse,[1] known in this country, however, as the Spruce Partridge: where did you get them?"

"Richard picked them up in his ramble to-day somewhere," I answered: and my cousin chimed in,—

"Yes, I found them about a mile and a half away from this, in a thick swampy wood, full of tall thin trees like larches."

"A tamarac swamp," responded Ashbrook; "the Tamarac is a kind of Larch, and is one of our common forest-trees out here."[2]

With conversation such as the above we disposed of the time while Ashbrook and Pierre were attending to their dinners, a duty which we, on our own parts, had performed long before, when, suddenly, a silver streak of fairy light flashed over the tree-tops, and revealed to us the harvest-moon in all her

[1] The Canada Grouse or Spruce Partridge, *Tetrao Canadensis.*

According to Dr. Richardson, all the thick and swampy black spruce forests between Canada and the Arctic Ocean abound with this bird, and considerable numbers exist, in the severest seasons, as high as the 67° parallel.—AUDUBON'S "*Birds of America.*"

[2] *Larex Americana.* This is *L'Epinette Rouge* of the voyageurs, according to Sir John Richardson, and the *Waggina-gan,* or "Tree that bends," of the Cree Indians.

dazzling splendour. With her appearance came a gentle breeze, and for the first time since we had seen it, the fair bosom of the little woodland lake was broken into soft and sparkling ripples.

"Now," exclaimed Ashbrook, as he saw the moon, "get your rifles, gentlemen, and replace those English shooting-boots of yours by Indian mocassins as quickly as you can, for it is time to move. Laborde," added he, turning to one of the Canadians, "il faut chercher le petit bateau."

"Oui, monsieur," responded the dark-eyed old voyageur, and he pushed off in his little birchen vessel for the yacht, whence he presently returned in our skiff, with the canoe in tow. By this time we were all quite ready, and the four of us, accompanied by Pierre, embarked in the little craft, and pulled up towards Harding's Strait.

"We shall land," said Ashbrook, "near the large rock, which you must have observed this morning, and then we must move in complete silence, and with the utmost caution."

It would be difficult to imagine anything in nature more lovely than that sweet lake of the wilderness, glittering in a thousand little silver wavelets under the beams of the magnificent autumn moon, while its fringe of forest drapery cast a deep dense shadow over the waters that washed the base of the rocks to which we were then making the best of our way. As we neared them, these walls of granite appeared of much greater height than they really were, and the towering, storm-splintered pines that crowned their summits, looked down upon us like huge giants

of another world, threatening us for our presumption in approaching their domains. The whole scene was so romantically beautiful, that, combined with the hour, and the mystery and silence that enshrouded our progress, it almost seemed as if we had bade adieu to earth, and were on a visit to some glittering court of fairy-land.

In a very few minutes the career of the little skiff was arrested by Pierre's paddle, and we landed silently and quickly, following Ashbrook, as he strode on into the forest without vouchsafing us a single word of explanation beyond what he had offered at the camp-fire.

The moonlight was very brilliant, and, even in the depth of the woods, we could see with tolerable ease for ten or fifteen yards around us. Ashbrook went on without any visible hesitation, although there was no vestige of a path, or any other guide that we could see as to direction, and, in about ten minutes or so, he stopped and whispered a few words to Henry, who was next to him, pointing, as he spoke, to a sort of scaffolding erected in a tree close by. The boy nodded, and clambered up the tree at once, taking his rifle with him, while Ashbrook continued to advance, after beckoning us to follow him. Very soon afterwards, Richard was disposed of in a similar manner, having received his whispered instructions as before, and then Ashbrook and I were left alone, for Pierre had disappeared. In a few minutes Ashbrook again stopped, and said, "Morgan, there is a scaffold in the tree behind you, which you are to take possession of, and where you

are to sit silently and quietly, as if you were dead. Pierre is not far from us, and on a signal from me he will call for Moose. Should there be any within hearing, they will most likely come up to us, and we are pretty certain to get shots."

I ascended my tree quickly, and in about five minutes afterwards I heard a low whistle to my right. This I knew was Ashbrook's signal, and I listened intently for Pierre's answering moose-call. There was some little delay, and I thought it would never come. The silence and utter wildness of the whole place, together with the anticipations I had formed of enormous creatures prowling through that lonely forest, and answering to the imitations of their call, had excited my feelings wonderfully, and I grew quite nervous with expectation. At last, after what appeared to me to have been an interminable length of time, I heard a sort of snorting noise some distance behind me, and then came a long plaintive wail, which certainly did not seem like any sound produced by human means. It was an imitation of the call of a cow-moose, and, though not of particular loudness, was so borne along by the echoes of the woods as to be audible at a long distance. In a moment or two it died away, however, and then all was again silence—a silence of such intensity that the slightest sound would have been a source of positive relief to my aching nerves; but even the wind had completely sunk to rest, and the forest was still and lonely as the grave. Another call soon succeeded, and was again followed by the profound and solemn quiet of a sleeping world. After a pause

of a few moments, during which the painful stillness of the wilderness remained unbroken, Pierre repeated his imitation of the moose-call; and this time, a strange, startling answer crashed upon our listening ears. It was a terrific roar, that reverberated through the arches of the forest like a peal of thunder. Another instant, and a second appalling cry rent the air of the calm autumn night in an opposite direction; and then we knew that two fierce bulls, at least, had been attracted by Pierre's performances, and that these awful roars were the notes of defiance which they hurled against one another through the solemn woods. The half-breed once more had recourse to his moose-call; and again and again was he answered in those startling tones, which excited us beyond comprehension. For my part I could see nothing, and the suspense was something fearful, as I sat up in my perch, waiting with the utmost anxiety for what was next to come.

All at once there was a crashing amongst the bushes beneath, and a mighty animal rushed out into the moonlight with a roar that seemed to shake the very earth. He lowered his gigantic head, surmounted by a tremendous pair of antlers, and struck his fore-feet savagely against the ground, in the excess of his fearful passion: but, as he did so, with a shrill whistle and another terrific roar, a second noble bull appeared from the opposite side, and immediately these two enormous champions of the woods closed in deadly strife. Neither of the furious combatants were more than fifteen yards from where I was sitting, but the whole affair was

so astonishing and so unexpected, that I quite forgot I was placed there to shoot; and I sat gazing like one entranced upon the savage fight beneath me. Some few minutes elapsed, during which the two huge animals maintained their fierce conflict, when the sound of a shot from one of the trees on my right brought to mind the purpose of our expedition; and, as one of the gigantic brutes rolled over on the ground pierced by the bullet which had just been fired, I raised my rifle to my shoulder and took a steady aim at the other. He seemed to think that something he had done had overthrown his adversary, for instead of retreating, he rushed at his now prostrate foe, and began goring him dreadfully. At this crisis I fired, and had the satisfaction of hearing both my bullets *tell* against his mighty carcase. For a single moment he stood still as if stupified, and then quietly fell over on his side. The other was not quite dead, but, in a minute or two we had all gathered round him; and Pierre, by a dexterous blow of his hunting-axe across the forehead, stunned him completely, and then severed the arteries of his throat. We speedily procured some ropes from the skiff, and, having bled our trophies, and cut off some of the tenderest meat for present use, we hoisted the remainder of the carcases up into two neighbouring trees, and returned to the camp.

Neither of the Raymonds had seen the Moose, and it was Ashbrook's shot that had knocked over the first one. The excitement of our night's work was not likely to die away easily; and it afforded us an unceasing topic of conversation for several hours

afterwards. Even Ashbrook was surprised and elated; he told us that it was the first Moose-battle he had ever seen, and that when we started he had no idea such good fortune was in store for us. He added, that although there did not appear to be much sport in knocking over a huge animal like a Moose from a secure perch to those who looked at the matter in the abstract, yet the excitement of waiting and listening in the silence and loneliness of the night for these enormous creatures—who were not easily brought within shot by any other means—and the chance of witnessing a forest joust, like that we had just seen, lent this description of sport an interest in his eyes, which almost placed it on a par with stalking. Pierre was called upon to produce his Moose-call, and we were surprised to find that it was a longish cone of birch-bark, which the half-breed could construct in two or three minutes. Ashbrook said he had never met a white man who could imitate the call of the cow-moose correctly, and that he had utterly failed in all his own attempts; even Pierre's* performances were much inferior to those of many Indians with whom he had hunted.

* Pierre was a half-breed Micmac, from Nova Scotia.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CAPTAIN MORGAN'S JOURNAL—*continued.*

"The stately bank
Rose, with the majesty of woods o'erhung,
And rocks, or piercing through the forest shade,
Or rising from the lake, and with their bulk
Glassing its deep-dark waters."

SOUTHEY—*Madoc.*

ALTHOUGH it was late when we returned to our camp, there seemed to be little disposition amongst us for sleep, and Pierre at once set to work to cook some of the venison which we had brought back. The flesh of the Moose is richer and better flavoured in my estimation than that of any other species of deer, and we presently enjoyed the luxury of eating it.

"Well, Henry, my boy," said Richard, after we had finished our supper, and Ashbrook and I were puffing our long Indian pipes, "what did you think of the whole affair?"

"Oh! it was almost awful," replied his brother; "I could not believe that those horrid sounds were made by deer, and I was almost frightened when the

terrible fight began, for although I could not see, yet I heard everything quite plainly."

Ashbrook laughed, and said, "Well, Henry, I wish you had got a shot, for it was principally on your account that I proposed going out to-night; however, better luck next time. But are you not very tired?"

"Not in the least," answered young Raymond, "it does not seem as if I wanted any sleep in this glorious climate."

"You would soon knock up without sleep, Henry," rejoined his brother, "and you had better go and turn in now." The deep affection which these two brothers bore for one another was very striking; and throughout the time since they and I had lived together, I had observed that Richard's lightest wish was law to Henry, while the elder brother seemed to think of little save the happiness and enjoyment of the younger. Henry rose instantly as Richard spoke, smilingly wished us all good night, and disappeared. Pierre and the two Canadians were already fast asleep, and in a moment or two after Henry's departure, Richard and Ashbrook also betook themselves to the shelter of the tent for the remainder of the night. I stayed for some time after them, watching the bright and beautiful moon, and pondering over the events of the past three months, which had brought me amongst companions and scenes so totally unexpected. I certainly had not enjoyed myself so thoroughly for many years, and I felt almost sad to think that I was not destined to spend the re-

mainder of my life in this calm and placid manner. There was something wonderfully attractive in the society of the two Raymonds, and it was not possible for any one to live with them as much as I had done without learning to love them both. The baronet was indeed a splendid fellow; a high-minded English gentleman, possessing, in a great degree, the noblest attributes of his position. The owner of broad lands, which brought him in a large income, he had the power and the will of doing much good for others; and so generously were these exercised, that no landlord ever was more thoroughly beloved by his numerous tenantry than the quondam captain of Hussars. Dignified in his bearing, as he was gentle in his manners, and possessing all the advantages of a rare intellect and an unusually brilliant education, there were few who could resist the charm of his society, or who could look upon Sir Richard Raymond with any other feelings than those of respect and admiration. It was said that in his youth he had been shy and reserved; and his brother officers, unused to such dispositions, were at first inclined to dislike him, but after a time, when the true beauty of his character appeared, there were few men more popular. His troopers revered the uncompromising, honest soldier, who never permitted the slightest breach of discipline or duty, but who never forgot that those around him were his fellow-creatures, possessing hearts and feelings like his own, as susceptible, perhaps, as his were to injury or unkindness; and though he was rigidly and severely

upright in the execution of what he deemed to be his duty, his men well knew that Captain Raymond had no favourites, and that their comfort and happiness were matters of more consideration to him than even to many of themselves. A cavalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, no wonder that those about him nearly worshipped my noble and almost matchless cousin.

Although usually most gentle in his demeanour, I once had an opportunity of observing what a lion slept beneath that calm and quiet exterior; but I may as well recount the incident as it occurred.

Henry Raymond and I were walking arm-in-arm after dark, through one of the gloomiest and most retired streets in a second-class American town, having just arrived by the late train from New York. Richard had remained a short distance behind us to make some inquiries as to the departure of the trains on the following day, and we strolled on in advance. As we turned the corner of a street, we accidentally knocked against two huge fellows who were coming from the opposite direction. "I beg your pardon—" I began, but my excuses were cut short by an offensive oath, and a blow in the face that made me reel again. Before I quite knew what had happened, I found myself engaged in a personal conflict with a man of nearly twice my weight and size, while Henry Raymond had been assaulted by the other, and rudely hurled to the earth, where his adversary was kneeling upon him, and apparently endeavouring to strangle him. The

brute who was opposed to me, had so encircled me with his iron arms, that I felt like one pinioned; and he essayed to raise me from the ground, with the purpose, I suppose, of casting me down upon the stone pavement, but ere he could consummate his murderous intentions, a stick descended heavily upon his right arm, and with a groan he relaxed his hold of me. The next instant, I beheld the usually calm and quiet baronet spring with a bound like that of an enraged tiger upon the ruffian who was still kneeling on his brother. In one moment he had wrenched the coward from the half-fainting boy, and then, with a mighty effort of his prodigious strength, he lifted the ponderous brute off the ground and dashed him upon the hard stone pavement with such tremendous force that he lay like one deprived of life. We carried Henry to the nearest house, where he soon revived, but I never learnt to what extent his ruffian adversary suffered from the uncomfortable treatment which he experienced at Sir Richard's hands. I could not but wonder ever afterwards at the fearful physical power displayed by that quiet, stalwart Englishman, in whose hands the gigantic Yankee was like a weakly child.

Henry, in disposition and manner, strongly resembled his brother, if we make allowance for the difference of age; and it was easy to see that his character was being gradually moulded after that of the being whom of all others left on earth he loved the most. Lads of his age are not uncommonly thoughtless and inconsiderate, if not selfish,

but these were never failings of Henry Raymond. He was generous to a fault, and careless of nothing on earth except danger, of which at times he was almost reckless; and I have more than once seen his brother's cheek grow pale at some of his wild frolics. The youngster never seemed to appreciate the risk on these occasions, and, consequently, it never entered his mind that they could cause his brother alarm or uneasiness. This was quite apparent to me from one incident that occurred on board the Winckleman shortly after we left England. Richard and I were sitting on the after-part of the deck one evening after dinner, when we heard some noise and clapping of hands which drew our attention forward. The cause was soon evident, when we descried Master Henry, who I verily believe had never been aloft before in his life, sliding down the main-topsail halyards, with a sailor in pursuit of him. It appeared afterwards, that the young gentleman had climbed up to the main-top, where he had seated himself in triumph at having attained that lofty position without "paying his footing" on the ropes. The captain of the top, however, had seen the latter part of the manœuvre from the deck, where he happened to be at the moment, and hastily supplying himself with some bits of lashing, he rapidly followed our hero up the shrouds. Henry would have been captured to a certainty, and most likely have been tied hand and foot to some part of the rigging if a loud shout from below had not called his attention to the proximity of his enemy. There was no time to think which was the best way of

escape, so the boy, on the impulse of the moment, continued his ascent up the main-topmast, and finding then that the ratlines ended, he clambered on to the topsail-halyards, and descended by their aid to the deck. The captain of the top tried hard to catch him, but without success, and once on the deck our hero was out of his dominions. Richard made no remark, but I could see that there was a load off his mind when the boy reached the deck in safety. Next moment Henry came up to us, and seated himself, as was his wont, at his brother's feet, laughing and breathless after his exertion. Knowing tolerably well what was passing through the mind of the elder Raymond, I half expected to hear some rebuke administered, but Richard merely said, in a sad voice, "Henry, how could you be so foolish!"

The tone of voice more than the words struck upon the ear of the youngster, who started up on the instant, and gazed in his brother's face, as he said,—

"Why, Richard, I did not surely vex you with my thoughtless frolics?" and then a sad, penitent look stole over his sunny face, as he added, "Indeed I am very, very sorry."

Richard put his arm round him and answered,—

"My dear boy, your exploit was rather dangerous, and I do not like your running needless hazards."

Nothing more passed on the subject, but I never saw Henry quit the deck again during the voyage, unless at his brother's suggestion, who, though he

prudently opposed unnecessary risks and dangers, was a warm advocate for all manly sports and amusements, in most of which Henry Raymond excelled.

He was a very manly boy in all things, but by no means boisterous or noisy, indeed he was older in manner than in years, from the fact of his constant association with those who were so much his elders, and his having read much more than most lads of his age. He sang and painted well, and these, combined with his other accomplishments and winning manners, made him almost as agreeable a companion as his more travelled brother; and not a few of the most delightful hours of my life were spent on board the good ship Winckleman, stowed away in some quiet nook, in company with my two cousins. A life-boat swung from the stern davits, and it was our custom in the glorious summer evenings, to retire to this boat after dinner, and either read or pass an hour or two in quiet conversation. Henry was usually away in pursuit of more active amusement for a portion of the time; but as night approached, he generally made his appearance, and took up his old position at his brother's feet.

Ashbrook I knew less of than the others. Although a distant cousin of my own, I had never seen him until the year before he joined the army, when I met him at Chamouni. As I was travelling alone, and he seemed to be similarly situated, we fraternised, and together explored some of the wonders of the Swiss mountains and glaciers, with which my new-found cousin seemed exceedingly familiar. It

was the recollection of our pleasant Alpine wanderings that had earned for me the invitation to spend a season with him in Canada; and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity, for I was most anxious to improve my acquaintance with the bold chamois-hunter, whose agility and nerve I envied, and whose love of wild sport and wild scenery surpassed even my own.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CAPTAIN MORGAN'S JOURNAL—*continued.*

"O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing."
LORD BYRON—*The Prisoner of Chillon.*

WE slept much longer on the morning after our Moose-adventure than men generally do under such circumstances, and the sun had risen an hour or more ere Pierre summoned us to prepare for breakfast. The day was, like its predecessor, calm and cloudless, with a brilliant autumn sun just tempering the cool air which the night had left behind; and we could not help admiring the exceeding loveliness which characterised the appearance of the landscape under such favourable circumstances. Had the weather been wet and stormy, I dare say Lake Minnewawa would have appeared dreary enough, but it seemed as if the glorious weather had been specially sent to brighten up one of Nature's loveliest scenes, and to show us the exquisite beauty of the little woodland lake which was like a large diamond amidst the magnificent primeval forest that encircled it.

After breakfast Ashbrook asked Raymond how he would like to spend the day.

"Well," replied the baronet, "I had half arranged a trouting expedition to the Leaping River with Henry, but perhaps you have some better employment in store for us?"

"Indeed I have not," answered Ashbrook; "I meant that this should be a fishing day, and if you and Henry will look after the trout, Morgan and I can take our salmon-rods and see what sport the Wabunannung will afford us."

This arrangement having been unanimously agreed to, the Raymonds started on foot for the little river, while Ashbrook and I took possession of the skiff, and, accompanied by the half-breed as usual, pushed off for the salmon waters.[1] Our

[1] Since "Captain Morgan's Journal" was prepared for publication, a friend—to whom I submitted it for perusal—remarked to me that September was exceedingly late for salmon-fishing, and that I must have made a mistake in the dates of the three last chapters. I certainly was obliged to guess at the time of the year when the events occurred which form the subjects of those chapters, as the notes at my disposal were without dates; nevertheless, I believe that salmon-fishing may be had even as late as October; it being a well-known fact that the fish of the various rivers do not spawn at anything like the same time; in proof of which I quote the following:—

"*The migrations of Salmon* are irregular in regard to time. The discrepancies of the accounts, with reference to the appearance of them in different rivers, afford a full proof that they are influenced by circumstances which do not operate at different places at the same time; and that, therefore, to state a precise period when Salmon universally *run*, as it is termed, or, in other words, ascend the rivers from the sea in search of a convenient spot to deposit their spawn, betokens an ignorance in the generali-

course lay through Harding's Strait, and then into the large and lovely lake beyond, which, for want of a better name, we had hitherto called the Upper Lake. It was in the heart of the untrodden forest, and I daresay that many of the islands which adorned its broad bosom had never known the foot of man. We steered straight across the lake, which must have been about a mile in width thereabouts, and then passed through a narrow but rapid river whose

sation of facts, and occasions error and confusion. It appears, however, that a few enter the rivers in the early spring months: as the summer advances the numbers increase, particularly grilse. Those which arrive first, spawn earliest. The 'throng' spawning time, is about the middle of November. The majority of the spawned fish remain in the rivers during winter, and migrate to the sea in the spring months. Those which spawn first migrate first.

"*The season of perfection in the Salmon, therefore,* far from being definite, is liable to the operation of the same causes which influence them to leave the sea for the fresh water. Thus the salmon of some rivers are said to be *in season* while the milt and roe are in advance, but not fully perfected, when those of other rivers are either past the period of perfection, or not yet arrived at it. A latitude is thus occasioned of even three or four months, and hence we may readily account for the different and conflicting statements of those who attempt to fix precise times and seasons for this perfection. According to the general testimony of most witnesses examined before the House of Commons at various times, November, December, and January, are the principal spawning months; consequently these months cannot be proper for the exercise of the angler's amusement; such are the anomalies and such the discrepancies that, as already observed, no regular period can be determined on. As a general rule, salmon are in season on their return from the sea; and their condition depends on the time they have remained at sea, and on the abundance and quality of food they have found there."—BLAINE'S *Encyclopædia of Rural Sports.*

course was hidden entirely by the bending branches of the trees on its banks, into the larger stream beyond.

The Wabunannung was rolling its crystal waters majestically past, as our boat shot out of the shelter of the bushes that screened the little strait just mentioned; and we could not help pausing for a moment or two to admire the wildness and beauty of the prospect that opened to our gaze. The river must have been, at the place I speak of, fully two hundred yards across, and its cold and spring-like waters journeyed between steep and picturesque banks, which were luxuriantly crowned with superb black-spruce forest, with, at rare intervals within the limits of our vision, a patch of "hardwood," now beginning to exhibit the rich colours induced by the frosts of autumn.[1] There was nothing to disturb its solitude and loneliness, excepting the occasional tapping of a woodpecker in the adjoining woods, or the splashing of some playful fish that broke its crystal surface for one short moment, and then sank back into its cool, pure depths once more.

[1] "The tints of the autumnal woods have always excited the astonishment and enthusiasm of travellers. Even in cloudy days the hue of the foliage is at times of so intense a yellow that the light thrown from the trees creates the impression of bright sunshine. Each leaf presents a point of sparkling gold. But the colours of the leafy landscape change and intermingle from day to day, until pink, lilac, vermilion, purple, deep indigo, and brown, present a combination of beauty that must be seen to be realized, for no artist has yet been able to represent, nor can the imagination picture to itself, the gorgeous spectacle."—*Quarterly Review*: "Article on Canada."

"I am sorry to say, Morgan," remarked Ashbrook, while we were looking round us, "that, although this splendid river abounds in salmon,[1] the fishing from its banks is almost disagreeable, on account of the trees. They grow so close to the edge of the water, that a day's sport often entails the sacrifice of much patience, and not a few flies; but, nevertheless, I have killed some glorious creel-fulls from its unaccommodating banks, and I hope we may succeed in making an average capture to-day. Now, what I propose is this; that you should fish from the boat, whilst I land and try my luck higher up, where, perhaps, the trees are a little thinner on the banks than they are here. Pierre knows every inch of the river as well as I do, if not better, and he will propel the boat for you as you wish. Salmon are not nearly so shy in these waters as they are at home, so you need not fear that the presence of the boat will spoil your sport, particularly when it is moved by Pierre's skilful paddle. I should recommend you, however, to use your strongest tackle, and then, with a gaudy fly and a long line, you ought to be successful."

I need not say that the plan suited me very well, and that it was at once agreed to; so Ashbrook, shouldering his salmon-rod and gaff, and slinging a light single-barrelled rifle across his

[1] "It has been doubted whether the *Salmo Salar* of Europe and the Salmon of the North American rivers are identical. As far as I am capable of judging, they appear the same fish."—*Observations on the Salmon Family, by* W. Henry, Esq., Appendix to "Salmon Fishing in Canada."

shoulders, sprang out of the boat and disappeared amongst the trees.

When Ashbrook left us we paddled across the river, the oars being for the time superseded by canoe-paddles, and, having approached to within about twenty yards of the opposite bank, Pierre signified that I had better commence to fish. There seemed to be no choice spots or tempting salmon-pools in this river: the water appeared to run evenly over its stony bed without a ripple or an eddy of any kind, so I at once sent my line out from the bow of the boat between us and the bank, allowing the fly to float down with the current until I found the water begin to drag upon it. I had continued this process for nearly half-an-hour unsuccessfully, when, as we floated past the end of a projecting bit of bank, I observed my fly suddenly disappear; the line strained, and next moment a noble fish sprang high out of the water. His struggles to escape were terrific, but he was well hooked, and Pierre manœuvred the boat so beautifully, that I played him easily, and, in about fifteen minutes, had completed the capture of a fine vigorous salmon of ten pounds' weight.

During the remainder of the day, I had very fair sport, better than I had expected so late in the season; and just as I safely brought on board my fourth fish, having lost two others, I spied Ashbrook on the opposite bank of the river, waiting for me. I at once wound up my line, and desired Pierre to steer for the point where my friend was sitting. On arrival there, I found that he had killed one fine fish

of fifteen pounds' weight, had shot a wolf and three birds, which he said were Ruffed Grouse.[1] It appeared that, just after he had landed the salmon, he heard the grouse inside the wood, and went after them, and, on his way he saw the Wolf,[2] and bowled him over at a single shot. As the brute was too heavy to carry, he set to work to skin him where he fell, and thus had not returned to the river for the fishing.

It was quite dark when we arrived at the camp, where we found no one except Harding, who said that neither of the Raymonds had returned, and that the two Canadians had been away in the woods all the afternoon.

Pierre at once set to work to cook our dinner, and, by the time it was ready, the Raymonds arrived

[1] "*Tetrao Umbellus*—The pheasant or partridge of Canada and the United States. This elegant species is well known in almost every quarter of the United States, and appears to inhabit a very extensive range of country. It is common at Moose Fort, on Hudson's Bay, in lat. 51°, is frequent in the upper parts of Georgia, very abundant in Kentucky and the Indiana territory, and was found by Captains Lewis and Clark in crossing the great range of mountains that divide the waters of the Columbia and Missouri, more than 3000 miles, by the measurement, from the mouth of the latter. Its favourite places of resort are high mountains, covered with the balsam, pine, hemlock, and other evergreens. It always prefers the woods, is seldom or never found in open plains, but loves the pine-sheltered declivities of mountains near streams of water."—WILSON'S *American Ornithology.*

[2] Common Grey Wolf—*Lupus Griseus* of Sir John Richardson —The *Mahaygan* of the Cree Indians, and the *Amarok* of the Esquimaux.—KNIGHT'S *Cyclopædia of Natural History.*

with a basketful of trout and a large Musk Rat,[1] which Richard had killed with the butt of his fishing-rod. Whilst we were eating and chatting, the Canadians came back, and told Pierre that they had tracked a Bear to a cavern in the rocks at the head of the lake. This was a great piece of news, so the half-breed, as in duty bound, at once reported it to Ashbrook. The Canadians were summoned and questioned, and Laborde clearly satisfied us that a large Bear had taken up his residence amongst the rocks above mentioned, and that if we made proper arrangements, we should most likely get him without much labour. After a few minutes' council it was unanimously agreed to devote the following day to his ursine majesty, and, as usual, the management of the expedition was placed in Ashbrook's hands.

The day broke splendidly, with a soft, gentle breeze from the south-westward, replacing the almost dead calm of the two previous days. There was not a cloud visible, and the night had not been quite

[1] "The Little Beaver, as it sometimes called; *Castor Zibethicus* of Linnæus: *Fiber Zibethicus* of Cuvier. The Musk-Rat of Canada, and Musquash of the Cree Indians, is an animal generically different from the true beaver."—*Penny Cyclopædia.*

"Its skin has a very pleasant smell of musk, which it retains long after death; the fur is so much like that of the beaver, as scarcely to be distinguished from it. It may often be seen in our rivers in summer, in the banks of which it burrows."—Gosse's *Canadian Naturalist.*

"These animals inhabit the sedgy swamps by the side of the lakes in which they erect habitations of mud, something on the same principle as the beaver-dam. They are about three times the size of an English water-rat, and a strong odour of musk emanates from them, especially after death."—Hardy's *Sporting Adventures.*

so chilly as usual. We were all early afoot, having breakfasted an hour before the sun showed himself above the tree-tops, and very soon after the latter event we left the camp in force for the woods, where the bear-tracks had been discovered. The two Canadians and Pierre went in one of the canoes, which was laden with pine-knots and other materials for smoking Bruin out of his stronghold, if we failed to draw him by any other means; and the rest of us followed in the skiff. On arrival at the landing-place, Ashbrook requested us to remain quiet for a short time, while he went on with Laborde and Pierre to reconnoitre.

In about ten minutes, the half-breed returned, and beckoned to us to follow him, which we accordingly did at once. We found Ashbrook about a quarter of a mile from the landing-place, and he explained to us what his plans were. He had ascertained that the cavern, where the bear was concealed, had no opening large enough to admit of his escape excepting that by which he had entered, and which he now commanded; but he had discovered another smaller aperture in rear of the cavern, through which he hoped Laborde and Morne would be able to pass lighted faggots, in order to compel the beast to seek the open even in the face of his enemies. A tiny brook which ran past the foot of the rocks amongst which the Bear had his stronghold, showed by the impressions in the soft earth of its banks, that Master Bruin had returned to his cave but a few hours previously to our arrival. Ashbrook then had arranged that two

of the party should station themselves close to the entrance of the cavern, and that the remainder should occupy positions further off, in case the brute should not fall by the fire of the two first. With his usual generosity, he proposed that Raymond and I should take the posts of honour near the entrance, but to that neither of us would consent; and it was finally agreed that we should draw lots for our positions, and that Pierre should take his chance with the rest of us in the lottery. The result was, that Ashbrook and Henry were to guard the entrance, the baronet and I were to take up our positions upon a small mound, about a hundred yards away, that overlooked the place, and Pierre was to be stationed on a similar eminence directly opposite to where we were. As Raymond and I were placed within a few feet of one another, we agreed that he was to have the first shot, and that if he missed I should have my chance before he fired again. At a whistle from Ashbrook we were to take our places, and at a second whistle the Canadians were to light the fires at the back.[1]

[1] "American Black Bear—*Ursus Americanus*. This Bear is principally granivorous and graminivorous, doing great mischief in the maize-fields, of which grain he is extremely fond, and, like the Common Bear of Europe, he is a great bee-hunter, and voracious amateur of honey. He does not, however, refuse a change of diet, when it offers in the shape of animal food, such as young calves, lambs, and even sheep full grown. Moreover, when he has once addicted himself to this sanguineous diet, he rarely returns to his more innocent vegetable regimen, and becomes a very pest to the frontier farmer.

"To man, unless pursued and wounded, he is perfectly in-

The latter of the two signals had been given some ten minutes or more without result, and we began to get impatient at the delay. However, the others were all quietly at their posts, as far as we could make out, and we took it for granted that the smoking process was going on favourably. We could easily see Pierre, who had never moved hand or foot since we had first observed him take up his position, but neither Henry nor Ashbrook were visible. Ten minutes more passed, and still no sign or movement from below. At length, however, when we had been waiting more than half-an-hour, we heard a sort of smothered growl, followed by the report of a rifle, and then a shout from Ashbrook, "Look out, Raymond; he is off up your way!" Richard's eye shot fire with excitement as he scanned the forest below him, and looked eagerly for the Bear. Next moment he raised his rifle suddenly, as he caught sight of the huge black brute coming towards us at a tremendous pace, and taking a hasty aim, he fired his right barrel. The Bear rushed on unharmed, and it would then have been

nocuous, and will on occasions, if permitted, betake himself to his heels, which carry him off at a far more rapid rate than his singularly waddling and awkward gait would lead you to imagine possible. Even when badly hurt, he is not dangerous, and though he may charge and make a savage snap at you *en passant*, he is easily avoided, and rarely if ever returns to the charge voluntarily. At close quarters he is of course an ugly customer, parrying all blows aimed at him with a blunt weapon, or even with an axe, the handle of which he will dash aside, without allowing the head to strike him, with the dexterity of a prize-fighter."—FRANK FORESTER'S *Field Sports of North America.*

my turn to deal with him, if a convulsive cry of pain had not followed my cousin's shot. Richard turned pale as death, and casting his rifle on the ground, he rushed to the spot whence the sound came with the speed of lightning. An indefinable sense of something dreadful came over me as I heard the cry, and almost as soon as my cousin had started, I was following him with headlong rapidity.

I would fain draw a curtain before the remembrance of the agonising sight that met my gaze as I joined the group then gathered round the entrance of the cave. I would fain blot the recollection of that terrible scene for ever from my mind; but it may not be, and until Memory shall cease for me to draw her pictures of joy and sorrow from the irretrievable past, that sad hour of my life will haunt my vision. Supported in the arms of Ashbrook, lay Henry Raymond, his young life ebbing fast before the cruel and relentless destiny that had stricken him in the bloom and glory of his sunny youth, through the hand of his beloved brother. His eyes were closed, his face ashy pale, and the blood was spouting in a crimson stream from his breast, in spite of the efforts of Ashbrook to check its flow. The baronet's shot had missed the Bear, and had passed through his brother's lungs, when, in the excitement of pursuit, the latter had left his place of concealment, and rushed after the retreating animal.

But, sad as it was to see that lovely flower cut down so suddenly in the morning of its beauty, it

was far, far more painful to witness the dreadful misery of the horror-stricken being, whose unconscious hand had despatched the fatal bullet.

"My God! My God!" exclaimed he, "what have I done! Henry, my darling brother, speak to me! Say you will not die! O God! O God, have mercy, and spare his life!"

The agony with which he uttered these words was fearful to behold; and Laborde, who had been the innocent cause of this unfortunate bear-hunt, sat down and wept like a child. Poor, poor Raymond! He was beside himself with bitterest grief, as he implored his brother to speak to him—to look at him—and then, in a sad and despairing voice, appealed wildly to his God for mercy.

But the tragedy was drawing to its close, and the dying boy, with a last convulsive effort, opened his deep blue eyes, and, casting a look of fond affection upon his now weeping brother, without a groan, or without a shudder, and with a sweet smile upon his face, he passed away to a brighter and a better world.

* * * * * *

I hardly know how we got back to camp, or how the remainder of the day was spent. Richard's grief was pitiable to behold; he refused all comfort, and all food; and cast himself down upon the grass in utter misery. He and I were the only living beings at the camp, for the others were making preparations for departure on the morrow, and a wretched, wretched afternoon we passed together.

Ashbrook returned late at night, having made

all arrangements for the morning, and then, having sent the Canadians and Pierre on board the yacht, we left Raymond to himself, in the hope that sleep might come to his relief, and occupied the other tent ourselves.

Before daylight Richard's voice awoke me, and, on going hastily to his tent, I found him talking incoherently to himself. I was very much alarmed, and immediately called Ashbrook, who declared that my unfortunate cousin had got brain-fever. We hastened our preparations, and by eight o'clock had everything ready for departure:—one last sad duty remaining to be done.

Beneath a spreading oak-tree, resembling those of his own dear England, on that calm and beauteous autumn morning, we buried all that was left of the once bright and joyous Henry Raymond, and with tearful eyes and sorrowing hearts, bade farewell to his green and silent grave, amidst the eternal forests of that lonely land.

* * * * * *

We reached Quebec ten days afterwards, and on the evening of our landing—far away from home and friends—Sir Richard Raymond breathed his last. For days he had been hovering between life and death, the wonderful strength of his constitution having alone prolonged the struggle. At last, however, his mighty frame yielded to the destroyer, and he passed away quietly and happily. For him the glory of the earth was gone,—the charm of his life was broken,—and Death was more as a welcome friend than a ruthless enemy.

He recovered consciousness but a few hours before he expired, and, as a last request, besought us to lay him beside the being whom in life he had loved so fondly.

"Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

Ashbrook and I fulfilled his wishes to the letter, and over the lonely woodland grave, where the two brothers sleep, the wild-flower sheds its uncultured fragrance, and the wild-bird sings its untutored song, but no human evidence remains to mark the spot that is so sacred to the purest love that ever was known on earth.

APPENDIX.

The following letter relative to some of the persons mentioned in "Captain Morgan's Journal," was published in the "North Lincoln Sphinx" for December 1862.

London, September 4th, 1862.

My dear Greenwood,

I have only just received your letter, which has been wandering about for some time in search of me. I shall be glad to get a copy of the "North Lincoln Sphinx," containing Morgan's Journal, though it must, of necessity, revive sad memories of my dear friends the Raymonds, whose melancholy fate shed a gloom over our little circle that has scarcely yet been dissipated. I have only visited the scene of so much sorrow once, since Morgan and I were there together after Richard's death, and most likely I shall never see the place again. In 1860 I was at Tadousac,[1] and thence I made an excursion to the

[1] Tadousac, a town or village on the Saguenay River, about

little lake. The grass was growing in rank luxuriance all over and around the graves of the two brothers, and every vestige of our encampment was gone; even the remains of our fires had totally disappeared. The place was otherwise unchanged, and the little forest lakelet was painfully still and silent. I scarcely disturbed its repose, but pitched my tent on an island in the larger sheet of water until the following morning, when I returned to Tadousac.

I am unable to give you the dates you ask for, as all my note-books are at Shimmeran,[1] and I cannot get access to them until I return to Canada.

It is difficult to describe the voice of the Moose: some people say it roars, others that it bellows; but which of the two is the correct term I can hardly say; I fancy Morgan described it faithfully according to the impression it left upon his mind.

The "Fairy Queen" was seriously damaged in 1856 in a storm off the mouth of the Bersimis River,[2] and she never was seaworthy afterwards. James Harding left me in the autumn of 1855, and went to Calcutta, where he had some friends who offered him employment of a lucrative description, and I have not since heard of him. Pierre Du Basque has taken unto himself a wife, and is now living some-

six miles from its mouth. The word is said to mean "the mouth of the sack."

[1] Shimmeran—the Canadian residence of Howard Ashbrook, Esq.

[2] Bersimis—a large river flowing into the Saint Lawrence from the north-eastward, between the Saguenay and the Gulf.

where near the Gaspereaux River in Nova Scotia, close to the site of the old Acadian village of "Grand Pré," which Longfellow has immortalized in "Evangeline." Pierre is the son of a French Canadian voyageur, and his mother was a Micmac squaw. Antoine Laborde and Felix Morne were alive and well last summer; I met the former one day in Quebec, and soon afterwards he and Morne came to see me at Shimmeran.

I was at Eagles' Park a month ago. The present Baronet is a worthy scion of that noble house, and the old place is not altered in the least. On the last evening of my visit, an incident occurred which I cannot help recounting, particularly as I am sure it will interest you;—we had seven or eight friends to dinner, and the majority of them had been, in days gone by, either schoolfellows or friends of the late owner. Towards midnight, when we were at the point of separating, Sir Henry turned to us and said, "Gentlemen, this is the anniversary of my poor cousin's birthday—fill your glasses." There was no need of further explanation. In profound silence, the decanters were passed from man to man, and then, as every one stood up, the Baronet said in a low tone of voice, "My friends, I give you the memory of the noblest being that ever trod the sward at Eagleston[1]—my matchless cousin Sir Richard Raymond!" The toast was drunk in

[1] Eagleston—part of Sir Henry Raymond's estate—it contains a beautiful cricket-ground where many a celebrated match has been decided.

solemn silence, and hardly another word was spoken that night, as we immediately broke up, and next morning I left the old Hall for London.

Yours ever truly,

H. ASHBROOK.

HARRY GREENWOOD, Esq.

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